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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 484.—APRIL, 1925.

Art. 1.—SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

THE fact that little or nothing is known of Shakespeare's handwriting except for four or five signatures has caused mountains of paper to be covered with speculations and theories, which have even gone so far as to deny that he was the author of the plays ascribed to him. It seems to be overlooked that there is no manuscript, or even a fragment of the plays in *any* handwriting, and that the same causes which destroyed Shakespeare's manuscripts appear also to have destroyed those of all the other people to whom ingenious persons have ascribed them, though other writings of theirs have been preserved. Now and again something crops up which appears to throw a little light on the subject, and it is hoped that the following statements may have a value in that respect. The writer has to thank his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland for having made it possible to study the subject at leisure by the loan of a copy of the 'Conference of Pleasure,' a work dealing with an Elizabethan manuscript.

In the year 1867 there was discovered in Northumberland House a manuscript containing copies of some of Francis Bacon's early writings. Two of these had appeared in print in the year 1734 in the supplement to a volume of 'Letters of Lord Chancellor Bacon,' known as 'Stephens' second collection.' They were among the papers submitted to Stephens by Lord Oxford, and are known as 'Mr Bacon's discourse in prayse of his Sovereigne,' and 'Mr Bacon in prayse of Knowledge.'

As the speech in praise of Elizabeth appears by the

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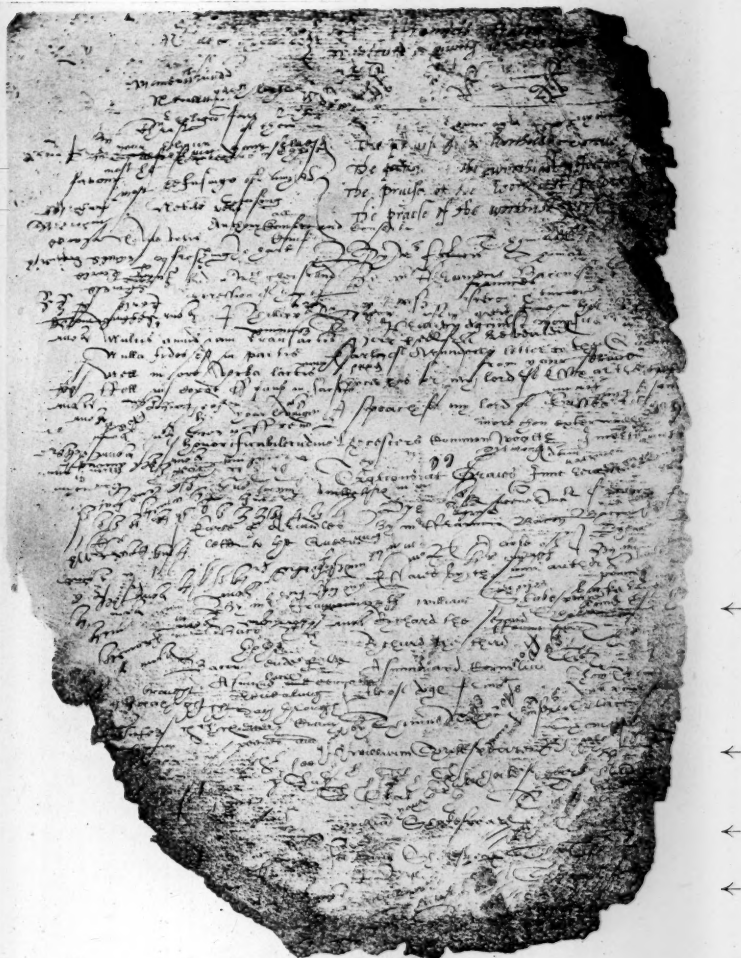
opening sentence to have been preceded by three others, it had been suspected that these compositions formed part of some 'device,' or 'masque,' and the surmise was proved to have been correct when the above-mentioned manuscript was found. The following remarks, written in 1870, on the 'Conference of Pleasure,' the title given to the manuscript, are from the pen of James Spedding, the author of the 'Life and Times of Bacon.'

'In 1867, Earl Percy, now Duke of Northumberland, wishing to have the papers in his possession properly examined, preserved, and those of public interest turned to account, had requested the late Mr John Bruce to inspect them. In one of the bundles submitted to him, he found a paper book much damaged by fire about the edges, though not so much as to make the contents generally undecipherable, and the piece which stood first, under the odd and not very significant title of "Mr Fr. Bacon of tribute or giving that which is due," proved on examination to be a copy of the entire "masque" or "device" of which the "praise of knowledge" and "the praise of his Sovereigne" formed part, and which was presented before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. The "device" consisted of four discourses, "in praise of the worthiest virtue," "the worthiest affection," "the worthiest power," and the "praise of the worthiest person," concerning which last no doubt was allowed to remain that Queen Elizabeth herself was the object of the praise.

The manuscript is a folio volume of twenty-two sheets, which have been laid one upon the other, folded double as in an ordinary quire of paper and fastened by a stitch through the centre. The pages are not numbered and the fastening is gone. The volume may once have contained more, and if we may judge by what is still legible on the much bescribbled outside leaf which once served for a table of contents, there is some reason to suspect that it did. The last leaf of the volume is part of the outside sheet which appears to have been the only cover the volume ever had and of which the other half forms the title-page. (This title-page is here given in facsimile.)

This leaf has suffered from fire like the rest. But before that it had the ill-luck to be so used by some idle penman, either for trial of his pens, or for experiments in handwriting, or for mere relief from idleness, that it is difficult to make out what its proper contents were.

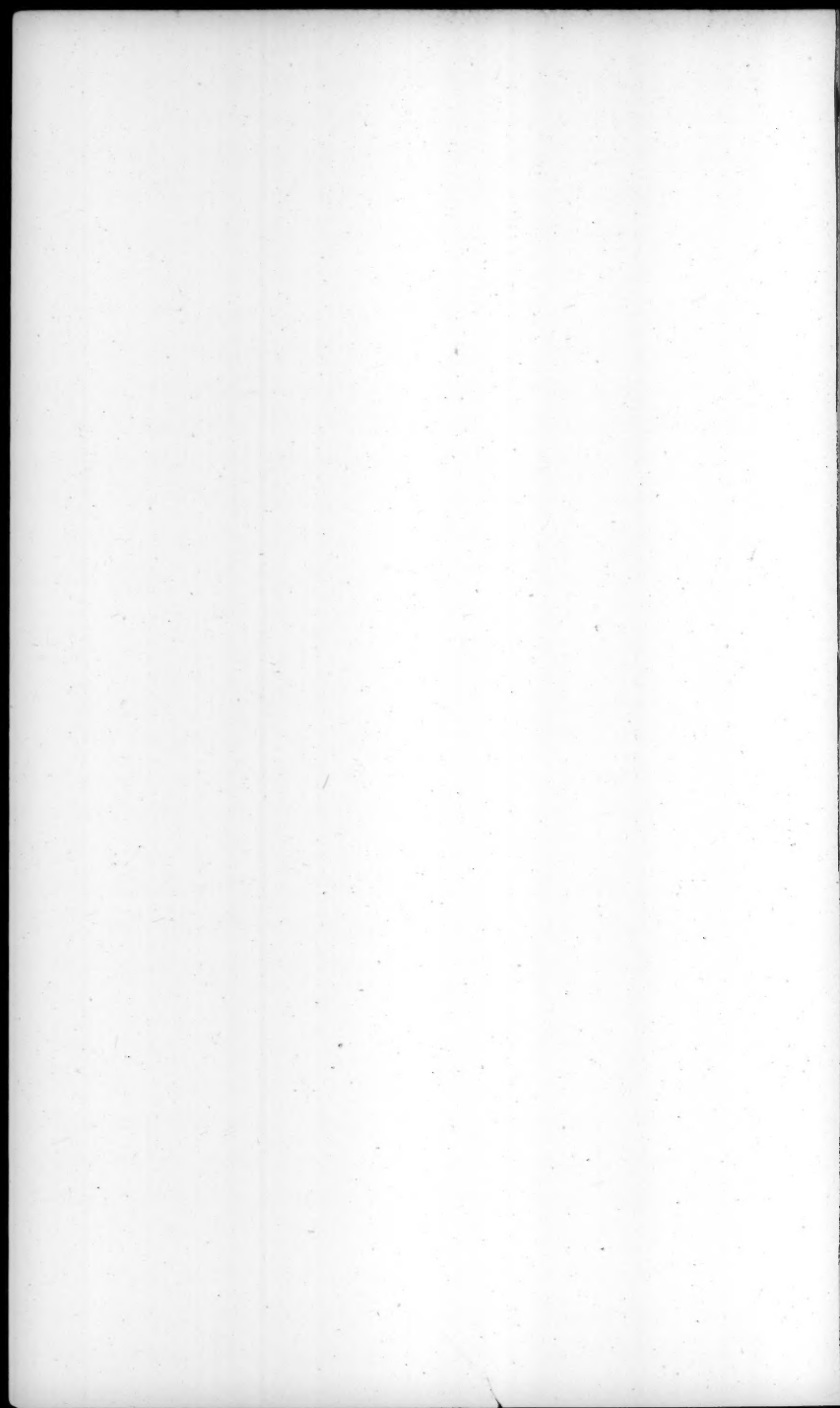
At the top, however, *distinguished from the rest by ink of*



TITLE-PAGE OF BACON'S 'MASQUE' (REDUCED).

The arrows point to some of the Shakespeare signatures.

[To face p. 210.



*the same colour with the earlier portions of the MS.*—may be clearly read the words—

Mr Francis Bacon

of tribute or giving what is dew.

The praise of the worthiest virtue.

The praise of the worthiest affection.

The praise of the worthiest power.

The praise of the worthiest person.

If a line be drawn down the page ranging with these and the interstitial scribblings be overlooked, the following additional titles may be traced below written in order:—

Earle of Arundell's letter to the Queen.

Speeches for my Lord of Essex at the tilt.

A speech for my Lord of Sussex tilt.

Leycester's Commonwealth Incerto auth(ore).

Orations at Graie's Inne Revells,

Queen's Ma<sup>ty</sup>.

By Mr Francis Bacon

Essaies by the same author

Richard the Second

Richard the Third

Asmund and Cornelia

Isle of Dogs fr (?).

By Thomas Nash, Inferior plaiers.

What follows is all scribblings: but at the head of this latter list two other titles seem to have been inserted afterwards and are imperfectly legible, namely:—

Phillip against Monsieur

Pa — — — revealed.

The first four represent correctly the contents of the volume, the titles which follow have nothing corresponding to them in the manuscript.'

Mr Spedding continues:

'That Richard the Second and Richard the Third are meant for the titles of Shakespeare's plays so named may be inferred from the fact—of which the evidence may be seen in the facsimile—that, the list of contents being now complete, the writer—(or more probably another into whose possession the volume passed)—has amused himself with writing down promiscuously the names and phrases that most ran in his head: and that among these the name of William Shakespeare was the most prominent, being written eight or nine times over, for no other reason that can be discerned.

The first place in which the name occurs is in the space between "Essaies by the same author" and "Richard the



Second." But it does not seem to have been written at the same time with the titles or by the same hand. That the name of Mr Francis Bacon, which is also repeated several times, should have been used for the same kind of recreation requires no explanation, its position at the top of the page would naturally suggest it.

In the upper corner on the left hand may be seen the words "Ne vile velis," the motto of the Nevilles, twice repeated, and I think I see traces of the word "Nevell." Other exercises of the same kind are merely repetitions of the titles which stand opposite, or ordinary words of compliment, familiar in the beginnings and endings of letters, with here and there a scrap of verse such as "Revealing day through every cranie peepes," or

Multis annis jam transactis,

Nulla fides est in pactis,

Mell in ore, verba lactis,

Fell in corde, fraus in factis.

And most of the rest appear to be merely exercises in writing "th" or "sh." The facsimile represents the original very exactly in everything except the stains on the paper, and the curious reader can study for himself the history of the scribble. But the only thing, so far as I can see, which requires any particular notice, is the occurrence in this way of the name of William Shakespeare, and the value of that depends in a great degree upon the date of the writing, which, I fear, cannot be determined with any amount of exactness. All I can say is, that I find nothing in these later scribblings or in what remains of the book itself, to indicate a date later than the reign of Elizabeth: and if so, it is probably one of the earliest evidences of the growth of Shakespeare's *personal* fame as a dramatic author, the beginning of which cannot be dated much earlier than 1598. It was not till 1597 that any of his plays appeared in print; and though the earliest editions of "Richard II," "Richard III," and "Romeo and Juliet," all bear that date, his name is not on the title-page of any of them. They were set forth as plays which had been "lately" or "publicly," or "often with great applause," acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. Their title to favour was their popularity as acting plays at the Globe: and it was not till they came to be read as books that it occurred to people unconnected with the theatre to ask who wrote them. It seems, however, that curiosity was speedily and effectually excited by the publication; for in the very next year a second edition of both the Richards appeared with the name of William Shakespeare

on the title-page, and the practice was almost invariably followed by the publishers on like occasions afterwards.

We may conclude, therefore, that it was about 1597 that playgoers and readers of plays began to talk about him, and that his name would naturally present itself to an idle penman in want of something to use his pen upon. What other inference will be drawn from its appearance on the cover of this manuscript by those who start with the conviction that Bacon and not Shakespeare was the real author of "Richard II" and "Richard III," I cannot say; but to myself the fact that I have mentioned seems quite sufficient to account for the phenomenon. At the present time, if the waste leaf on which a law stationer's apprentice tries his pen were examined, I should expect to find on it the name of the poet, novelist, dramatic author, or actor of the day, mixed with snatches of the last new song, and scribblings of "My dear Sir," "Yours sincerely," and "This indenture witnesseth," and this is exactly the sort of thing which we have here. I think I am in a condition to assert that there is no trace of Bacon's own penmanship in any part of the volume: and the name of Shakespeare is spelt in every case as it was always printed in those days and not as he himself in any known case ever wrote it.'

I have given the description by Mr Spedding *in extenso*, because the manuscript volume could not be described in better terms, and it also shows the impression he derived from his study of it. It is fifty years since Spedding wrote it, and the existence of this manuscript had been practically forgotten. I hope, however, that the following study of the Northumberland manuscript, undertaken with an open mind, will prove that these so-called 'scribblings' may be accepted as having been made by the poet himself who could write with the pen of a ready penman, and that statements made to the contrary are based on a too careless consideration of even the small amount of Shakespeare's handwriting hitherto accepted without question as his own, viz. the few signatures. I invite careful attention to the scribblings, which have apparently been written without any connexion one with the other, and, as Spedding has put it, as though 'done by some idle penman either for trial of his pens, or for experiments in handwriting, or for mere relief from idleness.'

One of the first words we will consider is the long

word 'honorificabilitudine,' found in the play 'Love's Labour's Lost.' This word has caused no end of speculation and volumes of writing. The late Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence devoted a whole chapter to it in his work 'Bacon is Shakespeare,' and eventually proved to his own satisfaction that it meant the 'masonic number 287,' the number of years after Shakespeare's death when his own book was to be published and reveal the secret of the authorship of the plays.

The only known use of the word, so far as I can find, in the literature of Shakespeare's time is by Shakespeare himself in the play 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the authorship of which is not in dispute. In the fifth act, Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel engage in a contest of 'exuberant verbosity,' and Moth remarks of them, 'they have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.' In Act IV, scene 2, of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Holofernes the schoolmaster talking to Sir Nathaniel the curate and Dull the constable, says with regard to himself—

'This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.'

If we should look for a description of the poet himself, we could hardly find a better one than this, for only such a mentality could have produced the plays. A little later on, Holofernes tells them, 'I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine'; and he invites Nathaniel to come with him, undertaking that he shall be made welcome, and he also invites Dull the constable to the dinner. A private dinner with a family would hardly be the place where we should expect a 'great feast of languages,' but Holofernes had to get them both off the stage. The dining-hall of one of the Inns is more the place we should have considered likely, but it would not be possible for the schoolmaster to invite the curate and the constable as his guests at such a place as Gray's Inn for instance.

How naturally we imagine that the 'wordy feast' from which Shakespeare derived the idea of this scene

took place at one of the Inns of Court, where a lot of high-spirited witty law students, 'eating their dinners,' chaffed each other to the top of their bent, and broke up with the words of Holofernes which are the first of the fifth act, 'Satis quod sufficit'! To this Sir Nathaniel replies, 'I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons *at dinner* have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.' What a drawing out of the thread of verbosity, 'finer than the staple of the argument,' what 'racking of orthography'! How easily might these words have formed part of the chaff across the table, each student seeking to outdo the other; and amongst other smart sayings, since it is in the play, and in the conversation, would be the word 'honorificabilitudine.' In any case, wherever Shakespeare met with the word in the first instance, he must have noted it down. It is stated to have been known and recorded many years before it appeared in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

Now, the question naturally arises in the mind, who made the note on the Northumberland manuscript, and who employed the extended word, that is to say, the word in the play—which is longer by several syllables—'honorificabilitudinitatibus'? There is no doubt about Shakespeare having used the extended word, it is in the play, and this is the only occasion upon which this extended word is to be found in the literature of the period. It is, therefore, at once evident that the scribbling writer of the shorter word was not writing it down as he would have heard it at the theatre. Shakespeare himself is the only person who might have noted the shorter word and have extended it afterwards, so as to get the best possible value out of it for his contest of 'exuberant verbosity,' and a further examination of the manuscript leads to the conviction that this surmise must be correct.

Spedding wrote the 'Life of Bacon,' and when he examined this manuscript his chief thought no doubt was gratification that a complete copy of 'Bacon's Masque or Device' should have been found. As for the 'scribblings,' his view was that the cover of the manuscript had '*had the ill-luck*' to be so used by some idle penman, either for trial of his pens, or for experiments

in handwriting, or for mere relief from idleness, that it is difficult to make out what the proper contents were of the MS. volume. Therefore, the scribbblings were a nuisance. Let us see where an examination with an open mind will lead us.

At the top of the page are the words 'Nevell' written twice, and the words 'Anthony, comfort and consorte.' Is it possible that these words also were a memory note, and did Shakespeare ever use them? In the first act of this very play, 'Love's Labour's Lost,' which contains the long word, we find in Act I, line 253, the King reading, 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established edict,' and in the next sentence the King reads, 'Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

At this point Dull breaks in with 'Me, an' 't shall please you, I am Antony Dull.'

A few lines further on in the next scene, we find Armado saying to Moth, 'Comfort me, boy.'

We thus find in the play the long word, which is Shakespeare's peculiar possession, in close association with the words 'Antony' and 'comfort' and 'consorte.' Any scribbler who had heard these words at the theatre would have written them as he heard them; the only person who could have written 'Anthony, comfort and consorte,' would be Shakespeare himself, putting down the words merely as a memory note, as he had also put down the long word.

At the top of the manuscript page, immediately below the twice-written word 'Nevell,' we find also the punning motto of the Nevills, 'Ne vile velis.' Did Shakespeare ever write of the Nevills, and was this also a memory note? Yes, the Nevills occur many times in the plays. 'II King Henry VI' is full of the Nevills. Act I, line 238, gives us, 'And, therefore, I will take the Nevils' parts.' Act I, scene 3, line 73, gives, 'And he of these that can do most of all, cannot do more in England than the Nevils.' There are many other instances. It seems curious that a scribbler should only be writing down words used by Shakespeare.

What else do we find? Immediately below the words



'Nevell' are the words, 'Religio fons,' 'refusing of them,' 'By Christ, your religion refreshing,' and 'yourselves as in Christ.' As these words are written near to the words 'Nevell,' and may also be a memory note, we may reasonably expect that they were written about the same time as the play, and turning up the 'II King Henry VI,' to see if we can find any association of thought, in Act V, scene 1, line 202, we find the words spoken by Warwick, 'Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest, The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,' and ten lines below we find Richard saying, 'Fie! Charity, for shame! speak not in spite, For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.' Surely there is a very close association of the thought between the words 'Religio fons,' 'refusing of them,' 'By Christ'; and the later expressions, 'Fie! Charity, for shame! speak not in spite, For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.' Strange that an idle scribbler should have thoughts and words thus found associated in Shakespeare's plays.

Just under the words 'as in Christ,' are the words 'favour,' 'refusing of any,' 'He.' In the same play, 'II King Henry VI,' Act II, scene 4, the Duchess of Gloster says, 'Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence; I care not whither, for I beg no favour.'

On the upper part of the cover are the words, 'laden with grief and oppression of heart.' We find in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I, line 189, the following:

'BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast.'

Had these three lines been written on the manuscript, it could have been said that the writer had heard them at the play. Who, however, but Shakespeare himself could have noted down a thought, and then have transformed it so that it met all the requirements of the diction of the play?

Near the words 'Richard the Third,' are the words 'as your inferior plaiers,' and 'Asmund and Cornelia.' The scene in 'Hamlet' where Hamlet addresses the players, 'but if you mouth it as many of your players do,' etc., warning them against the behaviour of inferior players, shows how a word may be noted merely to keep

hold of a thought, afterwards to be utilised, as it has been in this case in that scene. About the centre of the sheet, near the right edge, there is the word 'Adam.' In the play 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act IV, scene 2, in the scene (quoted above) in which Holofernes describes his own mentality, we find him saying :

'The moon was a month old when Adam was no more.

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five score.'

There is another use of the word in Act V of this play and several instances in other plays.

There is one more expression on the manuscript which forms a very strong argument. In the lowest third of the page occur the words, 'Revealing day through every cranny peepes, And'— The only person who is known to have made use of this expression is Shakespeare in line 1086 of the poem 'Lucrece,' where the words occur, 'Revealing day through every cranny *spies*, And seems to point her out where she sits weeping.' Surely an idle penman writing down the words of a published poem would have written the word '*spies*' instead of '*peepes*.' But the word '*peepes*' is not to go unused. We find the next two lines read :

'To whom she sobbing speaks : "O eye of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy *peeping*."

How convincingly it is brought home to us that this is no idle scribbler's work and that only Shakespeare himself could have noted down the thought and later have worked it up and altered it as the needs of his versification demanded !

There is the phrase 'end of the hall' quite near to the sentence, 'Revealing day,' etc. The opinion has already been expressed that the long word would be current amongst the law students of the day, from whom Shakespeare would, no doubt, ask assistance and procure the legal expressions and forms of procedure which have given the impression that he was possessed of profound legal knowledge. That this was done by him seems certain from the fact that a mind versed in the law could not have made the legal *mistakes* found in his plays, which could only have been due to his having sometimes trusted to his own imperfect knowledge of legal terms.

The words 'end of the hall' suggest the idea that the expression 'Revealing day through every cranny peepes' originated at some lunch or dinner at one of the Inns of Court. The students' doings were probably overlooked by some benchers or official, in this case named Day, whose duty it was to report (reveal) any misdoings, wine-bibbing, etc., on the part of the students; and he was noticed looking through the screen. The mind of the poet would at once turn a simple remark such as 'Look at that tell-tale Day peeping through the screen' into the poetical form, 'Revealing Day through every cranny peepes,' and the thought would be noted for future use and perhaps the occasion to employ it deliberately created. The two lines in 'Lucrece' quite lend themselves to this interpretation: 'Revealing day through every cranny spies, And seems to point her out where she sits—'

The adjoining words on the manuscript 'end of the hall' are also consistent with this idea; but the words themselves actually are to be found in 'Richard III,' Act III, scene 7.

It would be interesting to learn from the records if there were a member of any of the Inns of that period named Day. It would throw a little light on the origin of the phrase, and the sources whence Shakespeare derived his legal knowledge. Not until this article was completed had the writer an opportunity to take steps to ascertain how far the above conjecture might be supported by the facts. As the 'Comedy of Errors' was first presented at Gray's Inn and also the Masque itself, this Inn was naturally chosen as the first place for the inquiry, and a search of the records let in light on the subject in quite a remarkable way. On May 25, 1582, Henry Day of Oxborough, Norfolk, was admitted a student, apparently without the usual formalities, the entry being noted 'ex relatione Christopher Yelverton'—Sir Christopher Yelverton was the Treasurer at that time; and on June 21, 1582, Robert Day of Clavering, Essex, was also admitted a student. The earliest allusion to the play 'Love's Labour's Lost' was in 1598, or sixteen years later, so that both of these men in that year must have been approaching middle age.

It has been usual at the Inn, when the Benchers and

Seniors have left the dinner-table, for the next senior present to be responsible for order, and a first-class man can always keep things within bounds. It has been a rare thing for an appeal to be made to higher authority, but weak men have done this, and we can easily understand that the remark might be made, 'Look at the tell-tale Day peeping through the screen.' Fortunately, there were two Days, so we remain in ignorance as to which of them has to be pilloried. It is not unknown, even in these days, for 'exuberant verbosity' to create slight intoxication or to accompany disturbance which is due to too much good cheer: and the discovery of the names of the Days on the register makes it seem practically certain that Shakespeare had witnessed some such scene and, to quote his own words, had stored it 'in the ventricle of memory' for 'delivery on the mellowing of occasion.'

The punning motto of the Nevils, 'Ne vile velis,' shows that the idea of pronouncing Latin words phonetically as English was present in the mind of the writer of the scribblings. Is it possible that the long word was also one of these student quips? 'Honorificabilitudine' has a Latin sound but no meaning. If the letters be separated we find the word divides in 'Honor-if-i-c-a-bil-i-tu-dine.' This is understandable and may be the solution of the puzzle.

What shall we say of the Latin verse which also occurs on the manuscript?—

' Multis annis jam transactis,  
Nulla fides est in pactis,  
Mell in ore, verba lactis,  
Fell in corde, fraus in factis  
your loving friend.'

If this verse be pronounced as English we get :

' Mult is an ass—jamtrans act is  
Nullified—his zest and pact is  
Millinery—verbal act is  
Fell and caught. A frow's in fact is  
your loving friend.'

Of course, these renderings only make nonsense; but they may have had their topical meeting at the time and been handed down by generations of legal students at

the various Inns for their amusement. The word 'frow' is an old English word signifying a 'lusty woman.' It is still to be found in use in the provinces.

The words 'Asmund and Cornelia,' which occur just under 'Richard the Third,' were considered by Stebbing to be the title of a play which has been lost. Cornelia occurs twice in 'Titus Andronicus' in Act IV, scenes 1 and 2: Asmund does not occur, but 'Asmath' is the name of a spirit in 'II King Henry VI,' Act I, scene 4. By the transposition of a letter we get 'Cordelia,' which occurs frequently in the plays. 'Edmund' is to be found in the scribblings. Edmund is the name of Shakespeare's brother, and it occurs several times in the 'I and II King Henry VI.'

If we now turn to the verse, 'Multis annis jam transactis,' and translate it instead of treating it as an exercise in phonetics, we find the following:

'At length from the experience of many years,  
There is no reliance in agreements,  
Honey in the mouth, words in the belly,  
Gall in the heart, a fraud in fact is  
your loving friend.'

The ideas in this verse have also been used in the plays: in 'King Henry V,' Act II, scene 2, we find Sir Thomas Grey saying to the King:

'True; those that were your father's enemies  
Have steeped their galls in honey.'

In 'Troilus and Cressida' also, Act II, scene 2, Priam says, 'You have the honey still, but these the gall.' There are numerous references to both gall and honey in the plays, but the two instances given above sufficiently prove that it was no idle scribbler who wrote the verse, but the poet himself noting down ideas which were later actually used by him in his plays.

The above results of an examination of the scribblings are almost conclusive, that only Shakespeare himself could have written them; but there is yet another piece of evidence to be considered, and that is a simple comparison of the known and accepted legal signatures and the names William Shakespeare written on the manuscript. It was not the day of steel pens, and that a writer should occasionally write his own name when



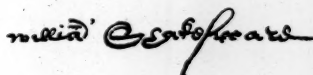
trying his pen is one of the most natural things in the world; there can hardly be a man living who has not often done the same. It has been the lot of the writer to handle quite recently a number of letters written by old people, and in a great number of cases letters, which had begun quite bravely and the first few lines of which were well written, became almost illegible from the shaking of the hand before the signature was reached, after the effect of the impulse to write had passed away.

How often has it been stated and what a mountain of writing has been called into existence, because of the plain evidence of the signatures that Shakespeare could hardly write at all, to prove that an apparently illiterate person like this could not have written the plays! Is it not rather evidence the other way, namely, that he had written too much? Very little stress appears to have been laid on the fact that these signatures were written towards the close of the life of a man who must have lived intensely every moment of his waking day, and who strained the muscles of his hand by the use of the pen as few men have ever done. Our literary men of to-day have their stenographers, their secretaries, typing machines, and what not; but three hundred years ago there was only one way to produce, namely, personally to take the pen and write.

There are only five recognised as genuine legal signatures, two on deeds dated March 1612, and three on his will in March 1616. The latter three were written within a month of his death, when no doubt rapidly waning forces warned him of the necessity of putting his house in order, and he found the greatest difficulty in controlling the hand that held the pen. The other two signatures were written four years before his death. Probably writing had already begun to be difficult, and the unaided writing and composition of plays an impossibility. When the ascribed dates of the plays are studied, we find nothing later than the 'Winter's Tale' in 1611, except the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' in 1612 and 'King Henry VIII' in 1613, and there appears to be evidence that of these two he was not the sole author. Why did Shakespeare's literary output cease about 1611, and why did he associate himself with Fletcher in these later plays? How simple and natural to find a physical reason for this change of

working method, namely, that the physical machine had broken down and palsy of the hand had made writing extremely difficult!

A comparison of the accepted legal signatures with those on the manuscript—which must have been written many years before the others—shows resemblances between them so great as to be absolutely convincing that the same hand has written them. It was the great resemblance between these signatures which first drew



attention to the possibility that the 'scribblings' had been made by Shakespeare himself.

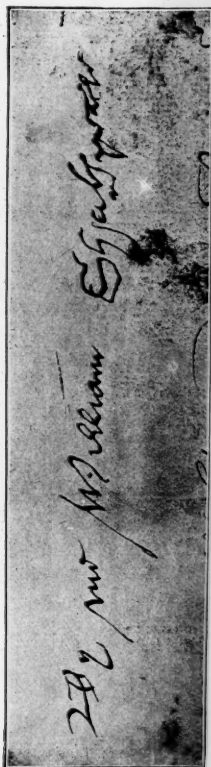
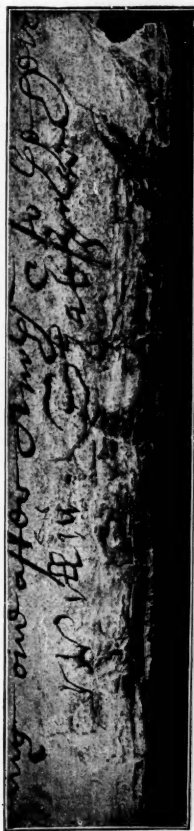
The word 'William' on the manuscript signatures is identically the same as that on the deed in the Guildhall, and so is the capital 'S' of the name. The 'W' is the same letter as that of the Guildhall deed and two of the will signatures. Bearing in mind what has been written already with regard to the change that takes place in the handwriting of nervous or elderly people when once the impulse of the will to control the hand has weakened, it is only what might be expected under the circumstances that this effort should be manifest in Shakespeare's handwriting, and we find in all the legal signatures the change has taken place before the letter 'k' in Shakespeare was reached. 'William' in all the instances shows the hand to have been under fair control. The 'h' in the clearest of the will signatures is identical with the 'h' many times repeated on the manuscript and so is the 'a' which follows. The 's' following the 'k' is a separate down-stroke in all, except in one of the will signatures, where the effort to form the 'k' was too great for the writer and the half-finished 'k' and the 's' are run together. The 'e' found in the manuscript signatures following the 'k' is omitted in all the legal signatures; the 'k'

was a difficult letter to write completely, and involved taking the pen off the paper, when obviously the simple downstroke of the 's' was the easiest following movement. This is proved in one of the will signatures where the 'k' is unfinished and is run into the 's' in one movement. The resemblances are very great, and the differences only such as might be due to the different periods of life when the names were written. The earlier signatures are clean and flowing.

How could Shakespeare get his knowledge of life but by intense living, mental and physical? Even the most brilliant imagination needs material, and notes must be made continually as thoughts occur. But the penalty for this kind of existence has to be paid sooner or later, and in Shakespeare's case we find him retiring early to the country apparently to avoid exhausting social claims on his vitality; yet even with this relief he died at fifty-three.

There is yet one other point resulting from an examination of this manuscript which seems to be of importance and which must be considered. The words we have been studying are written upon a copy of a 'masque or device' for the Princess Elisabeth, by Francis Bacon, who is said to have composed such masques or to have taken part in them; and we find that study of the play 'Love's Labour's Lost' brings these two productions together in quite a remarkable way. I have already quoted Holofernes the schoolmaster who, in Act IV, scene 2, says of himself, 'This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.'

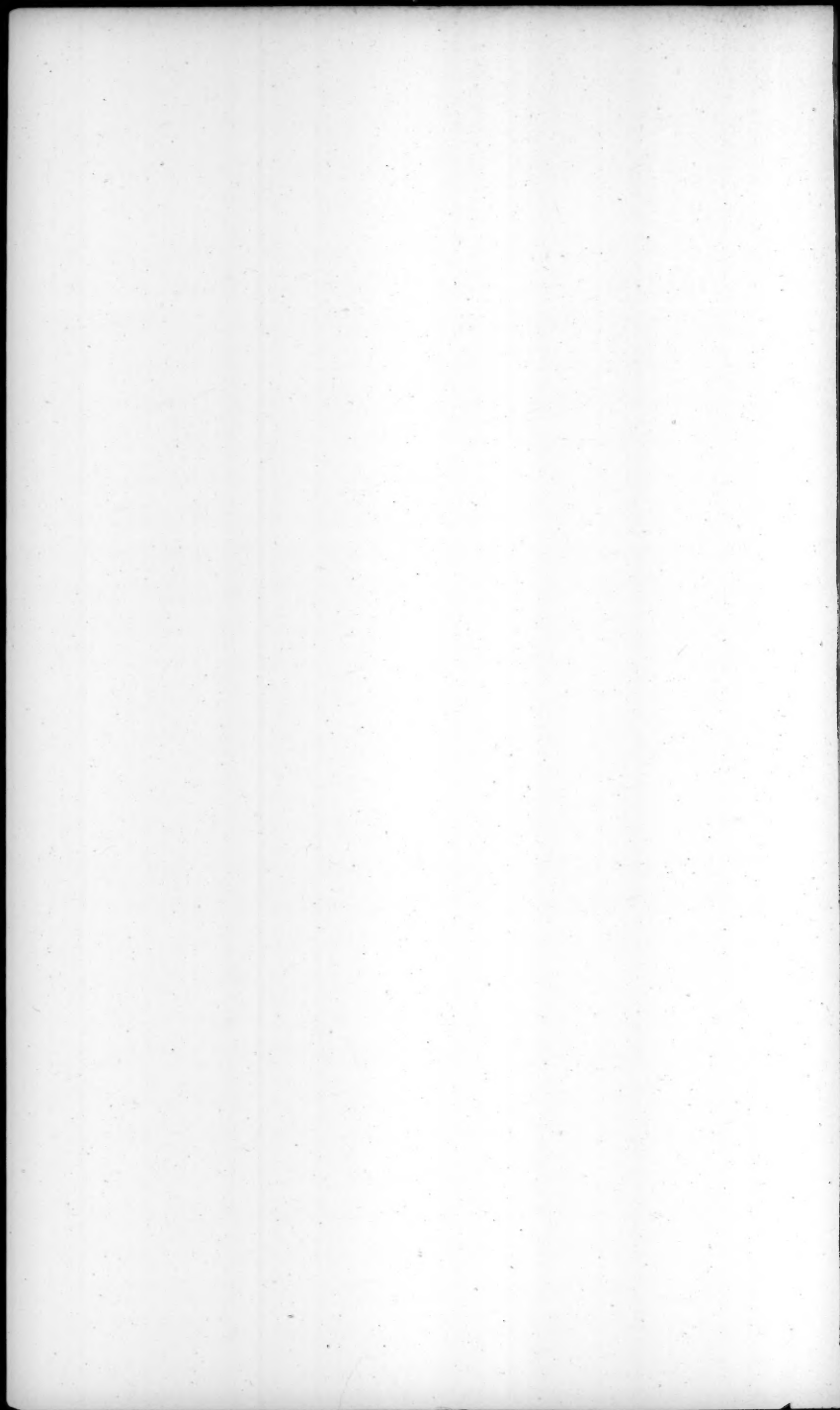
Any one who has studied the plays of Shakespeare will find in that description of Holofernes the mentality of the poet; the extravagancies of the play of 'Love's Labour's Lost' alone are evidence of the employment of such a mind. To Holofernes comes Adriano de Armado, who, after bragging of his intimacy with the King, and beating about the bush for awhile, at last says, 'The



TWO OF THE AUTOGRAPHS ON THE WILL, MARCH 25, 1616.



SIGNATURE ON A DEED AT THE  
GUILDHALL, MARCH 10, 1612-13.





very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess—sweet chuck—with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.'

Holofernes the schoolmaster in his reply suggests presenting before the Princess the 'Nine Worthies,' and offers to play three of them himself, so that he must have been known as an actor of some quality. Moth exclaims, 'An excellent device.'

So here we have a 'Masque or device,' known as the 'Four Worthies,' upon the cover of which is written a remarkable long word which is also to be found in the very scene of the play written by Shakespeare in which the above conversation appears, relating to a masque of 'Nine Worthies' wherein the man who is to be the nominal producer of the masque asks assistance from the actor who is 'good' at such things.

Apparently, therefore, the reputed author of the masque had no knowledge of stagecraft and had to seek assistance even for the production of so small a matter as this. If we assume that Bacon, as giver of the entertainment, had to ask Shakespeare the actor for assistance, it is easy to understand how upon Shakespeare's table there should be a copy of the manuscript and the cover of it be used by him, as he would use any other scrap of available paper, to jot down a note upon. The following statement of Mr James Spedding, the editor of 'The Works of Francis Bacon,' has already been quoted: 'I think I am in a condition to assert that there is no trace of Bacon's own penmanship in any part of the volume'; and the writer thinks that this statement will be agreed with by every one who compares Bacon's known handwriting with the 'scribblings.'

It is rather curious that in the first edition of the play Armado is known as Bragart, and even in the play itself (Act V, scene 2, line 537), Biron speaks of him as 'the braggart.' The name Adriano de Armado means in Spanish, 'the magpie's nest of a man in armour.'

How much has been written with regard to the plays

which probably never would have seen the light had examples of Shakespeare's handwriting been found ! An author writing a play in which legal scenes or, say, the crime of poisoning were to appear, of both of which he was ignorant, would simply—in those days or in these days—consult a legal or medical friend on the subject he wished to introduce, and embody the information in his own way. The display of such knowledge is surely not a ground for doubting the author's existence. Only some half-dozen autographs of Elizabethan and Jacobean plays have survived. The well-known authority on Shakespeare, Sir Sidney Lee, has stated :

‘The professional dramatists sold their plays outright to the acting companies with which they were associated, and they retained no legal interest in them after the manuscripts had passed into the hands of the theatrical manager.’

Manuscripts, as such, do not appear to have had any saleroom value in Shakespeare's day. So soon as books were printed, the reproduction of works in manuscript naturally ceased; for who would want a bulky manuscript when the same information could be got in a small and legible book? The condition of the document we have examined, partially destroyed by fire, and only in existence at all through having been preserved amongst the archives of one of our great families, is an example of how easily the most valuable evidence may be lost and entirely disappear.

The above statements cannot by any means be considered an exhaustive study of the subject. The examination has been made from a photograph, and there are words which have not been given any consideration, owing to their indistinctness, which may prove to be most important on a careful study of the original manuscript. Should the conclusions I have set out be accepted, I think it may reasonably be stated that this partially burnt sheet of paper will be considered one of the most valuable documents in the world.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

## Art. 2.—THE REGENERATION OF GERMANY.

EDMUND BURKE, in a well-remembered address, declared that it is impossible to bring an indictment against a whole nation; but he lived in an age of slender possibilities. The Press he knew did not exist as a force in national life; propaganda of the intensive kind was unknown, and the vast majority of people were allowed to think for themselves. The result was that the curious phenomenon of what might be called 'mass psychology' was almost unknown, and if there was a deep-rooted tradition in the minds of Englishmen it was that one of the supreme tests of national honesty was ability to hate a Frenchman, an attitude of mind that had grown through centuries of Anglo-French conflict and affected many who had never seen one of their neighbours from across the Channel.

The events of 1914 and subsequent years have proved that it is possible to indict a nation, and that, if the indictment be framed with sufficient skill in the use of invective and sufficient disregard for the facts, it will have an exceedingly long life among those to whom hatred comes far more easily than any other emotion, for as the Buddha taught long centuries before the birth of Christ, hatred ceases not by hating. The result is that we have in Europe to-day a series of strong feelings that were born of misunderstanding and propaganda and are calculated, if allowed to continue unchecked, to provoke, in no distant future, wars that will complete the ruin of a civilisation already badly shaken. To be sure, there are forces that are endeavouring to counteract mistrust and misunderstanding, those dominating features of Europe to-day; but these forces are in their infancy and are derided by those practical folk who either lack all belief in the natural kindness of humanity or deem, however fondly, that they stand to profit by another outbreak of strife.

Germany has been held up to obloquy in Great Britain, France, Poland, Belgium, and to some lesser degree in Italy. We are told that Germany is still arming in secret, is still preparing for another war, and that in spite of all the fair treatment she has received

from France, at Versailles and since, she is harbouring hatred instead of humility, and vengeance instead of repentance. To read the generally accepted version in the most widely circulated papers in this country, one would think that this nation of sixty or seventy million people had acquired a monopoly of all the vices that beset Europe and that it ranked low in the scale of civilisation. The acceptance of these views may result in a more alert attitude of mind; it may promote friendships among those who are fearful or uneasy, though much loudly proclaimed harmony exists only on paper and in public speeches; but it will never lead to an understanding of the real conditions in Western and Central Europe. It is undoubtedly possible to point to cases of German bad faith, of German secret armament, of German determination to recover her former position on the Continent, if necessary by force of arms, particularly where her Eastern frontiers are concerned; but it would be equally easy to point to a determination on the part of the military and some of the political parties in France, Poland, and elsewhere, to retain control of occupied territory until the Greek Kalends, to cripple German trade, and to keep the defeated country in subjection. The possibility that the average German is neither better nor worse than the average Englishman, Frenchman, or American, is either ignored or kept from discussion. Yet the more intolerant states of mind, whether they be French, German, British, Polish, or Italian, cannot be considered to be truly representative of the enlightened thought of any of the countries concerned, and no description of German conditions that deals with them from a partisan side alone could be considered helpful, just or fair. Nor can such description aid those who study it to arrive at a sound judgment on questions of future policy. What we must remember is that we have in Central Europe the most industrious, the best organised of all the people of Europe, men and women who have survived defeat, famine, invasion, and inflation. Their spirit has been tempered in the fires of adversity; they are stronger to-day in moral force and patriotism than any country on the Continent, and are prepared to make more enduring sacrifices for their ideals. It was a clever remark of a witty Frenchman who observed

that the only way to complete the defeat of Germany would be to pay that country reparations. He realised that all the hardships, all the injustice have availed merely to strengthen those elements which Europe has the greatest occasion to fear.

For some years past the writer has been studying conditions on the spot, now in great cities like Berlin, Frankfort, Cologne, Dresden, and Munich; then in the holiday resorts, to which the long arrested stream of foreign support is beginning to flow back again; sometimes in the remote countryside, the fairyland of mountain, heath, and pine forest. He has questioned all sorts and conditions of men, ministers, ambassadors, Government officials, great industrialists, philosophers, scientists, working men and women; and has endeavoured to sift their views without prejudice, realising that only the most painstaking endeavour can possibly reveal some of the many facets of truth. Those facets that he has seen have in their light very little to justify the attitude of people who are still fighting by the aid of their thoughts. So far as the 1918 Revolution is concerned, it was a very genuine effort to overturn a condition repellent to the rank and file of the German people. They may have been loyal to the Kaiser throughout the years that paved the road to Armageddon. There seems every reason to believe that they were; but outside the military leaders, the young soldiers with a career to make and the engineers of *Welt-Politik*, the policy of the Government was not popular when it became bellicose. Consequently, when the Republic was formed, its only opponents were the poor remains of the military party that had escaped alive from the countless battle fronts. There was every intention that democracy should stand on its own feet and that the Republic in Germany should travel as successfully along the paths of peace as the Empire had travelled through more than forty years on the road to war. The Nationalist element, so recently as the summer of 1922, was a well-nigh negligible quantity. You might travel from the borders of Holland to the borders of Austria and from the eastern boundary of France to the limits of Bavaria, without hearing any expression of hatred. The general attitude was philosophical. You may sum it up in a

sentence spoken by a leading industrialist, 'We have had a hard fight and a terrible national disaster; we cannot afford to spend time either in hatreds or regrets; what we have to do is to get busy, rebuild our industries, comfort our people, and settle down to prove to the rest of the world that we can live and enjoy life without militarism. We have put that behind us; it has failed.'

Less than a year later it was possible to note a definite change of feeling. The small Nationalist party had grown, every town held its Ruhr *Gebiets*, the people who had been driven out of their homes by the French occupation, often separated from their wives or husbands and permitted to take away just so much of their household goods as they could carry. Hideous stories were being told of the treatment of German women and children by the coloured soldiers of France, stories that were suppressed by the French authorities in the districts they controlled and to which all reference in England was discountenanced by our Foreign Office. Unfortunately for the offenders, the Germans revel in statistics and have published reports that provide terrible reading. The Nationalist Party took advantage cleverly of a difficult and ugly situation and pointed out that when Germany was an Empire her frontiers were inviolate, and that it was against the traditions of the country to turn the other cheek to the smiter. Out of the mire of these conditions Nationalism sprang up apace.

Then came the Separatist movement, that deliberate effort by France and Belgium, with the aid of riff-raff from German prisons and slums and the Polish border towns, to detach the Rhineland from its allegiance to the Reich. The British Consuls in Munich and Aachen and the 'Times' Correspondent in Cologne may claim to have done great work in exposing both the fatuity and the abominations of that attempt, the vindictive policy of disarming the German police and leaving the towns that were the goal of the Separatists to the mercy of bands of armed scoundrels. The attack on national unity failed, as it was bound to do and as it well deserved to fail; but the effect was to add immensely to the bitterness felt throughout Germany. The scars of the Separatist movement will last as long as the lives



of many of those who suffered from it, and it is an interesting fact that many of the French Authorities on the spot executed with marked reluctance the orders that came from Paris. From first to last, though Separatist mobs took control of towns, indulged in murder and looting, and relied upon French assistance to disarm the German police, they did not secure one solitary moral victory. Their failure here was complete.

In 1924 the political situation has gone from bad to worse, because throughout Germany the numbers of those who had grown to hate France and the French had multiplied. Here again one sentence stands out to typify the changed spirit. A young married woman said to the writer, 'When I married I hoped we should have no children. We were ruined by the inflation, we were living from hand to mouth, conditions were and still are terribly difficult; but now I want sons that I may bring them up and dedicate them to the task of avenging the Fatherland.'

Through these changing conditions the Republic has been compelled to fight desperately to maintain its place. On the one side there have been the Communists financed and directed from Moscow, on the other side the Nationalists drawing to their ranks all those disillusioned, middle-aged, and elderly men, often of honour and integrity, whose military career has been broken by the peace and whose position, with all the prestige that it carried in Germany, has been lost. With them are the young men whose imagination and pride have been stirred by the sufferings they have witnessed, who desire to do heroic deeds for the Fatherland without consideration if they are wise ones. Old or young, they have gathered great strength, they have forced themselves upon the attention of their country, and they insist that the whole of the troubles that have beset Germany since 1918 are due to the absence of those strong chiefs that only a monarchy can provide. Fortunately for Germany, these people, who are in a way the cause of their country's worst misfortunes, are not able to agree among themselves. One section would like to see the house of Wittelsbach on the throne, another is faithful to the Hohenzollerns. The chiefs are divided and Royalism is held back by its own inherent weakness; it is not

in keeping with the spirit of the times. But those Nationalists who look back for more than thirty months and see how their forces have grown in the time, have every reason to feel confident, and it is impossible to avoid the reflexion that our policy at home has not tended to encourage those whose triumph is the surest safeguard of European peace. This is more to be regretted because goodwill towards this country has been very noticeable, and Great Britain might—and yet may—heal the wounds and bridge the widening gulf. There is a racial bond not to be forgotten or despised; let those who, being unaware of it, are sceptical, inquire of the soldiers and civilians who have lived in Cologne. There is a feeling that, so far as England has acted independently, she has been strictly just. We have also to remember the excellent impression that has been created in Germany by the behaviour of our troops on the Rhine and the attitude of our authorities towards the Separatist movement. That all these friendly views have suffered a set back in the past few months is due to Mr Austen Chamberlain's nervous endeavour to succeed where Mr Lloyd George, the late Lord Curzon, and Mr Ramsay MacDonald have failed. There are not lacking certain signs that he too will learn his lesson; but in the meantime he has gone far to alienate German sympathies, in which unhappy work the Home Office has played the part of a more or less brilliant second.

Rightly to understand the trend of the German Government, it is necessary to consider the men who are the real power behind it. Chancellor Luther is one of his country's real leaders; to him and to Dr Schacht, the country owes the creation of the *renten mark* and the end of the disastrous period of inflation. Dr Luther has never been a man to court the limelight. He has nothing of the vitriolic eloquence of his colleague Dr Stresemann, but he is safe, courteous, moderate, and above all conciliatory. He has agreed with Dr Stresemann to bring the Nationalists into the Government because he says they must come in contact with realities and share a part of the burden of national responsibility. This act, indeed, may be regarded as an experiment in absorption, and we know in this country that responsibility is the finest tonic for those who are over enthusiastic

in their politics and on their platforms. To be sure many of the Nationalists are Monarchists, but it is worth remembering that, in 1871, the first President of the French Republic was MacMahon, who was frankly and avowedly a Royalist.

In Berlin, in the autumn of 1924, the writer discussed the question of Royalism with a high official who is singularly free from illusions and his comment was illuminating. 'Some of us,' he said, 'are of opinion that Germany would be better for a monarchy. For myself, I consider the question is an excellent one for a debating society. I do not think it enters into practical politics for two reasons. The first is that there is no man of such outstanding quality that we can say, "He would be acceptable to all parties." Secondly, Social Democracy, in its various aspects, is the strongest force in the country to-day, and if there be one question on which every Social Democrat has made up his mind, it is that there shall be no return to a monarchy. Anything rather than that.'

The question of the German attitude towards Great Britain is one that has many sides. You can hear violent denunciation. You can also hear sober, shrewd, and restrained comment. The general belief is that secret armament has been exaggerated as an excuse for postponing the evacuation of Cologne, though everybody knows that Germany accepted the Dawes Report in order to liberate the Rhineland. At the same time, politicians tell you quite frankly that the attitude of Mr Chamberlain is due to the 'fear complex' of France. They point out that our Foreign Secretary has no real first-hand knowledge of the facts of the case and that his main purpose is to reassure France in order that she may be encouraged to pay some of her debts instead of giving whatever money she can spare to finance the armaments of her European satellites.

There is a very general belief that if Great Britain would guarantee French security, it would be an excellent thing, because once that security was assured, Germany's frontiers on the French and Belgian side would be re-established on the lines of the Versailles Treaty. The Rhineland is the heart of German industry, and it is frankly hopeless for France to expect a guarantee for

security while continuing her Rhineland occupation, which must, sooner or later, lead directly to war. At the same time nobody in Germany believes that Great Britain will guarantee the present Eastern boundaries of the Reich, or that Silesia and the Dantzig corridor can remain where they are on the map. If in due course a war is required to enforce change, that war assuredly will be waged.

One of Europe's most experienced diplomats, discussing this question, said quite frankly, 'I believe the German Government desires peace. I think that the Industrialists know that peace is the only thing that can keep civilisation and industry in Western Europe; but Germany, like France, and England, and every civilised country, has to reckon with public opinion. It is easy for men who are sitting in Downing Street and on the Quai d'Orsay, even in the Wilhelmstrasse to say that they will sanction this or suffer that, but, in the long run, there is no possibility of governing save by the consent of the governed, and those who continue to sow dragons' teeth will have no real reason to complain when they find a crop of armed men. Yet even to-day, if all the parties concerned would endeavour to get rid of fear and to face facts, it should be possible to restore a real peace to Europe. Remember,' he concluded, 'that the greatest power in the world to-day is not militarism but commerce. Men wish to create conditions of comfort for themselves and their families, they wish to return to pleasant ways of living; to come to the end of a period of heavy taxation. The real way to achieve these purposes is for England, France, and Germany to realise that they must be neighbours; and that when it is possible to speak of the United States of Europe, it will no longer be necessary to talk about war and fresh forces of destruction.'

Turning to the industrial situation, it is clear that Germany has made immense strides since the period of inflation came to an end, even though the economic situation is bad. Towards the close of 1923 it was possible to go into the mean streets of any industrial quarter and to find them filled with half-clad, ill-fed men, women, and children. The best efforts of the charitable scarcely availed to keep body and soul together, and

there were thousands, many thousands, who, belonging to the comfortable classes and finding themselves unable to submit to charity, died either from want or by their own hands. Only a year later there was a complete change. The people are not starving in Germany to-day; the majority, the great majority, are reasonably clad. It goes without saying that there is very great poverty, very grave overcrowding, very much disease, for which the invasion of the Ruhr is largely responsible. Thousands of families were driven out of their homes and have been compelled to live in one room, with the result that lung diseases have spread to a dangerous extent, and there is more phthisis in Germany to-day than there has been since statistics were first collected. But the factories are at work, and if the labourer is poorly paid he does at least know that his wage has a purchasing value and that it will be worth on Monday as much as it was worth on the Saturday when he received it. The employers are sweating the employed, not by long hours—for an eight-hour day, recommended by the Economic Council of the Reich, has been granted to certain industries and will reach others—but through low wages. Of this there can be no manner of doubt; but, as one industrialist of standing and character told the writer, the cause is not as apparent as the result. 'To keep our works open,' he said, 'we must borrow extensively from the bank. The security is good, quite good. The demand for our produce comes from every part of the world, but we are working largely on capital for which we must pay from 15 per cent. to 18 per cent. The only way in which this can be done is by cutting costs down to a minimum. Our workers have enough to eat and to drink, to feed their families and pay for the barest necessities of life, and if they put up with it, they know that their submission is the only possible condition both for us and for themselves. If they demanded more, if they indulged in strikes, that would be the end. We should close the works. After all is said, there is very little difference between the man at the top and the man at the bottom. We are all working to put the country on her feet, and the very hardest workers, the men who accept even a sixty-hour week for themselves, are the employers.'

It is often said that the German Government is controlled by the heavy industries, but this is not the case. Dr Luther has persisted in maintaining the decision of his Economic Council in the teeth of the most strenuous opposition; he has received categorical assurances that it can't be done; he has replied that the eight-hour day is one of those necessities that demands a law, and so the workman, ill-paid, ill-housed, and living always within reach of penury, will at least enjoy his term of leisure within a little time. In blast furnaces, coke factories, and coal distilleries there will be an eight-hour day from April 1; the question of the mining day is being canvassed very thoroughly. The Rhineland is, of course, the centre of German industry, and it is worth quoting another remark made to the writer by a diplomat, not a German this time. 'The idea that Germany would seek a war of revenge with France,' he said, 'is absurd if you think of such a war as a possibility of the near future. Should Germany endeavour to attack France it would be a matter of days rather than of weeks, for France to devastate the whole of the Rhineland with air squadrons to which Germany could oppose no defence. With this destruction Germany would become the pauper of Europe. The one thing that will create trouble will be the spirit that inspired the Carthaginians when they had received their ultimatum, "*Delenda est Carthago*." In so far as this ruin of Germany would mean the economic extinction of Europe, it is to be hoped that the resources of diplomacy are not exhausted.'

While big problems underlie German progress, it is quite clear that this progress is real, though an adverse trade balance of two and a half milliards of gold marks is recorded for 1924; and, while the danger of a future war grows steadily, one may set against it the encouraging fact that the rank and file of young Germans are turning from militarism to sport. In the old days, as all know, every lad was compelled to pass under the harrow of the German drill sergeant, losing much of his initiative and learning in return to become qualified for cannon fodder without protest or complaint. To-day the drill sergeant finds a great part of his occupation gone; the Gymnasium Instructor has taken his place. They have a High School for Sports in Germany and a



three-year-course in every form of athletics, leading to a degree, and the man who presents himself for his doctor's degree in philosophy, medicine, or any other field of learning, is expected to have proficiency in at least one branch of athletics; there is even a suggestion that those who cannot show such qualification shall be refused their degree. Football, boxing, lawn tennis, winter sports, one and all are being taken up with extraordinary enthusiasm throughout the Republic; and in many fields of sport there is free and friendly competition between the teams coming from some of the Allied countries and the Germans. So far as sport with England is concerned, our Lawn Tennis Association appears to be the only body of any importance that remains aloof. Clearly the movement towards sport deserves every encouragement. On the football field, in the ring and on the tennis lawn, young Europe should not only learn to forget its grievances but should come in time to appreciate the qualities of those of its neighbours whom it has been taught to hate or to fear. So thorough is the organisation of German sport that there are academies for the training of instructors and special terms to enable the student to take his three-year-course and, with the aid of a hostel, to cover the expenses for about 50% a year. Nothing is left to chance, and to see the young Teuton at the play which is his substitute for drill, is to realise that in the near future Germany will make a very determined bid for the prizes that attend the athlete. Does not this point the way of escape from an ever-growing danger?

The industrial situation in Germany, though far better than it was, and aided by an almost intensive system of endeavour in every field, is hampered in very large measure by the lack of capital, and many competent observers think that the country is on the eve of a national crisis that inflation merely postponed. If reparations are to be paid industry must not be hampered, and exports must exceed imports. Confidence must return to the rank and file, but the small traders and shopkeepers have not yet regained it, and they spend their earnings all too freely, not only wasting their assets but giving a false impression to strangers. Without confidence there can be no prosperity and without

prosperity there can be no reparations. At the moment the amount on deposit in the German banks is 30 per cent. of what it was before the war (1913), and Mr McKenna's Committee estimates the country's foreign assets, of which we read so much in the sensational press, at less than seven milliards, about 18 per cent. of the 1923 figure.

It is interesting to turn to agriculture, the first occupation of every country, to see what is happening there. Wages are comparatively high, for they are based on the price of corn; but, largely owing to the loss of Silesia, Posen, and West Prussia, the great grain-growing areas, parts of which are not improving under Polish rule, it is necessary to import food in ever increasing quantities, while neither farmer nor landowner is in a position to keep the land in first-class order. Before the war Posen and West Prussia provided a corn surplus sufficient for five million people. Taxation in the agricultural area is six times what it was before the war and in many cases is being paid out of capital. The old land credit banks which advanced money at 4 per cent. are no longer available. Deposits in the savings banks have fallen to a small percentage of their pre-war figure. There is less money to buy 'artificial' and, consequently, the country grows less corn and must import more, to the further detriment of the balance of trade, for shipping no longer provides 'invisible exports.' In the course of the next year or two many large German estates will be thrown on the market: the man who can obtain a quarter of the pre-war value will be fortunate.

Against this dreary outlook may be set the progress made in the extraction of nitrogen from the air. At Merseburg and Oppau 350,000 tons of ammonia are produced annually, the equivalent of nearly 1,400,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia. The nitrogen is obtained by the distillation processes in coke and gas works and from the nitrate of lime obtained by the Frank Caro process. The extraction of nitrogen from the air was accomplished formerly by liquefying the air; later, a chemical process was substituted. Hydrogen is separated from the oxygen in water by electric current, and nitrogen and hydrogen are combined to form ammonia without the use of fuel. Synthetic ammonia is also

produced from water gas. The Badische Analine and Soda Factories employing the Haber-Bosch process are turning out this immense amount of sulphate of ammonia, and the extraction of nitrogen from the air is not only a great industry but may go far to solve one of the serious problems that confront Germany, whose first and foremost need is to feed her workers. Some hold that a tax on imported corn is the only solution of the problem, because this would enable the agrarians to live and pay their taxes; but others point out that if the cost of food be raised to the worker, wages must rise too and, with the increase, the slender margin of profit, that enables many industries to exist if not to thrive, will be lost and the price of agrarian relief will be urban distress.

To the stranger in Germany to-day the dominant impression is of much silent heroism among the rank and file who must work and endure, of the normal carelessness among those who make and spend money lightly, and of much forethought and union among leaders, be they statesmen, financiers, or industrialists. The forces at work suggest an ultimate triumph over an extraordinary number of disabilities, and, after many years, release from foreign creditors and the excessive demands of the banks. Perhaps the one condition precedent is the maintenance of the Republic, threatened by the passing of a strong, silent President, and the consequent control of the factors that make for the disruptive forces of Monarchism or Communism. If and when the Europe that matters, the Europe of the Allies will view the position correctly, progress will be more rapid. Obviously certain statesmen have a genuine fear of German progress; but if there should be civil disorder or fresh currency troubles, or collapse of industry under the heavy burdens imposed upon it, where will the money come with which to meet war debts?

It is noticeable that in the past few months Germany has lost a great asset, her faith in Great Britain, and this loss may have far-reaching effects. The man in the street cannot be deceived about armaments. He knows that in all probability there are munitions of war carefully concealed here and there, he knows that his rulers have considered every military question as carefully as

their rivals have done; but he knows too that nothing that is visible or hidden, no plans, no skeleton staffs, no camouflaged police, can amount to anything that need give a restless night to a third-class state. He knows that the country holds a certain number, a growing number, of wild men; he relies upon a Republican Government to keep them in order. He is not working, if he be an employer, for seven days a week to be flung into the maelstrom of another war, and if he be an artisan he looks less to his rulers than to the proletariat the world over to keep the peace. He hates France and the French, he knows that time brings revenge; he despises Poland, and is conscious that the Silesian economic barriers are as bad for, as indifferent to, the claims of industry as to those of ethnography; but his frank statement is that the way to a real peace is along the road of freedom, and that if his country be allowed to recover her liberty and rebuild her shattered fortunes, it would be best to live on good terms with France. He would have no grievances if Great Britain guaranteed the frontier of Belgium and the eastern frontier of France; but he knows that the Silesian arrangement cannot hold, and when the opportune time comes he will end it. Above all, and this is a point that deserves far more attention than it receives, he resents very bitterly the current implications of inferiority. He knows that German civilisation and culture are second to none, that they constitute one of the assets of Europe, and that the educated opinion both of France and Great Britain is well aware of this. Yet he sees the children of France being brought up on such poisonous books as Fournier's '*Pour Notre France*,' '*Histoire de la Grande Guerre racontée à deux enfants*,' '*Les Lectures des Petits*,' and similar works which are calculated to make better understanding between the coming generations impossible. He complains that while the Englishman in Germany is treated as a friend and allowed to carry on business there without restriction, the numbers engaged running into thousands, Germans who wish to come to England are not fairly treated. He does not complain of the law that refuses ingress to German workers, he sees the justice of it at a time when we have a million unemployed; but he says that even those who wish to

come over for a short time on business in the common interest are subjected to hard usage. Cases are occurring constantly of the conflict between our Foreign and Home Offices, the passport granted by British Consuls and Vice-Consuls being ignored by the Emigration Officers, who are the autocratic representatives of the Home Office. To the Dominions Overseas, even men of science are refused admission. In other spheres of intercourse the action of our Lawn Tennis Association is not overlooked, and it is remarkable that, nearly seven years after the Armistice, certain London clubs, which were wont to extend their hospitality to the heads of the German Embassy, have not reopened their doors.

No nation that can place to its credit the solid achievements of Germany in the realm of Science and Industry will be content to play indefinitely the rôle of pariah. In spite of endeavours to restore Germany to Europe and to secure fair play in so doing, Germany's rulers find they must remain at the mercy of the French 'fear complex.' But such scandals as the extension of M. Rault's Presidency of the Saar Commission and the appointment of a general from General Foch's staff to be chief of the League of Nations Commission that replaces the Inter-Allied Military Commissions, cannot be accepted without protest; and if the Rhineland Commission is to remain without a German representative, the Rhinelanders will be convinced that there is no hope of justice from Europe. When hope fails there will be a move in another direction. This move has many supporters—all outside the Government. It is towards Russia and through Russia to China and Japan. Should such an understanding come about, should German industry and organisation gradually control the vast masses, the immeasurable potentialities of forces stretching from the Baltic to Japan, the world would be shaken. Yet this change in the orientation of German politics is discussed to-day in circles from which it would have been dismissed two years ago as unworthy of consideration. 'If the fears of France are to drive us out of Europe in search of friendships it is only too probable that those fears will provide their own justification,' the writer was told. 'Our generation has seen the horrors of wars and wants no more of them; but another

is coming on, strong in the belief that it has a great duty to the Fatherland. It is not too late now to direct this thought into constructive rather than destructive channels, but every effort we make is misunderstood, sometimes, I fear, deliberately, by a section of your rulers, and every friendly gesture from Berlin meets some response from London that seems to swell the ranks of our Nationalists.'

Yet there is no inconsiderable section of the best educated and most progressive Germans that holds a good understanding with Great Britain to be the foundation of a sound foreign policy, and co-operation, rather than competition, the proper solution of trade rivalries. While repudiating sole responsibility for the Great War, it admits quite frankly the errors of its own dead Imperialism, and is devoted to some aspect of the democratic ideal. This side of Germany has found expression in Walther Rathenau and President Ebert among the dead, and Dr Luther among the living; it has pleaded passionately for a wider understanding of the country's difficulties and for recognition of a measure of good will that has survived many indignities. It points to the cession of Upper Silesia to Poland in the face of the plebiscite, to the Ruhr invasion, the prolonged occupation of the Rhineland, the Separatist movement, the impossibility of the present Eastern position, the contempt for equity displayed under the reign of the League of Nations in the Saar, and it urges that, even at the eleventh hour, wrongs may be righted. This section of public opinion is still willing to forget the stress and strain of the past few years, recognising as it does the parlous state of Europe, the need for united action in the worlds of politics and industry. If our statesmanship is equal to responding to the appeal all may yet be well, the peace of Europe may be preserved. If, on the other hand, we prefer to look at Germany through the distorting mirror of war-time propaganda, if we allow the signs of industrial revival to alarm us and the existence of some concealed arms to blind us to the truth that Germany is surrounded on all sides by nations fully equipped for war and that her industrial areas are open to destruction at any time, then the question is not whether there will be further war in Europe, but



merely when it will break out. That Germany will continue to make progress, despite suffering and difficulties, is certain—the most superficial observer cannot overlook the spirit that animates every class—and we shall have given a fresh lease of life and welcome encouragement to our worst enemies, rendering nugatory the sufferings that have laid Western Europe waste.

For it is clear that there are two parties in Germany. That which is growing by all the mistakes we make and all the injustice that we tolerate, consists of Royalists and Nationalists at one end and Communists at the other, two parties united in their hatred of existing order. That which, though still powerful, is losing ground, consists of the Republicans, the Social Democrats and Socialists, and others who believe in peace and co-operation as panaceas for every evil. This party hates France quite heartily, but does not regard war as necessary or inevitable, and even admits that Time may render better relations possible. Nationalists and Royalists supply the men who are responsible for futile efforts to re-arm Germany; they are seeking to destroy the Republic, many of them acting in an honest belief that their country's fortunes can only be restored by force of arms. For all faults of omission and commission the Republic, which is ever seeking to control them, must bear the blame and suffer countless humiliations. Should it fail, the last barrier between France and an ultimate war of revenge between Europe and chaos is removed.

That England 'played the game,' the game that others do not understand, has been admitted all over Germany, and some recognition of and gratitude for fair play has never been lacking. Yet the belief is widespread to-day that England has yielded to the fears of France and has stultified herself in a vain attempt to assuage them. Fear, they say in Berlin, was the real cause of the Great War. Germany feared encirclement, France the power of German arms, England the growth of provocative naval rivalry, Russia feared for revolution. Now the old fear stalks through Europe, and only England can allay it by standing up for the rights both of victors and vanquished and working in the spirit of the Dawes Conference, the spirit that encouraged the hope of a return to goodwill among the nations.

Let it be clearly understood that in putting forth the foregoing statement we hold no brief for Germany. War was the deliberate policy of a large section of her statesmen, soldiers, sailors, and industrialists, and that policy has brought its own Nemesis, but the choice which lies before the statesmen of Europe at the moment is between a possibility of peace and contentment for some generations to come and a certainty of war—more devastating even than the last—in the not distant future.

And the choice will not lie open for long. When the agony of the war was fresh in men's minds there was, even in Germany, a strong and growing desire for peace. The war spirit was subdued, not dead, but now the galling yoke of subjection which is imposed on Germany is steadily encouraging the spirit of war and of revenge and suppressing the spirit of peace by commercial prosperity. A new generation to which the horrors of war come by hearsay only is taking the place of men and women who have themselves suffered those horrors. The true facts are slow in reaching the mass of the British public, and it is for this reason that we earnestly call attention to the foregoing pages.

### Art. 3.—THE SPIRIT OF LONDON.

THERE is an impression astir that London is in a state of transition, and 'vagrom' rumour for once is right. Living memory hardly recalls a time when things were otherwise. London, like Gilbert's Strephon, is 'a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms,' and change is the law of its growth. At present it is busy with a thousand problems, some of them momentous, but all needing decision, and many demanding action. Housing and traffic and other troubles are magnified and multiplied in London's case, apart from the problems peculiar to its site and character. There is a piecemeal reconstruction process going forward, which the war has both necessitated and delayed. But something of the kind was in being before the war arrived, and even then the work was notoriously in arrear, though big and ancient cities, like big and ancient buildings, keep the 'singing masons' busy all day long. London in the full sense covers over a hundred square miles, and every mile has its elements of conflict and commotion. Nevertheless, under all this striving there is a unitary and living consciousness which, if vague and intermittent, makes for reassurance with all who know the city's past and are bold enough to peer into its future. 'In cities as in men, the only acquisition that is truly good and enduring is the growth of the soul.' And not even crowding signs of transition can dim the fact that there is an indomitable spirit animating London, a spirit matured and unimpaired after a thousand years of evolution, and equal, so far as we can see, to retaining for centuries yet the power and pre-eminence it has rightly gained.

A century ago London outstripped Paris in the sum of population, and there are few respects, chiefly of a superficial order, in which the victory has not since been confirmed. London shudders at thought of the Haussmann method of rebuilding a city on a geometric plan; nor could it ever have been made, like Berlin, a background for 'goose-step' reviews and military 'stunts.' Inchoate and unwieldy as it seems, it prefers to believe, like Topsy, that it 'grewed,' but the story of that development is outside our scope. The past may be safely

left to the historians and prophecy to the romancers. But if there is anything in Butler's rule of probabilities, the capital that has come unscathed through the greatest ordeal in a long career, has no occasion to be disturbed at the outlook, if it wisely consults its air defences, health, and general well-being. And it may be worth the pains if we try and assemble some of the reasons and considerations for this vein of optimism in regard to the greatest hive of humanity ever known.

First, a word as to the more urgent problems of the day. London's traffic has reached such a pitch of congestion, especially in the central thoroughfares, that its incomparable police may well hold up their hands with something more than the performance of routine duty. Imagination quails at the thought of what may come when, as already in America, the number of our automobiles reaches the average of one to every eight of the population, unless we honeycomb the ground with subterranean parks, and this, apart from outlay and labour difficulties, is an expedient formidable enough in view of the network of underground traffic already in existence. New tubes are burrowing their way to and fro, and experienced brains are busy with various reforms by way of relief. They condemn the permanent authorities for their past submission to the *status quo*, but it has been no simple task to restrain the hands of transport enterprise. London, having asserted its civic independence in early times and since, has had to pay the penalty by letting its authority go into abeyance in other matters. The effort to overtake arrears of responsibility in matters of local administration, by unifying these powers under a County Council, has been modified in two important respects. The new body had to defer to an historic and indestructible City Corporation; and the ambition of steering clear of party politics has been thwarted by a succession of events into which we need not enter here. Only those who have had occasion to plough through the thirty annual volumes of 'London Statistics' are aware of the vast range of activity they cover. The increase of thirty millions in the rateable value of Greater London during the past half century, is a faint indication of the labour and responsibility involved in bringing order out of chaos, a process which

will outlast our time. With every effort to reduce and concentrate, there are thirty species of local authority within the administrative county of London, and they range from the City Corporation and the Masters of the Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temples, to the Conservancy Boards and sixty-four urban district councils, some of whom have shown themselves recklessly improvident in their financial operations. Nevertheless, the County Council has justified its existence and the trust reposed in it, and it is hard to see how it can be superseded with advantage, London being the monster organism it is. Even in the erection and equipment of a colossal palace across the Thames, the Council may be justified in a few years' time by the growth and spread of the enormous area it administers, and if such an organisation neglected to look ahead it would belie its mission. A great estate and small ideas, as Burke said, go ill together, and whatever may be said of London's main governing body, it has not often revealed the pusillanimous mind.

In respect of London's architecture the problem should be simpler; but here, counsel is darkened by the riot of public opinion. Not without disturbance, Eros has forsaken Piccadilly Circus, and Psyche has disappeared in the shape of his attendant nymphs, for the flower-girls who had their station on his island of pavement have been bestowed elsewhere. Truly, if the removal of a decorative fountain could produce so much clamour, authority may well be chary of pronouncing its mind on weightier affairs. The transformation of Regent Street is another instance of the way in which æsthetes forget for a while that the sovereign rule in architecture is adaptation to a purpose. Nobody of impartial mind welcomes the emergence of a composite crescent ablaze with plate glass and gilt ornament which will look like a travesty of the 'Rue des Nations' in the Paris Exposition of 1900; and the general dissatisfaction may precipitate fresh changes at no distant date, so that the last state of Regent Street may prove worse than the first. In any case, the verdict rests with traders and tenants who object to waive their competitive habits for the sake of a frontage that would stamp them all alike; and when business firms like these agree to differ,

their 'unanimity is wonderful.' Fortunately the phoenix process in the case of our Main Street, the Strand, brings about a widening which has long been indispensable, and one devoutly wishes the result could escape that scorbutic epidemic of aggressive signs and firework puzzles which at so many points is coarsening London by day and making it hideous by night.

Two structures, dearer to the heart of London than any at present in the balance, are Waterloo Bridge and St Paul's Cathedral, and here, curiously enough, a temperamental difference of policy between the older and the newer type of authority comes conspicuously into view. Rennie's handsome bridge, one that Canova declared it was worth coming to England to see, is only a century old, as the name implies, yet it suffers from its own solidity, an absence of crown or camber, and the soft nature of our river-bed. This anxiety is one of the penalties we have had to pay for the possession of Father Thames, maker and sustainer of London, and the stream which, as Mr John Burns once said, is so much 'liquid history.' But Waterloo Bridge has also suffered by being made a beast of burden under the incalculable weight of field and garden provender swarming in from our southern counties several nights a week to Covent Garden; and it has had more than its share of the cross-river traffic by day through the absence of sufficient means of contact with the Surrey side. This lack of transpontine resource is receiving attention, but enterprise is deliberate in things like this, and in the mean time both bridge and cathedral languish, as all may see.

Universal interest shows that these monuments are a world-question. Americans express amazement that the fate of two such old-world buildings should disturb the peace of mind of compatriots who have never seen either, and should presumably be more concerned with the new and impressive cathedral of New York. Alarmists cite the lesson of the Venice campanile when it fell 'like a gentleman' twenty years ago, and only after many warnings. Technicians insist that Wren's guarantee of his masterpiece was limited to a couple of centuries, and declare that 'time is up.' Moreover, we remember that Wren himself was severe upon the demolitionists



in his own day, not for destroying, but for doing it clumsily; and when a wall of the old cathedral fell as he had foretold, there is no doubt that despite the public incredulity, his warning saved many lives. What would Wren's verdict be to-day? He would assuredly condemn the hullabaloo now raging to no purpose. He would probably curl a lip of good-tempered scorn to find so many experts intent on rebuilding the cathedral and for retaining so much of the bridge; as also to note how the respective authorities are diametrically opposed in policy—the Chapter for conservation, and the County Council for demolition. With outcries of sluggardism on the one side and of iconoclasm on the other, this is indeed an occasion for Pilate's sorry jest. Fortunately, as it seems, both authorities have come to the non-committal decision that further slight delay may not be amiss, if all concerned can be brought to reasonable unanimity. London long ago earned the reputation of deciding slowly but deciding well. Reversing the advice in 'Pizarro'—if not always greatly it has acted rightly. Here is pre-eminently a double case for avoiding grave mistakes. When all is said and done, therefore, we must be resolute and calm. London's very immensity involves an enormous amount of renewal in the natural course of things. We can trace it in the evolution of modern London-lore in print since Peter Cunningham wrote his handbook in the 'fifties and set it all a-going. The sum of collective and restless energy embodied in the metropolis is one of the wonders of the world, but the problem of wrestling with disintegration is a growing one, and the main cause of London's maladies is this matter of irrestrainable growth. 'He that buckles him in my belt,' said Falstaff, 'cannot do less,' and we must make allowances for a capital which, when all is said and done, is one of the best-governed in the world.

Has this process of enlargement anything to commend it to outside eyes? London has been the butt of phrasemakers for centuries. Ingenious pens, halting between fact and hyperbole, have characterised London as the forum of an Empire without precedent, the seat of the mother of Parliaments, the mart of every kind of produce, the nation's almoner, the home of British science,



art, and literature, the clearing-house of a greater turnover than any other city can show, the oubliette for mediocrity, the statute fair of humanity, a tourney-ground of all the talents, the depository of a thousand years of progress, and a prologue to the day of judgment. London has been variously called 'the flower of cities all,' *Regum Angliæ Camera* (as the old deeds have it), 'the emporium of the whole Earth, and great Council of representatives in the Trading World,' as Addison said. Johnson declared that the man who was tired of London was tired of life; and Boswell added, with a characteristic touch, that London was a compendium of human life in inexhaustible variety, a place also where to practise economy. London was a 'wen,' for Cobbett; 'a squalid village,' for Grant Allen; a 'gleaming great Babylon,' for Carlyle. To De Quincey, London was a 'stony-hearted stepmother'; to Chatterton something worse; to Washington Irving, 'a gigantic monster'; and to W. D. Howells, 'a collective uncouthness which becomes a tremendous grandeur.' To Scott it was 'the grand central point of writing men of every description.' And Meredith called it 'the greatest broth-pot of brains that ever simmered upon the hob.'

Nor has the foreigner been slow to praise. Casanova put on enthusiastic record his enjoyment of the London papers and the frankness of their utterance. Heine said it was rapture to walk about the streets that had been trodden by the characters of Shakespeare; and Moritz wrote that when he noted the freedom with which the poorest subject of London's population could express his ideas—'take my word for it, you will feel yourself very differently affected from what you are when staring at our soldiers in their exercises at Berlin.' Victor Hugo compared Paris with London to our disadvantage; but against his boast that Paris demolished her Bastille, we can answer that London was wiser in turning hers, the Tower, into a folk-museum and an anatomy-theatre of history. Taine called London on Sunday 'an immense and well-ordered cemetery,' with no resort but the pothouse or the pulpit, and he wickedly put the pothouse first. Grosley, a century earlier, said London's melancholy was due to its coal-smoke and its

religion, and he put the religion last as being less definite. The gifted Prevost-Paradol committed suicide in America in 1870 because he foresaw the downfall of Paris; and nobody has ever heard of an English exile doing as much over the dismal fate of London. But we may love our capital none the less because there is a wholesome British sanity underlying our affection. The man who starts with what Mrs Malaprop calls a little aversion may possibly be more constant in the end, and to keep, as Johnson said, his friendship in repair. Consequently it may be of interest for a whole-hearted provincial to set on record some of the lighter impressions of London gathered during thirty years' attentive observation at close quarters. And if there appears in the course of it a steady process of conversion, its first reluctance should establish its sincerity, and its completeness explain why, like the wilful truant in 'The Hound of Heaven,' he exults in his final subjugation.

Patriotism in the national sense does not exclude a healthy difference between district and district, a detachment of view, a judgment half-askance. Diversity of idiosyncrasy within the selfsame stock explains the rivalry persisting between Londoner and provincial. London usually gets one compliment—that if provincials make deeper friends, Londoners make less censorious neighbours; but praise like this is a rare concession. Such prickly emulation is serviceable in a way, for while people are simmering in discussion, they are less likely to explode. At the best, they come to some form of concord or armed neutrality; at the worst, they shake hands and 'pair off.' The Londoner is proud of being a citizen of no mean city, though he knows its strength is largely a transfusion of blood from the country places. The provincial, on the other hand, vents an ostentatious contempt for metropolitan conceit, just as Tom Sawyer loathed the town-bred lad whose 'citified airs ate into his vitals.' Many an educated Londoner, unaware of his faults of speech, confides in his superiority 'between you and I,' and tilts his nostril at dialects which may be less available for casual derision, but are fiercely expressive if he could only find them intelligible to his

ear. The provincial in return scoffs at a London lingo compounded of all sorts of fragments—Yiddish, Dago, gipsy, and 'Chink'—but is nettled at its boomerang smartness in the shape of repartee. Neither party can help taking off its cap to magnitude in any form, and London knows that the crowds who surge in from the midlands and the north for a football final, are loud enough in praise of 'town' when they get back home, though they may revile it at close quarters. It also entertains a wholesome respect for invading crowds of such proportions, especially when their champions warrant all vaunts and jeers by redoubtable play in the field. Thanks to modern conditions, the average Londoner is more of a sidesman than a sportsman, to the development of lung and the atrophy of limb. But is the provincial any better off in this respect? Fortunately there has been a vigorous process of attrition at work, as well as an increasing recognition of the fact that prowess and prosperity are no local monopoly. If anything could prove this cheerful emulation it would be the perfection with which a throng of over a hundred thousand people from all parts of London and the country kept their temper over the inexcusable *débâcle* at Wembley two years ago. So if sport is to be rescued from over-professionalism, 'gate'-worship, ill-temper, and bad organisation, this alliance between London and the provincial crowd is not to be despised.

There is a salutary process steadily at work, in short, under this duel of prejudice. That most genial of Londoners, the first Lord Burnham, once entertained a young provincial, and by his fine urbanity drew the admission that the stripling proposed to make a hobby of studying London. 'And what is your first impression, pray?' The junior's answer was: 'London seems to think, sir, it's the heart of England, but it's only the fancy waistcoat.' 'Well,' said the questioner, with a characteristic twinkle, 'that's not a bad point of view to start with. It will certainly do as well as any other. But let me tell you this, that by and by you will amend your ideas and find that London is too big to be polished off with a label.' Veteran wisdom was right, for that callow provincial of years ago is to-day an ardent Londoner by adoption, as these few pages show;

nor is he disturbed at finding this conversion matters nothing, except to his own sense of justice.

One of the definite stages in this slow but sure conversion is that it overcomes the terrifying feeling of desolation which De Quincey noted as a first experience of the new arrival. Though it may take years to bring him any equivalent for the rooted friendships of the midlands and the north, he will find ample compensation in the end. If he has a well-stored mind, the London soil and air will prove more than fostering and kindly to those bodiless possessions, the company of his friends in books. He soon finds himself exploring the real London under escort of Stow and Johnson, Dickens and Charles Lamb, and there is no more delightful occupation in life. What is more, London is ready to supply him, as can no other city in the world, with an infinite gallery of living types to people his reading with analogies where imagination flags, or the descriptive powers of an author fail. And all this while the initiate is acclimatising himself and his ideas more and more. Prejudice grows insensibly into predilection. One of the best examples of this captivation occurs in Hazlitt's essay on 'London and Country People,' where he opens with an attack of epithet and winds up a confirmed eulogist. Watch the Balaam-like change in the following lines:

'The true Cockney is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible.

'Your true Cockney is your only true leveller. Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as anybody else. It is a common saying among such persons that "they had rather be hanged in London than die a natural death out of it anywhere else."

'Man in London becomes, as Mr Burke has it, a sort of public creature. He lives in the eye of the world and the world in his. Therefore it is that the citizens and freemen of London and Westminster are patriots by prescription, philosophers and politicians by the right of their birthplace.'

In the great drama of London life this ingredient is as vital as the scheming slave in Roman comedy, or the masquerader in Molière. It is easy to generalise about a class, and the Cockney has had too much said about

him for his peace of mind, if he were not the incorrigible optimist he is. He strives after cheerfulness as other men do for prosperity. Laughter, with him, justifies anything in reason, anything short of what he calls 'shabby' or unfriendly. To a pre-eminent degree he has the virtue of neighbourliness, though in a crowd his frank approval may be disconcerting. But you must take him for all in all, realising that within his limited sphere, he is the sublimation of fair play. Crude yarns that represent him as guffawing at death or misery are an arrant libel; so, as a rule, is any defamation of his courage. One of our statesmen told the recruiting authorities long ago that if they wanted men who had no fear of death, they should go where people live next door to it. He was right, for no hero in the war gave a sterner account of himself than the undersized and ill-fated man from Stepney, or Bromley, or Bow. Certainly no trooper came more gaily through the miseries of trench life or the field hospital roofed by flying shell. He was not only an optimist himself, but the cause of optimism in others. Over and over again problem and dilemma were solved by his ready wit, expressed with a schoolboy love of emphasis and caustic monosyllables. He has enriched the jargon of the day with terms like 'dud' and 'phut,' and uncouth importations like 'napoo' and 'posh.'

For all his ingenuity in its use, however, the Cockney remains content with a general vocabulary so limited that a northern dyker or shepherd would be ashamed to own it. Yet a glossary of the terms that Cockneys apply to their diet will furnish an array of metaphors and synonyms that are startling in their picturesqueness. It is reported that they eat strange flesh, and stranger shellfish, so that the gutterside barrow on a Saturday night is loaded with a fearsome array of what Mr Dooley called 'the indelicacies of the season.' Possibly this partiality for strange comestibles surrendered from the water is a survival of days when better food stood at famine prices, so that London's poor grew 'fishified' and learned to subsist on the harvest of sea and river. Possibly also this kind of dainty is popular because it lends itself to sale in the open streets, and the streets are the Cockney's natural element. He has another good

word, be it said, for the wayside barrow, for in these foolish days when we scatter English apples before swine to save them from rotting on the railway sidings, and foreign fruit is 'cornered' by profiteers, the fruit-barrow has helped to keep hope and health alive in London's wildflowers, its children. But the streets are no longer what they were. The displacement of the horse from London's traffic has reduced the currency of humour and checked the gaiety of nations; what is more, the Philistine efficiency of the taxi-driver is no substitute for the uncouth 'cabby' with the staggering 'growler,' the towel-rail 'oss,' and a sly impudence that sweetened even blunt rapacity. The Cockney nowadays may be less in evidence, except on Bank Holidays, but he is never dead so long as we have the plodding clerk of the Bob Cratchit type. For the Cockney flourishes at his best in a grade beneath the lower middle class; nor can poverty daunt his natural resilience, down to a point. One fails to find his distinctive traits below the smile-line—that is to say, in bedrock strata where the amenities of life are petrified by misery. In fine, we are well advised to associate Cockneydom with that vast majority of London's population, 'the common people,' of whom, as Lincoln said, their Creator must be fond, seeing that He made so many.

What are the Cockney's marks of character? and where shall we look for the type at its best? He may seek relaxation elsewhere, like Jorrocks, or be something of a rover like Jingle or Sam Weller; but his compass must point all the while to the hub and hum of things. In short, to be a Cockney, by the card, a man must have occupied himself all his life with London and its people, and reveal salient qualities—humour, expressiveness rather than eloquence, lip-defiance to authority or severity, a love of crowds, a certain robust breadth of mind, and a still more profound humanity. No better instance occurs to mind than the late Will Crooks, and those who knew him best will be ready to endorse the claim. Born in an East End workhouse, reared amid toil and hunger, unaided and unschooled, he came to embody the best spirit of artisan independence, and those who remember him in the House of Commons will admit there was never a more representative son of



London within its walls. Stunted in build, heavy of countenance, alive with ideas, but stolid and determined in delivery, and utterly unfavoured with those outward graces that so rule the platform, he carried a well-earned popularity wherever he went. Those who recall his first election at Woolwich will remember the staggering effect of his majority. It was won in days when the industrial movement was in its infancy, and Woolwich seemed a pocket borough for the War Office; yet there was no surprise for us who saw the struggle through.

The real ordeal came afterwards. No amount of 'roughing it' had broken down the victor's diffidence about entering the inner circles of public life, and Labour had not yet become a misnomer or taken out a licence of exemption from manners. The prospect of ultimate success, though gratifying to one so human as Crooks, must have been vague indeed. The first big social function he had to attend, he once said, lay utterly outside his experience, for it consisted of a reception in the West End. It was a hardship and a nuisance to have to go, but he braced himself up, and for the sake of self-discipline he went in workaday blue serge. Those were times when the rigour of the social game was stricter than it is to-day, and it was more than drastic for the pioneer. Once he had marched up and faced the batteries, Crooks was miserable and alone. He paced up and down, with hands in his pockets, to stare at the family portraits, for, as so often happens, the dead looked kindlier than the living. Of a sudden he felt a friendly hand inside his elbow, and a recognisable voice said: 'Hullo, Crooks, you seem about as much at home here as I am.' It was that exquisite spirit, the late Duke of Norfolk. They had met round good men's tables for good men's causes, and had struck up a fair and square affinity. They were not dissimilar in height and build; they were certainly alike in their contempt for empty forms. What was temperamental common sense in a Duke, perhaps, looked like blustering lawlessness in a Labour member; but it served. Enough that from that day forward Will Crooks was never troubled with ceremonial qualms or the bagatelles of etiquette.

It is by a breach of precedent, in fact, that Crooks

bids fair to be remembered at Westminster. Like a patriot he put everything aside when the war came along, and he was untiring in endeavours to lighten the burden for Tommy's 'missus and the kids.' The violence of his wrath over the bombing of an East End school involved him in paralysis and hastened his death—an excess of sensibility unhappily all too rare. But before this happened, a moment of national exultation arrived and revealed the man. He rose in a crowded House of Commons to do what occurred to no one else. He said: 'Mr Speaker, would it be in order if we sang God Save the King?' The question answered itself, and for a few moments the heartbreak of things found a salutary vent. Never was the National Anthem put to better purpose; never innovation more truly justified. Yet it was merely a case of exercising, under emotional conditions, the quick and spontaneous good sense that we call 'gumption,' and in a quarter where, as a rule, it is all too smothered by proprieties and standing orders. In Parliamentary life the pall of use-and-wont is far too ponderous, and it needs an original like Will Crooks now and then to liberate his fellows. In all essentials he rang true to the tests of an English gentleman.

London is a vast and complex palimpsest and should be read as such. One of Rome's eulogists in the time of the Antonines used a picturesque figure to set forth his idea of the city's immensity in essence as well as size. He imagined it scaled or graded into layers, and these several Romes extending side by side from the Spanish sea to the Adriatic. If we applied the same process to London, and lifted its successive layers for transplantation, the area covered might easily be commensurate with the southern half of England. Another view is to read the calendar of London's history by the street names, and realise its evolution by its interest in passing figures and events. Curiously enough, the collective omniscience of a committee has not been able to find the metropolis a motto. People who suggested 'London' might have remembered, in quoting 'Venice' as a precedent, that 'Venetia' embodies a play on words, for it implies the adjuration 'Veni etiam,' or 'Come again.' Why not let London imitate the old motto of the Corporation, 'Domine, dirige nos,' as a survival of

antique piety which does no one any harm? This ever-green fervour is always a graceful ornament, as London usage shows. It is common enough in the lanes of old cities to find Abbeys and Mitres and Bishops, and Paternoster, Creed, and Ave Maria are not unusual; but there are obviously centuries between our Ladywell, Gospel Oak, Moravian, and Ebenezer. There are also Tudor names still preserved on our street corners that bridge the centuries and help us to realise an era when the splendour of London costume was a byword through Europe. Life was a reckless adventure, and prose, as some one says, went almost out of fashion, simply through excess of fantastic red-lattice phrases and

‘Wit that might warrant be  
For the whole city to talk foolishly.’

The Hanoverian period is sprinkled all over London with dozens of Fredericks and Adelaides; and less respectable German names remain without disturbance even to-day, when they have dropped below the civilised level. Corsica, Douro, Alabama, Cabul, Alma, Assaye, and Cintra date themselves with wars or treaties; Dutch Yard, French Place, Muscovy Place, Little France, and Huguenot Lane recall the peaceful penetration of a medley of refugees. At least such names remind us that we learned weaving from the Easterlings and Flemings, shipcraft from Holland, cathedral building from the French, armouring from Tyrol, book-keeping from the Italians, and sea-prowess by tough conflict with the Spaniards. Czar Street at Deptford reminds one of Peter the Great, and Grinling Street of the sculptor who used to work in the same shipyards along with the burly Slav. Even Caledonian Market in its dinginess recalls a time when the great north roads were a fan of tracks that brought to town an endless stream of cattle on the hoof, and week-long caravans of provender, all to disappear in the great maw or mælstrom of the city's needs. Keats at Hampstead, Thrale at Streatham, and Desenfans at Dulwich are obvious enough. As for names of heroes in our annals or in literature, they are legion, from Alfred and Arthur and Avalon to Kitchener, Kelvin, and Kipling. Bucklersbury—presumably a resort of armourers long before it

smelt of 'simple time'—Archer Street, Eagling, Falconer, Fowler's Place, and Jockey's Fields, record old games and avocations. There are hundreds of rural survivals like Bonny Down, Cool Oak, Great and Little Turnstiles, Bridle, April, Cherry Tree, Cuckoo Hall, Beehive, Forty Acre, and any number of Mount Pleasants, all reminiscent of the fact, even in decayed surroundings, that London once was verdant. As the pensive Cowper said :

'Man immured in cities still retains  
His unborn inextinguishable thirst  
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
By supplemental shifts, the best he may.'

Heraldry, which was the plumage of chivalry, still rubs shoulders with tavern conviviality, pedantry, folklore, crime, sport, and entertainment, and all hand in their checks, you may say, for this register of casual names. But conjecture boggles sometimes at the use of street-names like Effort, Aegis, Chargeable, Amity, Content, Accommodation, and the rest. Let it boggle. We may say of this arbitrary sowing of strange patronymies as Dickens said of proverbs, that the wisdom of our fathers is buried there, and our unhallowed hands must never disturb it without good reason.

It is the mark of a true Londoner to growl at his climate, but to prefer it to any other. As Addison said, 'Whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from these Extremities of Weather which give them Birth. Our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of Britain, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropics.' Those of us with friends overseas must recall many a letter written amid luxuriant surroundings, but offering to exchange them all for a summer afternoon at Henley, or a heyday of flickering flannels and sunshine at Lord's. Even the vagaries of our climate are forgiven for the sake of the company, nay, the spell of Motherland sweetens even memories of November. London's weather has long been the butt of light verses and lurid oaths, and one of the best of all comments was Swift's rhymes on a City shower. But we may fairly say that though it pays heavy penalty for bestowing itself upon a river-bed, London gains the benefit of its valley site,

for the London air does its spiriting gently, and the right temper turns even mist and fog to chastening account. The lessening of the coal-smoke plague promises improvement for the future, and when, if ever, fogs are banished, we shall sorely miss a favourite object of vituperation. It takes a travelled man, or a long sojourner under brazen skies, to appreciate the clemency of London's climate and the restfulness of summer clouds. We all know of the proverbial tramp skipper who turns into the Thames after a roving cruise in the tropics and snuffs his native breezes with a grunt of satisfaction at being rid of 'them perishin' blue skies.' But there is better testimony still, for that true nature-lover, the late John Burroughs, proclaimed England's climate one of the friendliest in the world. A compatriot of his, a famous angler from California, came to London years ago to enter on a tour of British streams at the invitation of private owners who esteemed his writing and his prowess with tarpon and other 'wild fowl.' As we stood out on the mat at Morley's Hotel and watched a driving shower making shuttlecocks upon the pavement, I consoled with him on his moist initiation. His reply was to walk out into the rain bareheaded, exclaiming: 'My dear sir, if you had lived as I have done, for years on the Pacific coast with never a drop of rain, why, you'd simply bask in this.' Such a one was a natural philosopher, as Touchstone says, and the rain had opened his pores in more ways than one. It was his far-back English ancestry breaking out, perhaps; an avatar of deep contentment resurgent through a parched tradition; a recognition that there are compensations in Nature's basket for the finding. He reminded one of that forgiving view of Horace Walpole's about our weather. Writing to his friend about the frosts and hardships of a London season, he said:

'The severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, though of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched, and turned into brooms; and the laurustinus is everywhere perished. I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics; and I hope this destruction imports, that though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I

would fain persuade myself that we are to be our own empire to eternity.'

No one who has watched the London Society and similar bodies can fail to note more than one excellent result of their labours. They have collected a mass of accurate material, so that their proceedings form a valuable addition to our archives. They have fixed attention usefully on London features worth preserving, and in many cases shown the way to do it. They have secured for members the privilege of obtaining many glimpses behind the scenes; what is more, they have helped to build up that sense of conservation and patriotic pride which in London has been all too ill co-ordinated in the past. It is true that many movements in our shires and cities have been helped by London influence and money, and in the case of the Washington birthplace at Sulgrave, the main assistance financially has been drawn from America. Our Western friends, in fact, have supplied a valuable stimulus in the direction of preserving many a relic of literary and historic appeal. In the matter of two new statues—Houdon's Washington, outside the National Gallery, and St Gaudens' Lincoln at Westminster—America manifestly bears away the palm, for the French effigy of 'the father of his country' is puny and disappointing, whereas the Lincoln is probably the finest exhibit of modern sculpture we possess. Rugged and gaunt to the life, it embodies in bronze the spiritual depth, the patient purpose, and the masterful grip of great issues that characterised the man, so that in verisimilitude and more this masterpiece reduces most of its neighbours to the insipidity of pulp. If the London Society and its congeners can educate the public in the rudiments of plastic art, they may prevent the denization of any more sorry work like the Cavell monument. This is worth emphasising if London is to retain its self-respect.

There is a fourth dimension about statuary that sculptors too often overlook, for not one public monument in ten survives the test of time, even from one generation to another. Above and beyond this generalisation may be reckoned the factor of popular loyalty, and on the whole it is well that such a stable influence can



check fashion's vagaries and the sectional view. We may sympathise with the desire of the Lords to commemorate their losses in the war, and secure part of their precincts for the purpose of a worthy record. But when it came to moving Gibson's monument of the People's Queen, the public felt there was a veto to be exercised, and his Majesty in referring the matter back for fresh consideration at their lordships' hands was all the more justified through having waived his personal desires from the first. It remains for the committee now re-appointed to find a new solution, and every one will wish them well.

Why, one may ask, should conservation be merely piecemeal? If we are so retentive in point of detail, why hesitate to take the larger view? A task looms ahead for the London Society and its allies which should entitle them to the nation's lasting gratitude if it can be carried out. Let them co-operate in the rescue of certain old-time London thoroughfares as they did in the case of Edwardes Square, for there are many features in London that in point of amenity and association call for similar help. The arrival of the Tichborne estates into the market a couple of years ago was the means of saving the house in Doughty Street identified with the early career of 'Boz,' and Mr Matz and the Dickens Fellowship are to be congratulated on an achievement which enriches London with a permanent memorial of a favourite author, and rescues a famous house whose disappearance or desecration would have been a tragedy. Henceforth it will rank with the Carlyle house in Cheyne Row, Johnson's house in Gough Square, and Leighton House in Kensington, as the best kind of shrine consecrated to a man we delight to honour; and Charles Lamb's cottage at Edmonton is worth adding to the number.

There may conceivably be citizens who do not share this personal enthusiasm for authorship, but who appreciate the prospect of salvage and redemption for a fine old street. Bloomsbury is rich in this kind of plain old thoroughfare which has so far resisted encroachment, thanks to the excellence of its buildings, and their adaptability for various uses when their domestic days are over. It contains ten or a dozen

handsome squares which for the same reasons, as well as a dignified front and wide-angle lighting, have conquered even a utilitarian age, and now supply professional men and movements with headquarters that could hardly be improved. Like the old Dublin houses in Orpen's pictures, these stately homes of 18th-century life are stately still, and not even the jerry-work of gimcrack screens and mutilation can altogether spoil their fine proportioning. Yet even in Bloomsbury, where life is chilled by what Balzac called the 'odeur de pension,' there are houses which have escaped this malady of reckless vulgarisation. One may see an example in the Royal Historical Society's rooms how a fine old building may be fostered and preserved, with all the more gain to the social ease and space that make for thought and conversation. With such proofs to the good, is it too much to ask that a number of societies and movements might band themselves together in the interests of continuity, and co-operate with ground landlords and local authorities for the preservation of other old streets and squares from the onrush of architectural anarchy? It only needs a moderate vigilance and harmony to guarantee the status of areas and thoroughfares like Bedford Row, as well as certain of the older streets and lanes in Hampstead, Kensington, Stoke Newington, old Clapham, and other suburbs which still wear with a decent pride and wistfulness the stamp of the era that gave them birth. The Adelphi bids fair to be saved, with a little steady perseverance, and the southern precincts of the Abbey are sheltered by the influence of the ecclesiastical authorities and Westminster School. Dulwich again, thanks to the College Governors, shows what can be done to preserve the trimness and atmosphere of a picturesque past; but in too many other cases vandal hands have already been at work, and unmarshalled public opinion can never overtake one day's mischief with the navy's pick.

No one comes to the close of a survey like the present without recalling the Queen of Sheba's cry, that 'the half hath not been told.' Where books have waxed eloquent and often failed, it is not to be expected that a passing essay can do justice to a theme like London.

The very rapidity of its progress almost stales a statement before the ink is dry. It makes such headway that annalists toil after it in vain. The calendar of its busy year contains vivid events—a royal opening of Parliament, the boat-race, the Whitsuntide exodus, the trooping of the Colour, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, the tourneys at Wimbledon or Hurlingham, the Temple rose show (where the white and crimson are redolent of wars that took their rise in this very garden), the brilliance of Epsom and Ascot, the river season, and all the pomps of autumn down to the bravery of Lord Mayor's Day—showing London's interest to be mainly an open-air one, say what we will of the climate. It is this continual recourse to the open air that cures the fret and stress of London life and keeps the balance of equanimity. If there is a secret of sanity, it is here. There are occasions, say, on the eve of a great man's passing, or after a vote which averts a national calamity—when the contending forces of London seem disciplined to an almost gyroscopic poise, whirring with inconceivable intensity, but preserving at the core a perfect calm. It is the expression in hyperdynamics of the old paradox about solitude in the midst of crowds. At such a moment one feels the sincerity of Matthew Arnold's prayer :

‘Calm soul of all things, make it mine  
To feel amid the city's jar  
That there abides a peace of thine  
Man did not make and cannot mar.’

One memorable glimpse of London's calm came years ago after a wild March night spent in the tiny gallery under the cross of St Paul's. For many hours one was, as Sartor said, ‘above it all, alone with the stars.’ At last, with indescribable awe, the night reluctantly withdrew. First came the changing revelation of the sky, passing through all the shades and colours of Nature's palette, from indigo to a cool and lucent pearl. Then the river came back to light, but not to life; that was an hour or two ahead. Slowly as one watched, there emerged from the plain of twilight Wren's white towers, posted like sentinels about the sleeping battlefield below. The sea of slate resolved itself into the chequering of a

myriad roofs. Smoke began to ascend like an incantation. The signal lights of streets and railways burned themselves out, and one's ears began to tingle with something better than cold, for a swarm of sparrows broke into shrill clamour about the eaves below. Motion came into play along the streets in ant-like detail, and an eager breeze of morning, like a shepherd's collie, seemed worrying the drowsy city back to life. Ecstasy was lost in the fascination of watching the magic of everything. The spell reanimating the rest of men, however, was one for you as well. You thought of many Londons woven into the texture of the carpet of life beneath—the London of crime and poverty, the London of affliction and the great hospitals and charities, the London of civic splendour and the guilds, the London of trade and wealth and merchandise, of letters and skill and learning, of government, of sport, of leisure and society. You bethought yourself of the London of the children and of gracious, ministering womanhood, and you remembered how a great American critic once said he had found here in London

‘that most perfect expression of a noble demeanour and large-heartedness which can only be found where the best type of mind has been permitted the largest and richest culture and the completest freedom of hereditary development in the most favourable external circumstances.’

Then as you descended to the ground the emotions found a voice and you returned to the scene of things with a profound content. It is the humanity of London that counts after all, and in the region of feeling the part is often greater than the whole. You may admire London in the mass, and in spite of its magnitude, may champion it, study it, and add to its records. But the London of your affections is no abstraction or ideal; it is the London of men and places and things—its interminable streets and pavements, its monuments and churches, its clubs and theatres, its shops and markets, the river and the bridges, the parks and gardens, galleries and museums—including the London Museum at Stafford House, which is a veritable treasure-house in its way—all sorts of London legends and survivals, the music and beauty and drama of everything, and the very winds

and showers for the glory of the sunsets they afford. But most of all the mind dwells on the ceaseless scurry and medley of human beings, intent on working out a dim converging purpose they cannot grasp, but helping in the maintenance of a great and splendid entity that Time the fugitive can never deface or destroy. It may be there is something of the serene impersonality of Nature herself in the aloofness of London towards those who serve her. They experience something of the heartache that weighs upon the devotee who takes farewell of lake or mountain knowing how little, how much less than nothing, he can ever be to the object of his interest. But the spiritual rule of life is service, and the best of service is its disinterestedness, so there is reward and comfort after all in the murmurs that come from the oracle for the few who hearken. And those who have been proud to serve at her altar for years will depart in a lasting serenity, fortified by knowing that, let the years bring what they may, London remains, as ever, throned on a long and proud tradition, the mother of great movements and true men.

J. P. COLLINS.

#### Art. 4.—AN EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM.

AUSTRALIA may justly claim the distinction of possessing the most elaborate system of racial and economic protection hitherto contrived by any civilised nation in modern times. While, certainly, it cannot be said with truth that her shores are adequately protected by fixed or mobile barriers such as forts, fleets, and armies, the 'White Australia' policy protects the Australian worker from the dangerous competition of the coloured alien, Australian manufacturers are shielded by an almost unscalable tariff wall, shipowners and seamen by the Navigation Act, and the organised wage-earners, who now number rather over 700,000 out of a total population still below 6,000,000, are, so far as possible, protected against those fluctuations in the rates of wages which, under normal conditions, attend free competition in the labour market by an elaborate code of industrial laws and the operations of a number of wage-fixing tribunals. It is true, indeed, as many ardent protectionists in Australia are now beginning to perceive, that these privileges bestowed on special classes tend to neutralise one another; and their cumulative effect is greatly to the disadvantage of other classes, pre-eminently that of the primary producers, who remain outside the favoured circles.

The farmer, for instance, has to pay inflated prices for his implements and other requirements owing to the tariff; the freight charges on his goods are enormously augmented by the Navigation Act; and his wages bill, as well as that of the manufacturer, is substantially increased through the lavish generosity of the Arbitration Court. The prevailing 'beggar-my-neighbour' system detrimentally affects the interests even of the favoured wage-earners themselves. Besides necessarily limiting opportunities of employment by discouraging the investment of capital it appreciably raises the general costs of living, and these affect the workers as much as others. The bricklayer, for example, has to pay more for his boots when his fellow-worker in the boot factory succeeds, by appealing to some industrial tribunal, in obtaining an increase of wages. He retaliates by



demanding higher pay for himself, the consequence being that the boot-maker soon has to pay a higher rent for his dwelling. As the exactions of their employés multiply, the manufacturers clamour for more and more protection; and this necessarily leads to further increases in the general costs of living. And so the game of grab goes on, the players being so immersed in the pursuit of their own interests as entirely to forget those of the community as a whole. The root cause of this singular state of things, as well as that of the class jealousies and friction which necessarily accompany it, is to be found in the prevailing system of wage-regulation. This, ignoring as it does all economic considerations, has placed the industries directly affected by it on an artificial and most unstable foundation, and, at the same time, by its indirect effects, has seriously threatened the stability of those industries which have hitherto escaped its malign operation.

Soon after the establishment of the Federal Arbitration Court, by far the most important of all the wage-fixing tribunals in Australia, it was found that, as conditions were at the time, one class of workers was entirely excluded from the blessings of the 'living wage.' Manifestly the President of the Court could not dictate wages and conditions of employment for the mercantile marine of Great Britain and all foreign nations, and it was equally clear that, if the Australian shipowner was compelled to pay his crews much higher wages than those paid to the crews of non-Australian vessels, he would soon be crushed by his British and foreign rivals. The maritime unions, therefore, raised a doleful clamour, and loudly demanded the protective measures necessary to enable them to share in the largesse distributed among their fellow-workers by the President of the Arbitration Court. Their Parliamentary representative, Senator Guthrie, opened a vigorous offensive against British and foreign shipping interests with the object of driving them from the Australian coasting trade, and the champion of the seamen received the powerful support of the whole Labour party. The result of the strenuous efforts of the trade-unions and their political delegates was the passing of the Navigation Act in 1912. This measure was originally drafted in 1902, but owing to

various reasons, in particular, the strong opposition of the Board of Trade in Great Britain, its enactment was long delayed, and some of its sections have not yet come into operation. At the request of the British Government, the Act was suspended during the war period, and its most important provisions, those contained in Part VI which affect the Australian coastal trade, only came into effect on July 1, 1921. Of the 425 sections contained in the Act all except 46 are now operative, and those yet unproclaimed deal mainly with pilots and pilotage. (One, by the way, bestows on the Minister controlling the Act the power of dismissing the cook on board any Australian vessel presumably to 'protect' the crew, and perhaps travelling politicians, against the pangs of indigestion.) In the main, the measure was framed on the admirable model provided by British legislation dealing with the mercantile marine, and so far it invites no criticism. But Part VI, which deals with the Australian coasting trade in conformity with the terms of a most unfortunate resolution adopted at the Imperial Conference held in London in 1907, most certainly, when judged by the results of its operation, cannot claim the same immunity.

One of the most extraordinary features of the portion of the Act now exclusively dealt with is the wide latitude allowed to the Minister of Trade and Customs who is charged with its administration. By section 288 it is provided that (1) no ship shall engage in the coasting trade unless licensed so to do. Penalty, 500%. (2) Licences shall be for such period, not exceeding three years, as is prescribed, and may be granted as prescribed. Provision is merely made for the payment of the Australian rate of wages as determined by an award of the Arbitration Court, and the other conditions are left to the discretion of the Minister, advised by a singular body known as the Marine Council, to lay down in the form of regulations. The Minister, acting under advice, is allowed also to determine whether or not temporary licences to engage in the Australian coasting trade shall be granted to oversea steamers, and the period for which any licence shall extend. The Act merely requires that, before such a privilege be conceded, the functionary just mentioned must be satisfied—

- (a) That no licensed ship is available for the service :  
or
- (b) That the service as carried out by a licensed ship  
or ships is inadequate to the needs of such port  
or ports.

Finally, it is added, if duly satisfied on these points, the Minister may grant permits to unlicensed British ships to trade between Australian ports, either unconditionally or subject to conditions laid down by himself after consulting his official advisers. It will be seen from the facts just stated that the machinery of the Act is bureaucratic in the extreme. Parliament has endowed the Minister of the day with a degree of authority which enables him, if he thinks proper, absolutely to exclude all British and foreign shipowners from any share in the Australian coasting trade.

Though nominally within certain necessary limits almost an autocrat, the Minister finds it expedient for strong reasons to act in accordance with the wishes of his official advisers, the members of the Marine Council. The personnel of this influential body, therefore, demands notice. One might have supposed that, inasmuch as Australian merchants, manufacturers, primary producers, and the public generally are somewhat interested in the maintenance of adequate shipping services and the transport of passengers and cargo at reasonable rates, they would enjoy at least some representation in the Council. As a matter of fact they have none at all. The official advisers of the Minister consist of one representative of the certificated navigation officers, one of the marine engineers, one of the seamen, two of the shipowners, one of the underwriters, and the Commonwealth Director of Navigation, who acts as Chairman. Thus, of the entire seven members of the Council, five, a substantial majority, are directly interested in preserving a strict monopoly of the Australian coasting trade for Australian shipowners and their employes, and in obstructing outside competition. The Council, in fact, is a perfect instrument of what is now vulgarly called 'job control.' The position as regards the control of the Australian maritime communications is indeed very similar to what it would be in respect of that of land communications in Great Britain were all the British

railways controlled by a single Minister assisted by an advisory council chiefly composed of representatives of the railway companies, stationmasters, engine-drivers, and porters. Probably under such conditions complaints from travellers and consignors of merchandise would be as numerous and loud as those now being made by all classes interested in sea transport in Australian waters. Only in the Commonwealth the position is in a measure worse, inasmuch as traders and travellers are compelled to use ships for long coastal journeys, whereas motor transport is available on land.

It has before been mentioned that the Act permits the issue of licences to British vessels to engage in the Australian coastal trade on conditions (other than those relating to wages and hours of work which are determined by the Arbitration Court) prescribed by the Minister advised by the Council. The wide and ill-defined powers thus given have been ingeniously utilised by the latter to protect the monopoly of the Australian shipowners and seamen. Owners of oversea vessels trading with Australia might from time to time think it worth their while temporarily to conform to the exacting requirements of Australian conditions as regards wages, etc., in order to secure the right of carrying passengers and cargo between Australian ports. To check such nefarious practices, countenanced, possibly, by a Minister endowed with inconveniently strong Imperial sympathies, the Council has devised effective safeguards. It has inspired regulations of a kind that effectually warn off unwelcome trespassers. Vessels privileged to engage in the Australian coastal trade must be provided with metal bunks of a certain pattern; they must be equipped with spacious mess-rooms situated in a specified portion of the ship for the use of the crew, and sufficient room must be provided to enable all members of the latter to sit down to a meal at once. Each man, it is carefully stipulated, must be allowed exactly 270 square inches of table space to brandish his knife and fork, and at least 18 inches measured along the edge of the table to protect him from assaults by his neighbour's elbows. (The Act itself, by the way, requires the provision of 140 cubic feet of space per man in the sleeping quarters, as against 122 cubic feet

required by the British Act of 1906.) Deck space is allotted on an equally liberal scale. It is evident that, to comply with these and other conditions, extensive structural alterations would be needed in the case of all save a very few British steamers; and as it certainly would not be to the interest of their owners to carry them out merely in the expectation of obtaining permission to engage intermittently in the Australian coastal trade, the local shipowner and his employés are very effectually protected. Rarely, indeed, by an act of gracious indulgence, the stringent conditions are waived in the case of a British steamer for a single short voyage. An Orient liner was permitted, early in November 1924, to carry passengers on one trip from Sydney to Melbourne so as to reach the latter city on the eve of the 'Cup' day. Since the festival just mentioned is as popular in proletarian as in plutocratic circles in Australia, and the inter-State steamers during the great racing week of the year are always overcrowded, even the Marine Council thought it prudent to make a slight concession to the convenience of the public. But, unfortunately, while in a very small degree the official junta recognises the claims of pleasure, it almost invariably turns a deaf ear to those of business.

The result of the careful precautions just referred to, though no doubt satisfactory to those for whose exclusive benefit they were designed, can hardly be said to be equally so for the Australian people. The latter have to pay a very high price for the special advantages bestowed on a relatively small privileged class. Since Part VI of the Act came into operation fares and freight charges have risen with miraculous speed, and are now more than double what they were just before the outbreak of the war. According to evidence given by Mr Oakley, the Chairman of the Tariff Board, to the Royal Commission on the Navigation Act on June 3, 1924, the freight on oats sent from Melbourne to Fremantle, a distance of 1800 miles, is now 1*l.* 15*s.* a ton; while the same quantity can be brought to the former city from New York for 1*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* It costs 3*s.* 9*d.* to send a case of apples as ordinary cargo from Tasmania to Sydney, whereas the charge for carrying fruit to London in refrigerated chambers is only 9*d.* per case more. Timber

is now actually brought to Melbourne from Scandinavia at less than one half the rate charged for carrying it across Bass Strait. Steel rails cost only 40s. a ton for conveyance from Great Britain to West Australia; while the inter-State companies charge 2s. more for taking it from Newcastle in New South Wales to Fremantle. Another remarkable case given by Mr Oakley was that of sugar, which is conveyed from Java to New Zealand for 22s. 6d. per ton, while to bring it from North Queensland to Melbourne costs no less than 37s. Many similar examples of the strangling effects of the Navigation Act on the Australian coastal trade were given by Mr Oakley and other authoritative witnesses in illustration of the enormous increase in freight charges within the last few years. Sir Henry Jones, the founder and head of the largest fruit-preserving company in the Commonwealth, recently informed the Minister of Customs that it now costs 103s. per ton to send jam from Hobart to West Australia, an amount actually 28s. per ton higher than the freight to British ports; whereas, in 1920, before the clauses of the Act affecting the coastal trade came into operation, the rate was from 20s. to 30s. per ton. In these circumstances high import duties charged in the interests of the manufacturers become a mere mockery. Federal politicians have throughout shown a remarkable aptitude for bestowing unfair advantages on various sections of the community in such a way that while they mutually annul one another they cumulatively produce most disastrous effects to the public. These effects were correctly summed up in a report issued by the Tariff Board in June 1923, in which it was stated that 'much of the benefit conceded by the tariff is lost through the additional cost in freight on Australian goods,' and that 'our primary producers and manufacturers will not be able to obtain the full share of the markets they are entitled to until some other methods can be adopted to provide a service that will not place our shippers at a disadvantage.'

In several cases, also, the onerous conditions imposed by the Act have deprived the inhabitants of certain districts of the Commonwealth of shipping facilities they formerly enjoyed. Up to within a quite recent time, for instance, small passenger and cargo steamers traded



regularly between Hobart and Melbourne, one line by the east and the other by the west coast of Tasmania, calling at several small ports *en route*. Now the capital of the island, with its population of 60,000 persons, has no direct communication with Melbourne at all, and only one decidedly second-rate and enormously expensive steamship service connecting it with Sydney. Many of the smaller inter-State steamers and sailing craft which formerly performed most useful services to the settlers living along the coast of Australia remote from the great sea-ports, have been forced to discontinue running by the preposterous manning and other conditions laid down by the Minister and his Council of seven. A small sailing vessel of 80 tons, for instance, which formerly was easily and safely navigated by its owner and two or three of his sons, is obliged now to carry an expensive and quite superfluous certificated mate if it ventures beyond the territorial waters of a single State. Some idea of the costs of running small steamers may be formed from a case which came under the notice of the present writer where the engineer of a little vessel of rather under 60 tons received, including overtime allowances, the handsome income of 560*l.* per annum, the master's salary being substantially higher. The stubborn refusal of the group of bureaucrats administering the Act to allow the splendid British liners which call at Hobart during the fruit-exporting season to carry passengers between that city and the mainland has seriously affected the Tasmanian tourist traffic and caused great inconvenience to travellers, as well as loss to business men, seeing that the very inferior inter-State steamers visiting the island are shockingly overcrowded during the summer months.

The disabilities inflicted by the Act on the planters and residents of Papua are equally serious, and have not only called forth the most bitter complaints from the classes chiefly affected, but have provoked a formal remonstrance on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor of that valuable but neglected and ill-used dependency of the Commonwealth. Before the Navigation Act came into force steamers, mostly under the Dutch flag and employing coloured crews, used to call at Port Moresby regularly on their way to and from Sydney. The

planters obtained by these vessels supplies of rice and other requisites, and sent away their products at cheap rates of freight. Travelling between Australia and Papua was then both economical and highly comfortable. When Part VI of the Navigation Act came into operation a summary end was put to this convenient state of things. Being forbidden to carry either passengers or cargo between Papua and Australia the foreign companies withdrew their steamers from the former territory, and its inhabitants were left entirely at the mercy of a single Australian steamship company which levies an extortionate toll on Papuan producers, traders, and travellers. Rice now has to be brought from Asia and the East Indies to Port Moresby via Sydney; and the rubber, copra, etc., exported from Papua has to be sent away by the capital of New South Wales, at a vastly increased cost to the unfortunate planters, whose products, by the way, to complete the sum of their wrongs, are taxed by the Australian tariff as though they came from some foreign country. The interests of Papua, in fact, are being sacrificed to gratify the greed of the Australian Seamen's Union, and to satisfy the requirements of a sordid political expediency.

Many people in Australia are inclined to throw the chief share of the blame for the losses and inconveniences they suffer through the monopoly created by the Navigation Act on the inter-State steamship companies. This attitude is decidedly unjust. The companies have been compelled to practise extortion at the expense of the public, simply because they have been subjected to yet greater extortions at the hands of the maritime unions. The latter are the real plunderers of the people, and their depredations, unfortunately, are sanctioned and legalised by the Arbitration Court. The rates of pay awarded by the latter to seamen, stewards, waterside workers, etc., are extravagant in the extreme. An award made by the Court in December 1923 fixed the monthly rates of pay for seamen at 16*l.* 10*s.*, and for firemen at 18*l.* 10*s.* Since, by a singularly foolish limitation, the hours of work are restricted to eight per day, heavy overtime allowances have to be paid in addition. These, in the case of the stewards employed on the Commonwealth liner 'Larg's Bay,' came to no less than

2579*l.* in the course of a recent period of nine months and twenty-six days, only one of many similar instances quoted in the course of the hearing of an application for additional benefits made by the Federated Marine Stewards to the Arbitration Court in September 1924. Mr Justice Powers, the President, himself, expressed his amazement at the revelations made in regard to the enormously increased charges which had been imposed on Australian shipowners and the Government by the enforcement of the eight hours' day at sea. In the case of British oversea steamers the rates for A.B.'s and firemen are 9*l.* and 9*l.* 10*s.* respectively, without overtime additions save in exceptional circumstances. In October 1924, when the Federated Seamen's Union applied to the Arbitration Court for further increases, Mr Seale, the representative of the New South Wales coastal steamship owners, submitted a return prepared for the Income Tax Commissioner showing that Australian able-bodied seamen were then receiving annual incomes varying from 350*l.* to over 400*l.* a year, with free board and lodging besides. In one case a man was paid 441*l.* in twelve months. Comparatively few Australian clergymen or schoolmasters are equally well off. Altogether, figures compiled by a leading shipping authority for the 'Argus' last year, showed that the cost of running an Australian inter-State steamer then was just about double what it was in the case of a British steamer of the same size. And the rapacity of the officials of the Seamen's Union seems unbounded. In December 1924 further claims were put forward by these potentates, the nature of which can be judged by the fact that they included demands for a minimum weekly wage of 6*l.* 10*s.* for ordinary seamen, 7*l.* for firemen, overtime pay at the rate of 3*s.* 9*d.* per hour, and various extras in the way of holidays, etc. The Australian Jack Tar, thanks to the facilities for extortion provided by the Arbitration Court, has been an insatiable Oliver Twist, with the appetite of an ogre.

The Australian shipowner, therefore, it must be admitted, has some excuse for seeking shelter from outside competition under the restrictive clauses of the Navigation Act. He could not bear the burdens imposed on him by the Arbitration Court for a month without

artificial protection. And he suffers under other serious disabilities. The Australian maritime unions have developed within recent years an extraordinary spirit of pugnacity as well as cupidity and caprice. Their bellicose tastes are ministered to by some of the most expert agitators to be found in the world. By these *chevaliers d'industrie* the strike habit is diligently fostered. Disputes and interruptions of work which are both costly and exasperating are continually engineered, and arise from the most trivial causes. Several months ago 38,000 tons of shipping were held up for some time in Sydney owing to a demand for substantial compensation put forward by the union officials on behalf of a wharf labourer whose thumb had been slightly injured. It was afterwards proved beyond all doubt that the afflicted toiler had suffered his injury in the course of a physical argument with one of his comrades. In November 1924, a grotesque incident occurred on board the large interstate steamer, 'Canberra.' That vessel, in the course of a voyage along the Queensland coast, happened on a Sunday afternoon to pass H.M.S. 'Dunedin.' In accordance with the usual practice at sea the flag was dipped, the operation taking exactly two minutes. Soon afterwards the men who performed it coolly demanded two hours' pay, at full Sunday rates. They were supported by the rest of the crew who, when the next port was reached, refused to perform their duties until, after a delay of several hours, the dispute was settled on terms not disclosed to the public. A quantity of cargo had to be left behind in consequence of the preposterous attitude assumed by the seamen, to the loss both of the steamship company and the shippers. A few days later the departure of another steamer was delayed for the rather amusing reason that the crew objected to the presence of the Federal Director of Navigation as a passenger on board. Having to deal with men, collectively of a low degree of intelligence and possessing the temperament of spoiled children, whose actions are usually prompted by unscrupulous rogues; and knowing, moreover, that resistance, even to the most audacious claims, would merely mean an immediate and costly interruption of their business, with no hope whatever of obtaining protection from the Government or the indus-

trial tribunals, the shipowners, not unnaturally, as a rule, adopt a yielding attitude. But the cost of each concession, by mutual arrangement, is 'passed on' to the public. Only a few weeks ago, for example, owing to the refusal of the Waterside Workers' Union to work overtime in order to enforce a demand that no non-unionist should be employed on the wharves at all, and the consequent loss suffered through the detention of steamers, the inter-State companies raised their charges for the conveyance of passengers and cargo by no less than 25 per cent. The Australian people are paying rather a heavy price for the privilege of being plundered by the five thousand men, including a number of undesirable foreigners, on whom the law has bestowed a monopoly of the Commonwealth coasting trade.

The epidemic of greed and lawlessness among the seafaring class has lately extended to the vessels owned by the Federal Government. The difficulties which the Line has had to contend with have been very numerous, although it must be admitted that at the present moment all vessels operated by the Line are being manned and run without interference. As an example of what has happened it may, however, be mentioned that during the last voyage of the Commonwealth liner, 'Moreton Bay,' the whole body of ship's stewards defied the authority of the captain because two of their number were ordered to watch a couple of passengers who had developed symptoms, not of a violent nature, of mental derangement. When the steamer reached port it was laid up. The following statement issued by the board of management on Nov. 13, 1924, indicates the reason for this step, and also for the withdrawal of another Government vessel at the same time :

'The "Moreton Bay" is now indefinitely laid up because the board refused to accept the responsibility of committing a large number of passengers, valuable cargo, and the vessel to the domination of a body of men who on the high seas have collectively defied the authority of the master, and refused to obey his orders. The "Ferndale" is laid up because the board absolutely refused to sail this ship unless the crew is selected by its officers, not by irresponsible union officials.'

It is a common practice among popular politicians in Australia and elsewhere, when their own legislative

blunders have aroused the resentment of the public, to appoint a commission from among their own number to investigate and report on the evils complained of. Time, at all events, is gained, and an excuse furnished for shelving troublesome questions. This convenient course was followed by the Federal Parliament when the outcry against the intolerable hardships produced by the Navigation Act could no longer be ignored, and the attitude of some of the supporters of the Government became decidedly menacing. Considerable astuteness was shown in choosing the members of the Commission, whose personnel included two representatives of the primary producers, one of these, Mr Prowse, M.H.A., a prominent member of the Parliamentary Country Party, being appointed Chairman, two representatives of business interests, and three of the Labour Party. Since all the members of the latter are bound by their election pledges to uphold the particular provisions of the Navigation Act whose deplorable effects compelled the Government to appoint the Commission, unanimity among the members of that body was impossible. In several cases, unfortunately, some of the commissioners showed a singular lack of the judicial spirit in conducting their investigations. Had a small body of independent experts been appointed to inquire into the grievances complained of, and suggest remedies, beneficial results might have followed; for questions of great national and, indeed, Imperial importance would then have been removed from the squalid arena of party politics. But, unfortunately, considerations of political expediency prevailed over those of wise statesmanship and patriotism.

In August 1924 the Commission, after rather extensive travels and numberless interrogations, presented three separate reports embodying the respective conclusions reached by the three parties represented in it. These dealt with the effects of the Navigation Act in relation to all parts of the Commonwealth except Papua and the mandated territory of New Guinea, concerning which supplementary reports will be furnished later. Only very brief summaries of the conclusions and recommendations expressed in the three reports need be given. That signed by the Chairman and the Tasmanian member,



Mr Seabrook, M.H.R., recommended the absolute repeal of Part VI of the Act, and contained a very strong expression of opinion that its provisions had affected, and were affecting, most detrimentally the interests of all classes of Australian producers.

The second report, signed by Senators Duncan and Elliott, was much briefer, and closed with two recommendations. One, like that contained in the first, was that the coastal trading provisions of the Act should be repealed. The other proposed, to use the words of the authors, 'that there be substituted therefor adequate duties, under the Custom Tariff Act, upon foreign shipping, with a lesser preferential rate upon British shipping, calculated in the case of cargoes upon the rates of freight charged per ton, and in the case of passengers upon the fares charged.' All the other sections of the Navigation Act, it was added, should be allowed to stand. The report of the three Labour members, of course, was in entire agreement with their party pledges.

It will be seen that both of the first two reports coincided as regards the main issue, the effects of Part VI of the Act, and only differed in regard to the best method of bringing about an improvement in Australian shipping conditions. More consideration was shown to vested interests by the two Senators than by the joint authors of the first report, otherwise the four members of the Commission were practically in agreement. Most significantly, too, they agreed also on another important point. Assuming that 'the main reason which actuated Parliament in placing the Act upon the Statute Book was the desire to build up an Australian mercantile marine'—a rather questionable assumption—they emphatically remarked: 'The position, as the Commissioners find it, is that an Australian-owned mercantile marine does not exist, nor is it likely to come into being by reason of the Navigation Act. That Act has therefore failed in its first and greatest objective.' Much evidence was quoted to show that non-Australian shipping combines had obtained controlling interests in several of the leading inter-State companies, and the information supplied on the subject to the Commission by the Commonwealth Director of Navigation and other most competent witnesses strongly

supported the conclusion that the number of native Australians serving afloat was rather diminishing than increasing.

That certain provisions contained in the measure now under review operate detrimentally in regard to Imperial interests, apart from the injury they do to large and important classes in Australia, is undeniable. The fact that, on the outbreak of the war, the British Government found it necessary to ask that of the Commonwealth to suspend the Act speaks for itself. And the selfish and parochial spirit which inspired the clauses conferring a monopoly of the coastal trade on Australian shipowners and seamen can only have the double effect of irritating and amusing foreigners. They must think it strange indeed that in the territorial waters of an important province of the British Empire, and one which is absolutely dependent for its security on the British Navy, British vessels should not be allowed to carry British citizens, and that British trade should be subjected to the severest disabilities. And when they come to probe the reason for this singular state of things, what do they find? Merely that it lies in the desire of Australian legislators, prompted by political considerations of a not very admirable kind, to secure for a comparatively minute section of the population benefits that are both extravagant and undeserved at the expense of the whole community. The legality of Part VI of the Navigation Act is in itself highly questionable, and high authorities on constitutional law have declared unhesitatingly that some of its provisions violate Section 99 of the Commonwealth Constitution Act, which runs thus:

‘The Commonwealth shall not, by any law or regulation of trade, commerce, or revenue, give preference to one State or any part thereof over another State or any part thereof.’

Facts have already been given to show that by the operation of the Navigation Act, Tasmania has been cruelly victimised, and most substantial preference has been given to mainland ports at the expense of her capital, Hobart. That the measure, prior to its original enactment was regarded with the highest disfavour by the Board of Trade in Great Britain was proved by

despatches exchanged between the British Government and Mr Deakin's Ministry in 1908, and the latter was plainly told that outside Australian territorial waters Imperial maritime legislation would prevail. It is a pity, however, that in deference to the vanity of a small group of Australian politicians who were quite out of touch with Australian sentiment, the British Government failed to advise the refusal of the Royal Assent to those provisions contained in the Act which threatened the real interests of Australia even more than those of the whole Empire.

What action the Federal Parliament will take in view of the unqualified condemnation of the coastal provisions of the Act by the majority of the members of the Commission, a condemnation universally supported by Australian public opinion outside trade-unionist circles, remains to be seen. Legislative blunders of the first magnitude invariably create obstacles in the way of their own rectification, and the more unjust a monopoly, the more bitterly is its abolition opposed by the monopolists. Baited and blackmailed as they are by the officials of the maritime unions, Australian ship-owners know perfectly well that the sudden repeal of the obnoxious provisions of the Act, unaccompanied by a measure securing to them adequate compensation, would mean, so far as they are concerned, sheer ruin. If compelled to pay the preposterous wages ordered by the Arbitration Court they could not possibly compete against their British and foreign rivals, whose vessels are worked far more cheaply and efficiently. It would be monstrous, therefore, for the legislature which had imposed on them most heavy burdens to deprive them, without affording adequate compensation, of the protection which alone enabled them to bear those burdens. On the other hand, it were intolerable that the inhabitants of a whole continent should continue to suffer from the extortions of the comparative handful of men who compose the crews of the inter-State steamers. The policy now pursued by the maritime unions towards the public is one of open brigandage, and no Government conscious of its duties can permit it to continue. The best solution of the problem would probably be to repeal Part VI of the Navigation Act and the Arbitration Act

simultaneously. These measures, if only the Federal Parliament had sufficient courage to adopt them, would deprive the maritime workers of the powers they have most grossly abused, and compel the now over-paid and over-indulged seamen employed on Australian vessels to accept wages and conditions of work approximating to those that prevail in the British mercantile marine. The abolition of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court, or the limitation of its functions to the settlement of industrial disputes solely by methods of conciliation, would have far-reaching effects of the most beneficial nature; for nothing has done more to check Australian progress, and to foster internal dissensions, than the pernicious and absurd system which permits a single Judge, necessarily ignorant of the many complex factors which affect the management of various industries, to dictate wages and conditions of employment to those engaged in them. The complete subordination of economic considerations to those of a vague and partial humanitarianism by all the wage-fixing tribunals in Australia has, morally as well as materially, led to most calamitous results. Self-interest rather than a sense of duty has become the guiding principle in industrial circles. Much attention has been paid to the maintenance, for a favoured class, of a high standard of living. None at all has been given to the necessity for maintaining a correspondingly high standard of work. The emancipation of the Australian shipping industry from the strangle-hold of compulsory arbitration and the tyranny of the unions would enable it to hold its own against all save, perhaps, Oriental competitors, whose activities might be checked within fair limits by means such as those recommended in the second report before summarised. Sooner or later Australian legislators will have to take steps to cure evils arising from grievous mistakes made in the past. Some of these have created such bitter feelings in several of the States that secession from the Commonwealth is widely advocated. In particular the repeal of those provisions of the Navigation Act which have created a predatory and pernicious monopoly is as urgently demanded by the interests of Australia as by those of the Empire.

F. A. W. GISBORNE.

## Art. 5.—COLERIDGE'S CONVERSATION POEMS.

A YOUNG poet whom I love has just left my house and driven away in the soft darkness of a spring night, to the remote cottage in the Delaware valley where he meditates a not thankless Muse. Before he came I was in despair, sitting bewildered with my heaps of notes on Coleridge spread before me, having much to say, but not knowing how to begin. Now it should be easier, for one fire kindleth another, and our talk was of friendship and poetry. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to those who know him well, exists in three modes, as Philosopher, Poet, Friend. If the truth were told, we should all be obliged to admit that the Philosopher escapes us. We hear his voice and enter the room where he is speaking, only to see his retreating figure down some dim corridor. 'Aids to Reflection,' 'Table Talk,' and other echoes of his speech yield merely a confused murmur, baffling, and the more exasperating because the tones are in themselves melodious. It was an unprofitable heritage that Coleridge left to his disciple, Joseph Henry Green, and to his daughter Sara and her husband, the task of arranging and publishing his philosophical writings and the records of his innumerable monologues. In Green's case the labour lasted twenty-eight years. The sum of all this toil is neither a rounded system nor a clear view of anything in particular. They tried earnestly to catch the vanishing metaphysician, but in vain.

It is the opinion of many that Coleridge as Poet is almost equally an evanescent shadow; and though the many are in this quite mistaken, they have some excuse for thinking thus, because his fulfilment falls far short of his promise. But they fail to appreciate how very great, after all, the fulfilment is. The causes of this injustice to Coleridge the Poet are the splendour of the three poems of his which everybody knows and admires, and also the habit of regarding him as a mere satellite of Wordsworth, or at least as Wordsworth's weaker brother. Those who are so dazzled by 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' 'Kubla Khan,' and 'Christabel,' that all the rest of Coleridge's poetry seems to them colourless, are

invited to reopen his book, but first to read J. Dykes Campbell's *Life of him* or the collection of his wonderful letters edited by the late Ernest Hartley Coleridge, his grandson; and I wish to direct the attention of those from whom he is obscured by the greater glory of Wordsworth to a group of poems which can be compared only to the 'Lines written above Tintern Abbey.'

These are his poems of friendship. They cannot be even vaguely understood unless the reader knows what persons Coleridge has in mind. They are, for the most part, poems in which reference is made with fine particularity to certain places. They were composed as the expression of feelings which were occasioned by quite definite events. Between the lines, when we know their meaning, we catch glimpses of those delightful people who formed the golden inner circle of his friends in the days of his young manhood: Charles Lamb, his oldest and dearest, Mary Lamb, practical Tom Poole, William and Dorothy Wordsworth in their days of clearest vision and warmest enthusiasm, and in the later pieces Mrs Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson her young sister. They may all be termed, as Coleridge himself names one or two of them, *Conversation Poems*, for even when they are soliloquies the sociable man who wrote them could not even think without supposing a listener. They require and reward considerable knowledge of his life and especially the life of his heart.

This is not so certainly the case with his three famous *Mystery Poems*, in which the spellbound reader sees visions and hears music which float in from a magic realm and float out again into unfathomable space. Their perfection is not of this world nor founded on history or circumstance. No knowledge of their origin or mechanism can increase their beauty or enrich their charm. To attempt to account for them, to write foot-notes about them, if it were hoped thereby to make them more powerful in their effect upon the imagination, would be ridiculous and pedantic.

While the Philosopher has wandered away into a vague limbo of unfinished projects and the Poet of 'Christabel' and its companion stars can only gaze in mute wonder upon the constellation he fixed in the heavens, the Poet of the *Friendly Pieces* lingers among us and



can be questioned. We owe it to him and to ourselves to appreciate them. It is unfair to his genius that he should be represented in most anthologies of English verse only by the Mystery Poems, and that those who read the Poems of Friendship should so generally be ignorant of their meaning. It is unfair to ourselves that we should refuse the companionship of the most open-hearted of men, a generous spirit, willing to reveal to us the riches of his mind, a man whom all can understand and no one can help loving. There is not so much kindness, humour, wisdom, and frankness offered to most of us in the ordinary intercourse of life that we can afford to decline the outstretched hand of Coleridge.

Poetry draws mankind together, breaks down barriers, relieves loneliness, shows us ourselves in others and others in ourselves. It is the friendly art. It ignores time and space. National, racial, and secular differences fall at its touch, which is the touch of kinship, and when we feel this we laugh shamefacedly at our pretensions, timidities, and reserves. Everything in antiquity is antiquated except its art and especially its poetry. That is scarcely less fresh than when it fell first from living lips. The religion of the ancients is to us superstition, their science childishness, but their poetry is as valid and vital as our own. We appropriate it, and it unites us with our fathers.

‘One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides’

shrines through the mist more brightly than the Nicomachean Ethics or the Constitution of Athens. What is most enduring in the Old Testament is the humanity revealed here and there in veins of poetry, not only as psalms and prophecies but gleaming out from the historical books. It is the nature of all great poetry to open and bring together the hearts of men. And few poets have so generously given themselves out to us as Coleridge. The gift is rare and wonderful because he was a very good man, even more than because of his marvellous mind. When I say he was good, I mean that he was loving. However many other kinds of goodness there may be, this is the indispensable element. Some one has been trying to persuade me that artists should

abandon themselves wholly to art. If this means that they should dissociate themselves from their fellow-men who have the misfortune to be mere ordinary mortals, or should neglect the duties and forgo the pleasures that other people perform and enjoy, it is a heresy at which the Muse of Literary History shrugs her shoulders.

The Poems of Friendship make yet another claim on our attention: they are among the supreme examples of a peculiar kind of poetry. Others not unlike them, though not surpassing them, are Ovid's 'Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,' and several of the *Canti* of Leopardi. Some passages in Cowper's 'Task' resemble them in tone. Poignancy of feeling, intimacy of address, and ease of expression are even more perfectly blended in Coleridge's poems than in any of these.

The compositions which I denominate Poems of Friendship or Conversation Poems are 'The Eolian Harp,' 'Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement,' 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison,' 'Frost at Midnight,' 'Fears in Solitude,' 'The Nightingale,' 'Dejection,' and 'To William Wordsworth' (sometimes printed 'To a Gentleman'). The list is not complete; there are shorter pieces which might be added; but these are the most substantial and, I think, the best. The qualities common to all the eight are qualities of style no less than of subject. Wordsworth is clearly more entitled than Coleridge to be considered the leader in creating and also in expounding a new kind of poetry, though a careless examination of their early works might lead one to think that they came forward simultaneously and independent of each other as reformers. Until he met Wordsworth, which was probably in 1795, Coleridge wrote in the manner which had been fashionable since the death of Milton, employing without hesitation all those poetic licences which constituted what he later termed 'Gaudyverse,' in contempt. Wordsworth, on the other hand, though employing the same devices in his first published poems, 'An Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches,' showed, even in those juvenile compositions, a naturalness which foretold the revolt accomplished in 'Guilt and Sorrow,' dating from 1794. If one reads Coleridge's early poems in chronological order, one will perceive that Gaudyverse persists till

about the middle of 1795, and then quickly yields to the natural style which Wordsworth was practising.

'The Eolian Harp,' composed on Aug. 20, 1795, in the short period when Coleridge was happy in his marriage, sounds many a note of the *dolce stil nuovo*, and is moreover in substance his first important and at the same time characteristic poem. The influence of Wordsworth is to be seen in small details, such as a bold and faithful reference to the scents 'snatched from yon beanfield.' The natural happiness of Coleridge, which was to break forth from him in spite of sorrow through all his darkened later years, flows like a sunlit river in this poem. In two magnificent passages he anticipates by nearly three years the grand climax of the 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' singing :

'O! the one Life within us and abroad,  
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,  
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,  
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere——

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic Harps diversely framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the Soul of each, and God of all.'

Here is the Philosopher at his best, but he steps down from the intellectual throne at the bidding of love; and out of consideration for Sarah's religious scruples, and in obedience to his own deep humility, apologises for

'These shapings of the unregenerate mind.'

It is to be noted also that the blank-verse is more fluent and easy than Milton's, or any that had been written since Milton, moving with a gentle yet sufficiently strong rhythm, and almost free from the suggestion of the heroic couplet, a suggestion which is *felt* in nearly all 18th-century unrhymed verse, as of something recently lost and not quite forgotten. The cadences are long and beautiful, binding line to line and sentence to sentence in a way that the constant use of couplets and stanzas had made rare since Milton's time.

A few weeks later Coleridge wrote 'Reflections on

having left a Place of Retirement.' The poem begins with a quiet description of the surrounding scene and, after a superb flight of imagination, brings the mind back to the starting-point, a pleasing device which we may call the 'return.' The imagination, in the second poem, seeks not, as in the first, a metaphysical, but an ethical height. The poet is tormented in the midst of his happiness by the thought of those who live in wretchedness or who die in the war, and asks himself:

'Was it right  
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,  
That I should dream away the entrusted hours  
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use?'

The problem is not stated in abstract, but in concrete terms. In fact, the only abstract passages in the Conversation Poems are the two quoted above, from 'The Eolian Harp'; and in general it is noticeable that Coleridge, whose talk was misty and whose prose writings are often like a cloud, luminous but impossible to see through, is one of the simplest and most familiar of poets. He, the subtlest metaphysician in England, was, as a poet, content to express elementary and universal feelings in the plainest terms.

On July 2, 1797, Coleridge, with Dorothy Wordsworth sitting beside him, drove from Racedown in Dorset to Nether Stowey in Somerset, and for about two weeks the small cottage behind Tom Poole's hospitable mansion sheltered William and Dorothy and perhaps Basil Montagu's little boy, whom they were educating, besides Coleridge and Mrs Coleridge and Hartley the baby and Nanny their maid. To fill up the measure, Charles Lamb joined them on the 7th and stayed a week. Coleridge, writing to Southey, says:

'The second day after Wordsworth came to me, dear Sara accidentally emptied a skillet of boiling milk on my foot, which confined me during the whole time of C. Lamb's stay, and still prevents me from all walks longer than a furlong. While Wordsworth, his sister, and Charles Lamb were out one evening, sitting in the arbour of T. Poole's garden, which communicates with mine, I composed these lines, with which I am pleased.'

He encloses the poem 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison,' in which he refers tenderly to his guests as 'my Sister and my Friends.' It begins:

'Well, they are gone, and here I must remain.  
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost  
Beauties and feelings such as would have been  
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age  
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness!'

In imagination he follows them as they 'wander in gladness along the hill-top edge,' and thinks with special satisfaction of the pleasure granted to his gentle-hearted Charles, who had been long 'in the great City pent,' an expression which he uses again in 'Frost at Midnight' and which Wordsworth later adopted, both of them echoing a line of Milton. The idea of storing up happy memories for some wintry season of the heart, an idea expanded by Wordsworth in 'Tintern Abbey,' and again in 'I wandered lonely as a Cloud,' occurs in the lines quoted above; and Wordsworth's famous brave remark,

'Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her,'

is also anticipated in this poem when Coleridge declares,

'Henceforth I shall know  
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure,'

the wise and pure, we may be certain, being in their eyes those who love Nature. In this third Conversation Poem Coleridge has risen above the level attained in the former two; Gaudyverse is gone entirely, and unaffected simplicity, the perfection of tranquil ease, reigns without a rival. No better example, even in Wordsworth's own verse, could be found to illustrate the theory set forth three years later in the Preface to 'Lyrical Ballads.' The beauty and truth of the poem and the picture it gives us of Coleridge's yearning heart of love, do not depend upon the fact that it was an illustrious trio whom he followed in imagination as they roved 'upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge'; it is a clear boon to us that they happened to be no less than Charles Lamb and Dorothy and William Wordsworth. The significant thing is Coleridge's unselfish delight in the

joys of others, an inexhaustible treasure to which all have access.

'Frost at Midnight,' composed in February 1798, also dates from that happiest time, when he was living in concord with his wife, under the wide-branching protection of strong Thomas Poole, with William and Dorothy near and poetry pouring unto him from the heaven's height. It is the musing of a father beside the cradle of his child, and the passage is well known in which he foretells that Hartley shall

'wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountain.'

The chief beauty of the poem, however, is in its 'return,' which is the best example of the peculiar kind of blank-verse Coleridge had evolved, as natural-seeming as prose, but as exquisitely artistic as the most complicated sonnet:

'Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,  
Whether the summer clothe the general earth  
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing  
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch  
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch  
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall  
Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
Or if the secret ministry of frost  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.'

'Fears in Solitude,' written in April 1798, 'during the alarm of an invasion,' is the longest of the Conversation Poems. It begins characteristically in a low key, with a quiet description of the poet's surroundings. He is reposing, happy and tranquil, in a green dell, above which sings a skylark in the clouds. Then quite suddenly his conscience cries out, when he thinks, as in 'Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement,' of the dangers and sufferings of others. From self-tormenting he passes into an indictment of his countrymen for going lightly to war and for having 'borne to distant tribes' slavery, suffering, and vice. In words of terrible sincerity he charges society and his age with hardness and frivolity. 'We have loved,' he cries 'to



swell the war-whoop, passionate for war.' To read of war has become 'the best amusement for our morning meal.' We have turned the forms of holy religion into blasphemy, until

'the owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,  
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,  
Cries out "Where is it?"'

Down to the 129th line the strain of passionate pacificism continues. It is the confession of a tender-hearted, conscience-stricken man, to whom has been revealed a region above partisan and national views. We feel that, if the passage had been declaimed to an army before battle, the men would have broken ranks in horror of their own designs. Quite unexpectedly, however, the tone changes at this point, and he bursts into a tirade against the French, calling upon Englishmen to stand forth and 'repel an impious foe.' The violence of the transition is disconcerting. But anon, with a thrust in each direction, at the over-sanguine English friends of the Revolution and at its unreasonable foes, he sings a glorious paean to 'dear Britain,' his 'native Isle.' Then comes a sweet 'return': he bids farewell to the soft and silent spot where he has been reclining; he thinks with joy of his beloved Stowey and his friend Poole and the lowly cottage where his babe and his babe's mother dwell in peace. It was like Coleridge to see both sides of the problem raised by the war, by all war, and to express both with equal poignancy. Extreme as are the limits to which his imagination carries him, his eloquence is vitiated by no sentimentalism or self-delusion. The dilemma is fairly stated; the distress is genuine. Were it not for the exquisite frame in which the fears and questionings are set, were it not for the sweet opening and the refreshing 'return,' the pain excited by this poem would outweigh our pleasure in the aptness of its figures and the melody of its verse. But the frame saves the picture, as the profound psychological truth of the picture justifies the beauty of the frame. Coleridge was unaware how successful he had been, for in a note in one of his manuscript copies of

this superb work of art he says: 'The above is perhaps not Poetry, but rather a sort of middle thing between Poetry and Oratory, *sermoni propria*. Some parts are, I am conscious, too tame even for animated prose.' These words must have been dictated by humility rather than by critical judgment. He would have made no such deduction had Wordsworth or Lamb written the verses.

In the same productive month, April 1798, he wrote 'The Nightingale,' which he himself terms a Conversation Poem, though it is neither more nor less conversational than the others of this kind. It was printed five months later in 'Lyrical Ballads.' Hazlitt, in his account of a visit he made that spring to Nether Stowey, tells of a walk he took with William and Dorothy and Coleridge: 'Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible.' In Dorothy's Alfoxden journal are brief mentions of many a walk by moon or starlight with 'dear Col.' The friendship had ripened fast. 'My Friend, and thou, our Sister' are addressed in the poem, and we may be sure the nightingales themselves sang nothing half so sweet to Dorothy's ears as the liquid lines of the music-master. Many little incidents of their walks would crowd her memory in later years as she read them. The 'castle huge' mentioned in the poem is a romantic exaggeration for Alfoxden house, and she is the 'gentle maid' who dwelt hard by. 'Thus Coleridge dreamed of me,' might she sigh in her old age, when he had passed into the eternity of his fame and she was lingering by shallower streams of life.

Thus far we have seen Coleridge in his day of strength. If he has written of sorrow, it has been sorrow for suffering mankind; if he has written of sin, it has been the sin of his country. He ~~has~~ been too manly to invent reasons for self-pity. But he is wretched without the companionship of loving friends. In Germany, when separated from the Wordsworths, he sends a wistful call across the frozen wastes of the Lüneburg Heath:

'William, my head and my heart, dear William and dear Dorothea!

You have all in each other; but I am lonely and want you!'

And when he ran away from them in Scotland, perhaps to escape their anxious care of his health, he was soon in distress and crying out:

'To be beloved is all I need,  
And whom I love I love indeed.'

Prior to his return from Germany, in the summer of 1799, he had not become a slave to opium, though the habit of taking it had been formed. In the next three years the vice grew fixed, his will decayed, he produced less, and fell into depths of remorse. From Dorothy's Grasmere journal it appears unlikely that she or her brother understood the reason for the change which they undoubtedly perceived in him. Love blinded them to the cause, while making them quick to see and lament the effects. She kept a journal for her own eyes alone, and one feels like an intruder when one reads it in print, and sees in it sure signs that she loved with romantic tenderness the visitor who came from time to time over the hills from Keswick, and whose letters she placed in her bosom for safe keeping, and whose sufferings, as she detected them in his altered countenance, made her weep. The situation was not rendered less delicate by the fact that he was unhappy with his wife; and Dorothy's extraordinary power of self-abnegation must have been strained almost unendurably when she found that the woman for whom Coleridge felt most affection was Sarah Hutchinson. There was something innocent and childlike in all his sympathies and likings and lovings. He never permanently alienated a friend; he never quite broke the tie between himself and his wife; he could, it seems, love without selfishness and be loved without jealousy. Ernest Hartley Coleridge once told me that he was quite sure the 'Asra' of Coleridge's poems was Sarah Hutchinson, and that the poet loved her. Mr Gordon Wordsworth has told me the same thing. 'Sara' in the poems before 1799 refers, of course, to Mrs Coleridge; after that date to Miss Hutchinson. She was his amanuensis and close companion when he

lived, as he did for months at a time, with the Wordsworths at Grasmere. Their hospitality knew no bounds where he was concerned, and their patience with him as he bent more and more under the power of narcotics and stimulants was almost inexhaustible.

In the winter of 1801-1802, the two causes of Coleridge's unhappiness, opium and domestic discord, worked havoc with him and brought him to despair. The wings of poesy were broken, as he realised full well. Meanwhile Wordsworth was in high poetic activity, healthy, forward-looking, and happy. On April 4, 1802, when William and Dorothy were on a visit to Keswick, and could judge for themselves of his misery, he composed, in part at least, the poem 'Dejection,' which is a confession of his own failure, and one of the saddest of all human utterances. But it is a glorious thing, too, for as the stricken runner sinks in the race he lifts up his head and cheers the friend who strides onward, and this generosity is itself a triumph. On Oct. 4, Wordsworth's wedding day and the seventh anniversary of Coleridge's marriage, the poem was printed in the 'Morning Post.' It is an ode in form only; in contents it is a conversation. It is not an address to Dejection, but to William Wordsworth. As printed in the newspaper, it purports to be directed to some one named Edmund; in Coleridge's editions of his collected works this name is changed to Lady; but in the three extant early manuscripts the word is sometimes William and sometimes Wordsworth. In this sublime and heartrending poem Coleridge gives expression to an experience of double consciousness. His sense-perceptions are vivid and in part agreeable; his inner state is faint, blurred, and unhappy. He sees, but cannot feel. The power of feeling has been paralysed by chemically induced excitements of his brain. The seeing power, less dependent upon bodily health, stands aloof, individual, critical, and very mournful. By 'seeing' he means perceiving and judging; by 'feeling' he means that which impels to action. He suffers, but the pain is dull, and he wishes it were keen, for so he should awake from lethargy and recover unity at least. But nothing from outside can restore him. The sources of the soul's life are within. Even from the depth of his humiliation and self-loathing he ventures

to rebuke his friend for thinking it can be otherwise; William, with his belief in the divinity of Nature, his confidence that all knowledge comes from sensation, his semi-atheism, as Coleridge had called this philosophy:

‘O William! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live.’

Coleridge never faltered in his conviction that spirit was independent of matter. His unhappy experience deepened his faith in the existence of God, and of his own soul as something detachable from his ‘body that did him grievous wrong.’ Yet he had once been a disciple of David Hartley and had, it seems, made a convert of Wordsworth, whose persistence in a semi-materialistic philosophy now alarmed him. In every other respect he venerates him and humbles himself before him. Wordsworth, pure in heart, that is to say, still a child of Nature, and free, has not lost his birthright of joy, which is the life-breath of poetry. But Oh! groans Coleridge, I have lost my gift of song, for each affliction

‘Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of Imagination.’

His own race prematurely ended, he passes the torch to the survivor:

‘Dear William, friend devoutest of my choice,  
Thus mayst thou ever, evermore rejoice.’

Another awful day of remorse and humiliating comparison was approaching. In April 1804, Coleridge left England for Sicily and Malta, where he sank very low in what had now become an incurable disease, though he subsequently at various times made heroic stands against it, through religious hope, the marvellous energy of an originally strong and joyous nature, and the devotion of one friend after another. While he was distant from his staunch supporters, Poole and Wordsworth, his creative powers, through the exercise of which he might have preserved some degree of self-respect, more nearly failed than at any period of his life. He came back to England in August 1806, so ashamed that for months he avoided his family and his friends. After many

anxious efforts the Wordsworths and good Sarah Hutchinson captured him and kept him with them for several days at an inn in Kendal. Following their advice, he agreed upon a more definite separation from Mrs Coleridge, to which she, however, would not consent. They had him now within reach, and in January 1807, he visited them at a farmhouse, on Sir George Beaumont's estate, in which they had been living for several months. Here, one long winter night, Wordsworth began reading to him from the manuscript of 'The Prelude,' that poem dedicated to him, in which the Growth of a Poet's Mind is narrated. What subject could have been more interesting or more painful to him? On the night when Wordsworth's deep voice ceased declaiming the firm pentameters, his brother poet, roused from lethargy, composed in response his lines 'To William Wordsworth.' Lingering in his ear was the graceful tribute which recalled the glory of his youth, so few years past and yet so completely gone:

'Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.'

Coleridge's reply, touching for the gratitude, reverence, and humbleness which it expresses, is remarkable too for the lightning flashes in which it shows us the course of Wordsworth's life and of his own, and summarises 'The Prelude.' There is even, in the phrase about a tranquil sea 'swelling to the moon,' a reminiscence of a remark made by Dorothy one night years before as they walked by the Bristol Channel. How her heart must have jumped when she recognised this touch! The childlike candour of a beautiful spirit shines in the following lines, in which unconquered goodness and imperishable art unite:

'Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn  
The pulses of my being beat anew:  
And even as Life returns upon the drowned,  
Life's joys rekindling roused a throng of pains—  
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe,  
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;



And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope;  
 And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;  
 Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain,  
 And Genius given, and Knowledge won in vain.'

In the divine economy and equilibrium of the world all things have their uses and every disturbed balance is restored. Genius is *not* given in vain, goodness is never wasted, love comes at last into its own. The misfortunes, nay, even the faults of Coleridge, which were so grievous to him, can be seen now as a purifying discipline. I do not wish to preach a sermon in defence of weakness; but in all justice, not to say charity, let us ask ourselves whether the frailty of this great and essentially good man did not enhance his virtues and make him more lovable. He had no pride except in the achievements of his friends. He distrusted himself, and his dependence on the love and regard of his friends gave them the joy that women feel in caring for helpless babes. He lost at times the sense of his own personality, and found communion with others, with Nature, and with the Divine Spirit. He hated himself for his sins, and was innocent of envy, presumption, self-deception, pretence. He sank in his own opinion, and humility became his crown of glory. His power of feeling failed from excessive use, and he took keen pleasure in the happiness of others. He suffered burning remorse for wasted gifts and opportunities, but never whined about the futility of life. He trifled with his own sensations, but was no sentimentalist. He wandered, athirst and weak, in sandy places, but saw on the horizon a 'shady city of palm trees,' and pointed the way thither.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

## Art. 6.—THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN MAN.

1. *The American Indian*. By Clark Wissler. New York: Douglas C. McMurtrie, 1917.
2. *Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities*. (Bulletin 60, Part I, Bureau of American Ethnology.) By W. H. Holmes. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1919.
3. *The Riddle of the Pacific*. By J. Macmillan Brown. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1924.
4. *Legendary Isles of the Pacific*. By W. H. Babcock. New York: American Geographical Society, 1922.

THE question of human origins presents a perennial interest, but at no time, perhaps, has it been the subject of so much popular curiosity and debate as at the present. Africa, with its new-found anthropoid skull and early simian crania, may hold the anthropological stage for the moment. But, sooner or later, America, the ethnological history of which has aroused the keenest controversy since the Discovery, must once more reappear as one of the great central issues in the age-long discussion of man's origin and distribution. Few topics, indeed, connected with the science of man possess a romance so permanent and enthralling, for if American Ethnology has no immediate connexion with the origin and evolution of our species, it cannot but illuminate our still darkling notions of human development and upward progress when isolated and cut off from the region of its inception.

The majority of American official anthropologists—though markedly disinclined to pronounce conclusively on a question so bewildering—now seem disposed to accept the theory of an Asiatic affinity for the Red Man. But it is not disputed that in the course of ages immigrants from other sources may have landed on American soil. According to the more conservative view, America furnishes no tangible evidence of an antiquity so great as to support the theory of an independent origin for the Red race, nor has it so far afforded satisfactory evidence of human arrivals on its shores in remote geologic times. All American aboriginal culture, indeed, is now classed by trustworthy authorities as Neolithic,

and the protagonists of its Old Stone Age origins are in a rather discredited minority.

Assuming a place of origin for man in some part of the Old World, America would naturally be the last of the great areas to be reached. If man arrived in the American continent by way of Bering Strait, it must have been at a comparatively recent period, geologically speaking, for the ice-sheet persisted in these regions until an epoch which is variously estimated at from seven to twenty thousand years ago, and, indeed, still persists there. Man's arrival in North-Western America may perhaps be referred to one of the recurring intervals of climatic mildness which intervened during the long and rigorous conditions imposed by the Ice Age. Tribes acclimatized in Siberia would readily adapt themselves to the conditions of life in the Yukon Valley, but ice, mountain ranges, and other intervening obstacles must have made it difficult for them to find their way to the valley of the Columbia or the banks of the St Lawrence for many centuries. But migration southward would present no such difficulties, and their spread over the Mississippi Valley to the south would be quickly accomplished, nor would the passage from North to South America present any insuperable obstacles.

In all probability the first settlement of America did not begin until the peoples of Northern Asia had acquired a degree of cultural development somewhat analogous to the more primitive hunting, fishing, and fire-using tribes of the Far North in recent times. Arriving in small groups, the movement would be hesitating and slow. The pioneers would camp along the ocean shores and river courses, and only after a considerable lapse of time would they negotiate the mountain ranges and ice-clad areas. The culture of those who went southward would alter insensibly according to needs and environment, and in time far-reaching changes would be initiated.

After carefully weighing the evidence collected by him in Alaska, Mr W. H. Dall reached the conclusion that the earliest shell-midden deposits on the Aleutian Islands, by which route man may have entered America, are probably about three thousand years old. Indeed, the testimony of racial and cultural phenomena, when

studied apart from geological evidence, does not seem to indicate clearly an antiquity for the presence of man in America beyond a few thousand years. On the other hand, the geological evidence of his presence there would seem to point to occupation towards the close of the last glacial period in Middle North America. This geological evidence is extensive, but by no means satisfactory, and in the present state of knowledge it is impossible to accept it as final. Everything points, then, to the conclusion that in all probability America was first peopled by way of Bering Strait at an epoch not less than seven thousand and not more than twenty thousand years ago.

Since geologic observations were first set on foot, a vast body of testimony has been collected regarding the early presence of man in the Western continent, and here it is only possible to summarise this rather scantily. South America claims to furnish the most primitive data, and Señor Ameghino and other authorities have sought to push man's antiquity on that sub-continent back to the early Tertiary period of the Eocene, a time when as yet even the anthropoids were probably not developed. An exhaustive review of the claims of the South American School, by Dr Ales Hrdlička of the United States National Museum and Dr Bailey Willis of the United States Geological Survey, left little doubt as to the true character of its assumptions, which were found to be based on 'very imperfect and incorrectly interpreted data, and in many cases on false premises.' The geologic determinations, no less than the faulty consideration of the circumstances relating to the human remains discovered in South America, particularly as to the possibility of their accidental introduction into older strata, and the lack of anatomical knowledge displayed by the finders, made it clear that even the best authenticated of their discoveries must be classed as 'doubtful.' As Mr W. H. Holmes of the United States Bureau of Ethnology remarks, 'There appears to be no very cogent reason for assigning any of the cultural traces to sources other than tribes occupying the region in comparatively recent times.'

In North America, from 1830 onwards, a most imposing body of evidence was gathered to substantiate

the claim for the presence of Tertiary Man, especially in California, where mining operations resulted in numerous discoveries. But practically the same disabilities attach to it as to the South American data. Most of the discoveries in question were made by inexperienced observers, and it has been demonstrated that the antiquity claimed for them 'required a human race older by at least one-half than the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java.' Moreover, they were associated with artifacts which could certainly not be assigned to the Tertiary Period, and the knowledge that the western half of the North American coast has been completely remodelled, geologically speaking, twice or three times since that period, at once deprives such claims of all authenticity. Still, as Holmes admits, 'certain portions of the deep gravels appear to have yielded traces of human occupancy of the region during the formation of these deposits.' This partial admission does not, however, extend to such imagined relics of the Tertiary Period as the famous Calaveras skull, the Lansing skull, or the Nampa image, a terra-cotta figurine in human form taken from early Quaternary deposits in Idaho. The crania in question exhibit such striking analogies with those of the historic Indians as to render their ethnological association with these a matter of no dubiety.

The greater number of observations relating to the geological antiquity of man in America are associated with the closing stages of the Glacial Period in the northern United States. This period in America did not come to an end until the retreat of the main body of the ice-sheet beyond the Arctic shores. That retreat was necessarily gradual, so that the terms 'Glacial' and 'Post-glacial' apply to different epochs in different American localities. Thus the former nomenclature may be applied to a period in the Ohio or Delaware Valleys estimated at some twenty thousand years ago, whilst in the region of the Great Lakes it refers to an antiquity only half as extensive. The confused and unconsolidated nature of Post-glacial deposits in North America adds enormously to the difficulties attending an estimate of their age. Human and animal disturbance and the forces of nature have been continuously active in altering the superficial strata, nor can the geological chron-

ology of the Old World be accepted as a trustworthy guide in any estimate of American geology. In the case of the Tertiary gravels in the Delaware Valley it was proved that the Lenni Lenape Indians had worked certain sites as lately as 1700 A.D. This notwithstanding, there can be no question that men have dwelt in the region probably from the closing period of the American Ice Age, but the collection of evidence of their presence there is sadly hampered by the recent existence of the Stone Age in America.

'Thus far,' remarks Holmes, 'the testimony brought forward is scattered, disconnected and contradictory, and tells no consistent story.' He adds that in his view man did not reach American soil 'until after the first retreat of the glacial ice from middle North America.' So far, no definite evidence has been gathered which seriously militates against the conclusion, and until archæological data of a trustworthy nature are forthcoming, it must serve as a basis for all estimates of the first presence of man in America. These views have naturally been combated by the less conservative school of Americanists, especially by Mr Franz Boas, who formulated the dissenting opinion that man reached the American North-West during one of the inter-glacial periods of the Ice Age rather than at the close of that epoch. The ten or twenty thousand years which Holmes permits appeared to him sufficient for the growth of American aboriginal culture, but he pointed out that the ice retreated very gradually from the connecting bridge across the Bering Sea. In fact, it still lingers there, so that a much more recent date must be found for the opening of communication by that route. This leaves a very narrow margin for the development of aboriginal culture, and Boas and his supporters assume that the peopling of the New World was contemporaneous with that of Western Europe, and that the subsequent return of the ice practically isolated the two hemispheres, leaving each to develop as it might. They point to a certain parallelism between Western Europe and Eastern North America, and to the fact that the Crô-Magnon type of man, an Old Stone Age man, who entered Europe about twenty thousand years ago, had a skeletal and facial resemblance to the American Red Man.



'More than once,' says Mr Clark Wissler, the Curator of Anthropology in the American Museum of Natural History, 'attention has been called to certain vague similarities between certain Palæolithic races and the Eskimo, and in the New World certain older skulls from the remoter parts of South America are not far removed from this same Eskimo type. Incidentally, we may note that the Chancelade skeleton in Western Europe, belonging to Magdalenian time, is quite similar to the modern Eskimo. The earlier races appearing in Europe tend to be long-headed, and we have noted a less marked but still noticeable tendency for the long-heads in the New World to cluster in the extreme margins. That this is rather fundamental appears when we regard mammals as a whole.'

If we regard the parallel series of European and North American life-forms where these are sufficiently complete, they appear to have been periodically recruited by more progressive stages, apparently from a common centre of dispersal. 'The relations are like those of one side and the other of a branching tree whose trunk-region is unknown to us.'

Still other writers and searchers believe that future archæological research in Asia will provide grounds for the assumption that Crô-Magnon Man and contemporaneous New World peoples were collateral branches springing from a Central Asian type. Mr Wissler sums up by inferring that :

'suggestive parallels between earlier types of Western Europe and America arise in a much earlier period of man's history. That the New World native is a direct descendant of the Asiatic Mongolian is not to be inferred, for the differentiation is evidently remote; what is implied, is that somewhere in the distant past the Asiatic wing of the generalised type diverged into strains, one of which we know as Mongolian and another as American.'

On the other hand, some of the younger American anthropologists have sought to treat the whole matter independently and *de novo*. Mr N. B. Nelson, working in the Mammoth Cave district of Kentucky, found two cultures, the earlier of which is without pottery, and with very little polished stone. Mr Leslie Spier, making an independent study of conditions at Trenton, New Jersey, found conclusive evidence of the existence of an

earlier culture, also without pottery or polished stone. Both of these sites are east of the Mississippi River, and it may therefore be concluded that the existence of two cultural periods in the Eastern United States is probable.

According to Holmes, archaeological evidence for early European penetration is not lacking. In New England and farther North is found a highly specialised form of the stone adze known as the gouge, which is abundant in the region mentioned, but disappears as we approach the Carolinas and the Ohio Valley. It is to be found in Northern Europe where the Atlantic is narrowest and most nearly bridged by the intervening islands. Within the same area in North-East America, and thinning out, as does the gouge, is to be found an object of rare and highly specialised form, an axe-like implement known as the hammer-stone, with a perforation for hafting, and wing-like blades. In Northern Europe is found a drilled axe of similar type. It is, says Mr Sven Nilsson, exactly like the axe which the Amazons of classical mythology are represented as carrying in many friezes and statues, and resembles the *Amazonia securis* of Horace, which is also mentioned by Xenophon in the 'Anabasis.' Its American homologue, says Holmes, had no other than sacred and ceremonial functions.

'It may not be amiss to suggest,' he remarks, 'that possibly in prehistoric times examples of that type of implement were carried by some voyager across the intervening seas. . . . Who will venture to say that these greatly varied, beautifully finished, and widely distributed objects may not have come into existence among the tribes during the 620 years separating the discovery of Vineland and the arrival of the English Pilgrims?'

Holmes also ventures to indicate Mediterranean cultural affinities in America.

'Along the middle Atlantic shores of America,' he says, 'certain forms of artifact are found which resemble more closely the corresponding fabrications of the Mediterranean region than do those of other parts of America. The round-sectioned, petaloid polished celt is found in highest perfection in Western Europe, and in the West Indies and neighbouring American areas. It is absent or rare on the opposite shores

of the Pacific. In the Isthmian region we find works in gold and silver and their alloys which display technical skill of exceptional, even remarkable, kind, and it is noteworthy that the method of manufacture employed, as well as some of the forms produced, suggest strongly the wonderful metal-craft of the Nigerian tribes of Old Benin; and, as possibly bearing on this occurrence, we observe that the trade winds and currents of the Atlantic are ever ready to carry voyagers from the African shores in the direction of the Caribbean Sea.'

Again, the close resemblance between the architectural and sculptural remains of Middle America and South-Eastern Asia invite comparison. In both regions the salient structures are pyramids ascended by four steep stairways of stone, bordered by serpent balustrades, and surmounted by temples. The walls of temples are embellished with a profusion of ornaments, and surmounted by roof-combs of a very similar design, and the caryatid is common to both environments. It does not seem impossible that the energetic builders of Cambodia and Java of two thousand years ago should have had sea-going craft capable of the voyage to America. That they had in the sixth century of our era we know. But by that time Central American civilisation was already on the wane.

After more than four centuries we are still much in the dark concerning the wonderful civilisation of the Maya Indian tribes of Guatemala, Chiapas, and Yucatan. The United States Bureau of Ethnology has heroically striven to achieve results in Central American archaeology comparable with those arrived at by workers in the lore of the ancient East. But although the effort has been admirably organised, it has been, to some extent, devoid of imagination, and the gaps in our knowledge of the Maya and Mexican past are still so great as to arouse the feeling that as yet we are only at the beginning of a quest of extraordinary difficulty and complexity. For example, although the symbols employed in Maya arithmetical computation and dating have been unriddled, the hieroglyphs accompanying them, which probably relate to the details of religious festivals, still baffle the ingenuity of investigators. Again, the several epochs in the history of the Maya race can only be estimated broadly by a comparative

study of the development of their art-forms. But one arresting fact emerges from the welter of evidence and theory. The earliest known forms of Maya art and carven inscription differ so slightly from the latest examples as to induce the belief that this civilisation did not develop upon American soil, but had its inception elsewhere.

Authorities are slightly at variance regarding the best method of collating Maya chronology, as expressed in the dates sculptured on the walls of the temples of Guatemala, with our own system of reckoning time. But there is a general agreement that the earliest of these nearly coincide with the beginning of the Christian era. If this be granted, and we lean toward the notion of an Asiatic origin for an art and architecture which first appear on American soil as almost fully developed, we must look for signs of their introduction at some time shortly before the commencement of our present chronological era—in a word, at a period when Buddhist missionary enterprise was in its hey-day.

As is well known, evidence of a kind is not wanting that Buddhist monks from Kabul reached America at some time in the fifth century of our era. This is contained in certain Chinese annals, the antiquity and reliability of which is doubtful. After a close examination of this evidence, the present writer is of the opinion that the theory that these missionaries reached America is 'not proven.' The most satisfactory proof of the early Asiatic penetration of America must surely be sought for on American soil.

It is, perhaps, in the worship of the god known in Mexico as Quetzalcoatl, and in Central America as Gucumatx and Kukulcan (all of which mean 'Feathered Snake'), that perhaps the strongest proof of psychological contact with Asia is to be found. At the period of the Conquest he had developed into a god connected with the trade wind, and therefore with the fertilisation of the crops, but in an earlier day he possessed a very different significance. There are several versions of his myth, some of which state that he came from the East, while others give the impression that he entered the country by way of the west coast. However that may be, he is, in his earlier forms, decidedly Buddhistic in aspect and

insignia, as well as in the traditions which relate to him. His was a religion of pious contemplation and penance. His priests rose several times in the watches of the night to indulge in prayer and penance; they drew blood from their ears, noses, and thighs by means of sharp thorns; they bathed in the early watches of the dawn. They had their religious adepts and recluses, precisely as among the Buddhist fraternities, and the personal piety of Quetzalcoatl himself and his strenuous passive resistance to the horrid rites of human sacrifice, of which the lower Aztec religion was so prolific, lend colour to the theory of his Buddhist origin.

Nor is this weakened by the sculptured and other representations of Quetzalcoatl which have come down to us. In these he is shown, not as squatting with knees drawn up to chin, as in the native manner, but as sitting cross-legged, often in a shrine, in the most approved manner of the Buddhist saint, wearing necklaces of beads and other hierophantic insignia, and a head-dress which recalls those of numerous Buddhist personages. But there are other and still more disconcerting evidences of contact with Asia. At Copan is a stela of considerable proportions, which exhibits two strange supporters resembling elephants. These animals have coiled and elongated trunks, but are without tusks. The authorities of the United States Bureau and Ethnology are of opinion that these are exaggerated representations of the macaw bird. But Prof. Elliot Smith of London University, who has experience in mythology and symbolism as well as in comparative anatomy and zoology, assures us that these sculptures represent 'undoubted elephants,' a statement which he clinches by saying that the auditory meatus observable is not that of the macaw, but of the elephant. Commenting on this theory, Mr Clark Wissler observes:

'In this case we may doubt the reality of the similarity between these figures and southern Asiatic drawings of elephants, because those who have studied the Maya sculptures themselves, instead of the pencil sketches made by earlier observers, find proof that another creature was in the artist's mind. In cases of this kind when we are dealing with the conventionalised drawings of the New World and the Old, it can scarcely be expected that the mere objective

similarity between a few of these drawings is to be taken as proof of their identity in origin. Other check data must be appealed to before even a useful working hypothesis can be formulated.'

That American civilisation owed its inception to, or received impetus from, Polynesian immigration is a theory which recommends itself to a growing number of adherents. Perhaps its most direct advocate is Prof. J. Macmillan Brown, Principal of Christchurch University, New Zealand, who sees in the architectural and other manifestations of the Incan culture of Peru a close resemblance to the megalithic culture of Easter Island, and this, again, he connects with Polynesia, seeing in the hermit isle of the Pacific a stepping-stone by way of which Polynesian arts and beliefs were introduced to American soil. He indicates that the Cyclopean work of some of the burial platforms in Easter Island is precisely the same in character as that to be found at Cuzco in Peru. On the brick-building civilisation of the ancient Andeans of Peru, Prof. Brown believes, a stone-building culture borrowed from the Pacific was superimposed by the Incas, who improved and refined upon it. He shows that certain plants which had been acclimatised in Polynesia, the banana and the plantain, the leaves of which are found in old Peruvian graves, flourished in South America, and from the presence of the sweet potato he assumes Polynesian influence on the Pacific coast of South America, where the tuber flourished exceedingly.

In certain South American customs and forms of artistic endeavour, too, Prof. Brown discerns evidences of Polynesian influence. The *tiputa* or *poncho*, the mantle with a single hole for the head, which is so generally worn from Mexico to the Argentine, he believes to be of western insular origin. The salivary ferments common to both areas, *chicha* and *kava*, he compares as having a unity of origin in Polynesian practice, and the chewing of the Andean coca with lime he likens to the practice of masticating the areca nut, which, in the Pacific, is also chewed with lime. Moreover, the Peruvian quipus, or system of knotted cords, the purpose of which was to serve as a mnemonic register for facts and numbers, and even to supply the



first words of songs and chants, he compares with the mnemonic sticks in use in Tahiti and among the Maori, who also possessed knotted cords somewhat resembling those in use in Peru. The *umu* or earth-oven of the Pacific, associated with the cult of cannibalism, also penetrated South America by way of the west coast, and the stone axe or adze of the western insular area was also adopted in the Pacific regions of South America.

Lastly, he infers the arrival of a considerable body of Polynesians on South American soil. Assisted by the Humboldt current, these adventurers landed on the coast near the site of Truxillo, and founded the now ruined city of Grand Chimú, where still stand three double-walled enclosures, each covering more than a hundred acres. Within that nearest to the coast are the foundations of many large edifices in front of hundreds of small cubicles, entered only from the roof. These, he believes, were barracks for the soldiery of the conquering intruders, who reserved them as a fortified retreat in the last resort. From the gateway there stretches into the sea, about a mile off, a weir, containing in the middle a dock large enough to accommodate an ocean-going craft, by the aid of which the garrison could, if necessary, make its escape. But the evidence by which he chiefly identifies the invaders as of Polynesian race is to be found in the cemetery outside the northern wall, in which not a single shard of pottery has been found—for of all the Pacific peoples, the Polynesians alone made no pottery, while the native Peruvians lavishly furnished the graves of their dead with ceramic mementoes. A tradition from Lambayeque, an ancient city farther to the north, has it that across the sea came a band of naked warriors who worshipped a god of green stone, and who ruled for a time in the neighbourhood and later disappeared.

From what part of Polynesia did these conquering immigrants come? Prof. Brown believes that the settlers in Grand Chimú were no mere haphazard adventurers, but came to Peru as the result of a definite quest for a new home. Searching for other land more or less known, they got into the track of the trade winds, and were unavoidably blown on to the Pacific coast of South

America. He thinks it not improbable that these voyagers came from the Marquesas, where alone in the Pacific area is to be found the combination of megalithic work and statuary reproduced in Incan Peru.

Setting aside the indirect character of much of Prof. Brown's evidence, it is obvious that such incursions as he describes could have had but a slight influence on American race and culture. The evidences of Polynesian influence in America are slender, and probably arose out of sporadic visitations, which, by reason of the very hostility of the race which made them—and the Polynesians were nowhere friendly disposed—could leave but little traces upon native art and custom. At the same time it is only fair to admit that salient striking customs and artifacts, once introduced, are usually persistent in character, and to find a highly involved and elaborate form of architectural science, such as the megalithic, in Peru, certainly justifies a respectful consideration of the assumption that it emanated from one or another of the Pacific regions where it is to be found.

The argument that America was not only peopled from Polynesia but also drew the seeds of her culture from that region is ably summarised by Mr Clark Wissler :

'Repeated efforts have been made to show that all the higher culture complexes of the New World were brought over from the Old, particularly from China or the Pacific Islands. Most of these writings are merely speculative or may be ignored, but some of the facts we have cited for correspondences to Pacific Island culture have not been satisfactorily explained. Dixon has carefully reviewed this subject, asserting in general that among such traits as blow-guns, plank canoes, lime-chewing, head-hunting cults, the man's house, and certain masked dances common to the New World and the Pacific Islands, there appears a tendency to mass upon the Pacific side of the New World. This gives these traits a semblance of continuous distribution with the Island culture. Yet it should be noted that these traits, as enumerated above, have in reality a sporadic distribution in the New World, and that there are exceptions. On the other hand, there is no great *a priori* improbability that some of these traits did reach the New World from the Pacific Islands.'

The several routes possible to immigrants are the

Bering approach, that by way of the Atlantic currents, setting from the African coast to the shores of South America, the Middle and South Pacific currents traversing the ocean which separates Polynesia from South America, the Japan currents setting to the North-East, and the chain of islands connecting Europe with Labrador. The majority of these are certainly not very practicable for primitive voyagers, but there are numerous instances on record of Polynesian canoes drifting for six or eight hundred miles from their point of departure, and of Japanese junks stranded on the Pacific coast. Such voyagers as these carried, however, can scarcely have affected blood and culture to any great extent in regions already occupied, though there seems to be good evidence that they did so slightly.

Although artifacts of European character have been found in North America, and these perhaps antedate the well-ascertained settlements of the Norsemen there, no data sufficiently comprehensive or accurate have yet been gathered to permit us to say that early European man actually found his way to America by drift or land-bridge. That numerous traditions of a Western continent existed in the British Isles from an early period is, however, now generally admitted. In some cases these were probably mere echoes of the Norse discoveries, like the Venetian tale of the discoveries of the brothers Zeno, but those of them associated with Irish and Welsh legend are now receiving a greater measure of credence than formerly. Of late years much has been done to show that many regions which our grandfathers firmly believed to be traditional were actually known to European geographers long before the date generally accepted as that of their discovery. During the 19th century the venerable legend of St Brendan was believed to enshrine quite as much of the essence of legend as any other of the Irish sagas of seafaring. The Norse tales of discovery in America and elsewhere were credible enough, but this Celtic epic of an earthly paradise was, of course, much too rich in matter of faery to carry conviction. Perhaps its most acceptable version is that to be found in the 15th-century Book of Lismore, compiled from much older materials, from which we learn that St Brendan, founder of the monastery of Clonfert, who flourished in the seventh

century, prayed strenuously that a secret and hidden land might be shown him where he could dwell in hermitage secure from men. We are told that the saint 'travelled up and down the coast of Kerry, inquiring as he went for traditions of the Western continent.' At first he set sail in search of it in a ship made from the hides of beasts, but later in a large wooden vessel built in Connaught, which required a crew of sixty monks to navigate her. Success crowned his quest, and he came at last to an island 'under the lee of Mount Atlas,' a balmy and delectable region, where he dwelt in peace and security for many years.

The first appearance of St Brendan's Isle in cartography is in the Hereford map of 1275, where it occupies the latitude of the Canary group. Indeed in the Canary Isles a tradition still survives that St Brendan and his companions spent several years in the archipelago. Even as late as the 18th century an expedition sailed from the Canaries in search of an island believed to be outside of those already known in the group, and to be that in which the saint had finally settled. 'It appears likely,' says Mr W. H. Babcock, 'that St Brendan in the sixth century wandered widely over the seas in quest of some warm island concerning which wonderful accounts had been brought to him, and found several such isles.'

But Mr Babcock, no venturesome authority, it may be said, is of the opinion that early Irish voyagers may actually have settled in Newfoundland. He thinks that the legendary island of Brazil, once thought of as lying in the Atlantic, may have been the present Newfoundland, which seems to have been visited by Irish-speaking people. The name Brazil is probably composed of two Celtic syllables, 'breas' and 'ail,' each highly commendatory in implication, and that the geographical term Brazil, or O'Brasil, is of Irish origin cannot be doubted. In all probability the Irish monks whom early Norse settlers found in Iceland formed part of a great Celtic religious and missionary 'push,' or forward movement, which was pressing northward and eastward in the latter part of the eighth century, and the Irish who reached Newfoundland may have formed its western wing. Irish vessels of that period were of a tonnage sufficiently large to negotiate such a voyage with suc-

cess. Indeed, they were much better equipped for long-distance sailing than the vessels of Columbus. It is well known that the Norse discoverers of America conferred the name of Mikla Irlant, or Great Ireland, on a region not far distant from one of the coasts where they settled. The territory which has Cape Race for its apex, and which includes Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island, occupies the precise latitude of the Island of Brazil in many of the ancient maps. The name Brazil was given to the South American country now so called in almost a haphazard manner, and in the vague belief that the legendary locality of that name had been rediscovered after the lapse of centuries.

But Wales has also a claim to traditional honours in the discovery and even in the settlement of America, which, should she care to take it seriously, is at least as strong as that of Ireland. On the death of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, in 1170 A.D., tradition says that his sons became embroiled in civil strife, and one of them, Madoc, a man experienced in seamanship, disgusted with the unstable condition of the country, resolved to lead a colony to those Western lands of which he had heard his seafaring acquaintances speak. Accordingly he collected several hundreds of his followers, steered westwards, and eventually established a colony 'in a fertile land.' Leaving here a hundred and twenty persons, he returned to Wales, and fitted out a larger expedition of ten ships, with which he once more put to sea, this time passing out of human ken.

The evidence in support of this story is that it is mentioned in early Welsh annals, and that numerous travellers have discovered traces of the Welsh tongue among the lighter coloured tribes of American Indians. Meredith, a Welsh bard, seems to have celebrated the voyage in some verses composed, according to Hakluyt, in 1477, or fifteen years before the Columbian discovery, but the original printed source of the legend is Humphrey Lloyd's 'History of Cambria, now called Wales,' which was published at London in 1584. But the 'Nieuwe en Onbekende Weereld' of Montanus, published at Amsterdam in 1671, made the story more universally familiar. It necessarily entered into the discussions of the learned men who in the 17th century were busying themselves

with the question of the origin of the American races, and among these De Laet and Hornius gave credit to its reality.

The linguistic evidences of Madoc's settlements in the New World, however, were not brought into prominence until after one, Morgan Jones, a Welsh missionary, had fallen among the Tuscarora Indians in 1660, and found, as he asserted, that they could understand his Welsh. He is most explicit regarding the ability of his Indian captors to speak the purest Welsh, and states that they perfectly understood those passages of Scripture which he read to them from his Welsh Bible. It is impossible to enumerate the extraordinary stream of books and papers dealing with this fascinating question which saw the light towards the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century. The renewed interest in the subject seems to have prompted Southey to the composition of his poem 'Madoc.' Meanwhile persistent reports were published of the discovery of tribes of Indians who spoke Welsh. Some years later the publication of Catlin's 'American Indians' probably gave more conviction than had previously been felt as regards the actuality of the tradition because of his statements of positive linguistic correspondences in the language of the so-called white Mandans of the Missouri, the similarity of their boats to the old Welsh coracles, and other parallels of custom. The discovery, too, that there was actually a tribe of Indians in Oregon calling themselves Modocs, seemed to many to clinch the matter. 'It seems hardly necessary to state,' writes Mr James Mooney of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, 'that there is not a provable trace of Welsh, Gaelic, or any other European language in any native American language excepting for a few words of recent introduction.' But it is noticeable that nowhere in the publications of the Bureau are definite facts adduced for the final discomfiture of this extraordinarily vital and persistent tradition.

The anthropological evidence and the very considerable mass of tradition which has accumulated around the question of the origin of the American race seem to unite in affording proof that the New World, so far from having been populated by any one race or at any given period, received its human stock from Asia,



Polynesia, and even from Europe, at intervals widely removed. Probably, also, there were many immigrations from these several sources in the course of ages. It seems, however, reasonable to infer that the most numerous contribution came from Northern Asia at a period when the eastern portions of that continent had developed only a slender degree of culture. Polynesian influence must naturally have been of a more slight and intermittent character, and if European (other than early Norse) immigrants entered America, it must have been during some phase when communication by land or short sea passage was possible. It may yet be proved that Magdalenian men of the Upper Old Stone Age actually did drift or wander to America from the shores of Europe. But if they did, they assuredly did not leave many of their bodily remains in the Western continent, and, so far as is at present known, none of the works of their hands.

Evidence in support of the gradual development of the American race in complete isolation is adduced by many well-equipped scholars, who point to the distinctive character of American agriculture, with its cultivation of plants peculiar to the soil—tobacco, maize, manioc, and others—to the absence of draught and milk-giving animals, to the fact that the wheel and other mechanical devices were unknown in America, in support of their theory. But to maintain a thesis so confined in the face of well-founded proofs for the penetration of America by alien influences seems as unscientific as to adopt the opposite view and to refer the origin of American culture in its entirety to a handful of castaways. Moderately employed, both theories are capable of acceptance, but it is impossible to entertain either, when pushed to extremes, with seriousness. This is as much as to say that America, although it underwent no intentional or specific colonisation in pre-Columbian times by races or adventurers equipped for settlement, was, as all the evidence seems to show, reached by bands or units of seafarers carried thither by the ever-ready agency of the trade winds, who brought with them the knowledge, and perhaps the artifacts, of a distant and alien culture, which only partially affected and modified that of the older settlers from North-Eastern Asia.

LEWIS SPENCE.

## Art. 7.—SELF-DETERMINATION.

THE expression 'Self-Determination' has recently acquired a technical meaning in the realm of international affairs. In this connexion it now stands for the determination of the political allegiance which a population is to pay by the free choice of the population concerned. In more concrete terms, it implies that a population is itself the arbiter whether it shall constitute a separate sovereign and independent state or an autonomous community within a larger unit, and in the latter case what the degree of autonomy shall be; or, again, whether it shall merge itself in a larger unit without retaining any vestige of separate corporate existence. Examples of Self-Determination, in this political sense, can be found in some of the most celebrated events in Western history. It was an act of Self-Determination in each case that founded the modern kingdoms of Italy, Greece, and Serbia, the American Union, the Dutch Republic, the original nucleus of the Swiss Confederation, and the mediæval Italian communes. The various populations of modern Italy exercised self-determination in breaking away from the Temporal Power of the Papacy, from the Hapsburg and Bourbon Dynasties, and from a number of other sovereignties in order to merge themselves in a new unitary national state; the populations of the British Colonies in North America exercised it in breaking away from Great Britain in order to form a new federal state; the populations of the mediæval Italian cities exercised it in extorting from the Holy Roman Empire a far-reaching autonomy; and, *mutatis mutandis*, the action taken in the other cases cited was similar in kind. From these examples it is evident that the act of Self-Determination may possess a quality, whether inherent or accidental, which secures our immediate sympathy and approval. Indeed, the examples cited are all landmarks in the history of political freedom. Yet to say that the exercise of Self-Determination by certain populations on certain occasions has been a good thing does not necessarily imply that an absolute right to Self-Determination exists which is always morally valid and practically expedient. It does not even imply that

Self-Determination is the element in those particular historical events which excites our admiration. We may find that what we admire is Self-Determination exercised under particular conditions, or even that it is these concomitants of Self-Determination rather than Self-Determination itself in the abstract. It may be interesting to follow up this line of inquiry; but, in order to do so, we must first examine further the usage of our term, which, in the political field, is very much more recent than the occurrences of the fact which have just been given as illustrations of it.

As now applied to politics, the expression 'Self-Determination' appears to be a metaphor borrowed from the language of metaphysical speculation. The phrase was not originally coined to denote an act, or a right of action, performed by a population, that is, performed corporately by a number of individuals. It seems to have arisen first as a philosophical term to denote a supposed characteristic of a rational human personality as contrasted with other forms of being. Whereas the wind in reality blows not where it lists but where physical laws direct it, the spirit of man (according to some schools of philosophy) is not determined by external laws but is a law unto itself, or contains a law within itself. This, crudely stated, seems to be the metaphysical doctrine of Self-Determination, and in this place it would be irrelevant to enter further into the deep philosophical questions involved. It is sufficient for our purpose to point out that, in this primary philosophical setting, the term is quite free from those ambiguities which beset it in its secondary political application. In the first place, in the philosophical usage there is no question of a right to Self-Determination, but only of a fact (whether real or imaginary). The philosopher does not ask whether a personality *ought* to be self-determining, any more than an anthropologist asks whether a man *ought* to be brachycephalic or dolichocephalic. He simply investigates whether in fact personalities are self-determining or not. In the second place, there is no uncertainty, on the philosophical plane, as to the subject of which the supposed fact of Self-Determination is predicated. A personality is something of which we have immediate

experience; and, leaving aside pathological cases, the philosopher has no difficulty in making up his mind, in any given case, whether or not he is dealing with a personality—dealing, that is, with the subject to which his predicate of 'Self-Determination' applies. There is no such certainty, however, regarding the subject of Self-Determination in the political sense, for in politics Self-Determination is predicated not of personalities but of 'peoples,' and, in making up our minds what does or does not constitute a 'people' in a given case, we have no immediate datum of experience to go by. We can only define a 'people' as a group of individuals whose number is  $x$  and whose relations with one another are  $y$  and whose corporate relations with other 'peoples' are  $z$ . That is, we are left with a formula that contains at least three unknown quantities, and in every concrete example we are faced with the problem of finding values for  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$ . According to the difference of these values in each case, the 'Self-Determination of Peoples' may turn out to be (i) possible, (ii) inevitable, (iii) right and/or expedient; or alternatively, (i) impossible, (ii) possible but not inevitable, (iii) possible but wrong and/or inexpedient. It will be seen that, in the political domain, the formula of 'Self-Determination' is merely the statement of a problem and not the solution of it.

Take the simplest question: What is  $x$ ? Of how many individuals must a people consist in order to be capable of Self-Determination? At once we discover that no absolute minimum or maximum can be laid down, but that the limiting figures vary absolutely with the conditions of the social environment. We—living as we do in Western society in A.D. 1925—might be tempted to pronounce off-hand that, for a population which could not put a full battalion of infantry into the field, Self-Determination would be impossible. Yet the majority of those Greek states which sent contingents to Plataea in the year 479 B.C., and there victoriously exercised Self-Determination against the Persian Empire, possessed a 'man-power' of less than one thousand each; so that our first off-hand answer would deny that Self-Determination was possible for certain peoples who actually exercised it for several centuries as fully as any peoples of whom we have an historical record.

Conversely, the citizen of a Greek city-state, if asked the same question, would probably have answered off-hand that Self-Determination was impossible for a people containing more than, say, 30,000 persons qualified to perform the functions of citizenship as a Greek would have understood them in the light of his own social experience; and he would have been led to assign this, to our minds, inconceivably low maximum value for  $x$  (the number of individuals constituting a people) because of the value which he would have assigned to  $y$  (the relations between these individuals). To the Greeks, the Self-Determination of a people pre-supposed that its individual members participated in person, with more or less regularity, in plenary political assemblies; and in a society unequipped with wireless, telephones, telegraphs, the printing-press, steamers, railways, and even high-roads, and unacquainted with the device of representative government, this almost necessarily limited the numbers of an active citizen-body to something like 30,000 (which was accepted as the standard figure for Athens, the largest of the Greek city-states) and the extent of the state territory to a radius of about thirty miles from the seat of political life. Under such conditions, Self-Determination was evidently impossible, not only for a vast amorphous aggregate of populations like the Persian Empire, but for a people like the Ancient Egyptians—living, a few millions strong, in a country with clearly defined physical boundaries and possessed of an ancient, advanced, and uniform civilisation of which they were both conscious and proud—that is, for a people which, according to our ideas, would possess all the requisites for exercising Self-Determination in a high degree. Indeed, peoples like the Swiss and Norwegians, who are among the smallest of the self-governing nations of contemporary Europe, would have far exceeded that maximum of 'man-power' and of territorial extension beyond which Self-Determination ceased to be possible under Ancient Greek conditions. Yet, at the present time, such nations are actually in danger of falling below the minimum beneath which Self-Determination ceases to be possible in the world as it is to-day. Even within a single human society at a given moment of its existence, the maxima and minima vary, much more than

we commonly realise, in accordance with local conditions. In remote and uncoveted Iceland, a people less than 100,000 strong, all told, is exercising a Self-Determination which undoubtedly it would have forfeited long ago if it had happened to be domiciled on the continent of Europe. In Norway, again, an abnormally small people is enabled to retain Self-Determination partly by remoteness and partly by mountain-barriers; in Switzerland partly by mountain-barriers and partly by the political interests of greater neighbouring peoples, which coincide in upholding the Self-Determination of Switzerland as a necessary element in a 'Balance of Power'; in Holland and Belgium entirely (but most effectively) by a 'Balance of Power,' although geographically these two countries are singularly exposed, while their 'man-power' is dwarfed by that of France, Germany, and Great Britain. Such special circumstances make Self-Determination still possible in certain cases where the value of  $x$  falls well below the normal modern minimum; and, conversely, there are other cases in which the normal maximum is successfully exceeded. In the United States, for example, a population more than twice as numerous as any of the great nations of Europe except the Germans, and occupying a territory comparable in area to the whole of Europe proper (excluding Russia), has surmounted the obstacles to Self-Determination, partly by adding to the device of representative government the further device of federal devolution, and partly by vigorously developing the modern means of communication and co-operation (including literacy and the Press, as well as the railway and the telegraph). Conversely, the population of Russia, which is comparable to that of the United States both in numbers and in the extent of territory which it occupies, has hitherto found Self-Determination on this scale quite beyond its powers, because it has failed to develop its means of communication and co-operation to the necessary degree, and it has therefore hitherto remained under an autocratic form of government, into which it has more than once relapsed after bouts of revolution. In other words, Russia, under present conditions, is still incapable of Self-Determination, as the Empire of Xerxes was under Ancient Greek conditions;



and at this moment the same appears to be true, *à fortiori*, of India and China. Yet no contemporary student of politics would venture to maintain that fifty millions is the immutable norm, or 100 millions the immutable maximum, or two millions the immutable minimum value for  $x$ , that is, for the size of population for which Self-Determination is possible. We can well imagine a time, not far distant, at which Russia, China, and India will have so much improved their systems of education, their political practice, and their means of communication, and at which Canada, Australia, South Africa, Argentina, and Brazil will have so much increased their population, that the normal unit of Self-Determination will have become a federalised community of 200 millions occupying a sub-continent; while centralised nations occupying countries of the size of Great Britain and France will have fallen as far below the minimum as ancient Athens or Sparta would be below it now if they could return to life to-day. When the possible values for one unknown quantity are found to be so variable as this, the difficulty of laying down any absolute 'right of Self-Determination' *à priori* will be recognised.

Dogmatism becomes still more difficult when we consider our unknown quantity  $z$ , that is, the relation in which a population exercising Self-Determination, or seeking to exercise it, finds itself to neighbouring populations or to established governments. This further unknown quantity, however, has always to be taken into account, for Self-Determination never occurs *in vacuo* and never can do so unless and until the whole human race existing at a given time becomes incorporated in a single self-determining body-politic. Short of that, the Self-Determination of a people will involve not only certain internal relations between the individuals constituting that people, but also certain external relations with other parties, while the act of asserting or exercising Self-Determination will necessarily bring about a drastic alteration in these external relations, by which the other parties may well be affected even more profoundly than the people which is seeking Self-Determination in the particular instance.

It is for this reason that the act of Self-Determi-

nation has been accompanied so frequently in the past by violence and bloodshed if not by formal war. Occasionally, of course, it has been accomplished peacefully, as, for example, in 1905, when Norway was enabled to exercise Self-Determination by dissolving, with the consent of the Swedish Government and people, the union between the Kingdoms of Norway and Sweden which had been established ninety years before; or, again, in 1863, when the population of the Ionian Islands was enabled to exercise Self-Determination by the voluntary act of Great Britain, who renounced the protectorate with which she had been invested forty-eight years before and ceded the islands to Greece. Such examples, however, arrest our attention because, unhappily, they are exceptional—unhappily, but not unnaturally, considering that a claim to Self-Determination on the part of one people always affects, and in most cases affects prejudicially, the rights and interests of others. In view of this unfortunate fact, it is not surprising that the great majority of the historical cases which present themselves to our minds call up memories of violent struggles. By violence the populations of Italy attempted—unsuccessfully in 1848–49 and successfully between 1859 and 1870—to merge themselves in a single national state by breaking loose from Austria and overthrowing the Bourbon Dynasty in the Two Sicilies and the Temporal Power of the Papacy in the centre of the peninsula; by violence the Greeks and Serbs exercised Self-Determination against the Ottoman Empire, the populations of the North American Colonies against Great Britain, the Dutch against the Spaniards, the Swiss against the Hapsburgs, and the mediæval Italian communes against the Holy Roman Empire; and by violence, again, the Poles were prevented from exercising Self-Determination against Russia in 1830 and in 1863; the Armenians from exercising it against the Ottoman Empire; the Southern States from exercising it against the Union in the American Civil War (seventy-two years after the Federal Constitution of the United States had been brought into force by a voluntary act of the parties concerned); the population of the Southern Netherlands (now Belgium) from exercising it against the Spaniards at the time when the Northern Netherlands forcibly

established the Dutch Republic—and so on through a melancholy catalogue which might be extended over many pages.

As he calls this host of examples to mind, the historian registers the fact that certain of these attempts at Self-Determination ended in success and others in failure, and the further fact that all alike, whatever the particular outcome, were accompanied by devastations, sufferings, follies, and cruelties, on one side or more commonly on both sides, that are blots on the history of Mankind; but if the historian is asked to go beyond this registration of fact and to form a moral judgment, he will usually find it difficult to deliver a verdict of right or wrong, not only upon the general principle of Self-Determination, but upon the concrete issues raised in each particular case.

Take, for example, the question of the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Papacy by the Italian movement for national unity. Was it wrong that the Temporal Power should attempt to stand in the way of the Italian people's desire to exercise Self-Determination? Or was it wrong that the Italian people should exercise Self-Determination at the expense of the vested interests of the Papacy and of the sentiments of the Catholic Church throughout the world? Which had the greater right to satisfaction: the comparatively strong wishes and vital interests of a few million Italians, or the comparatively weak wishes and non-vital interests of many million Catholics? What court is competent to pronounce whether what actually happened was just or unjust upon the balance of these vast but almost imponderable and incommensurable considerations? Must we not be content with recording that the battle was joined, and that it resulted in such and such a decision?

There are many cases, of course, in which a moral judgment is less difficult. For instance, few disinterested persons will deny the right of the Italian populations to exercise Self-Determination at the expense of the Neapolitan Bourbons or of the Emperor Francis Joseph, or the right of the Poles to attempt to exercise it at the expense of the Hapsburgs, Romanovs, and Hohenzollerns. We shall pronounce without difficulty that Garibaldi was in the right when he dethroned King

Bomba, and that the Czars were in the wrong when they crushed the Poles; yet we shall soon find ourselves in difficulties again, for the righteous overthrow of oppressive or anachronistic dynasties often leaves face to face with one another a number of peoples severally attempting to exercise Self-Determination on incompatible lines.

If the case of the Polish people against the Hohenzollerns is clear, that of the Polish and German peoples against one another seems almost insoluble. The Germans were, of course, flagrantly in the wrong before 1914, when they were not only holding a large Polish minority by force within the German national state in order to give that state territorial cohesion and a strategic frontier, but were ousting the Poles from the land by expropriation in favour of German colonists, and were denying to those Poles whom they did not evict the free use of the national language—an advantage which the Germans enjoyed and which they regarded as a sacred right where they themselves were concerned. On the other hand, have the Poles been justified, since 1919, in breaking the territorial continuity of Germany by the 'Polish Corridor' extending to the Baltic, in order to include in the Polish state a few more hundred thousand persons whose desire for Self-Determination takes the form of wishing to be Polish citizens? Since the terms of the Versailles Treaty have been tested by experience, opinion in Great Britain has been tending more and more to answer this question in the negative. Yet this, again, is a comparatively simple case. In the question of the 'Polish Corridor' the local interests of a small number of Poles conflict with the general interests of the whole German people, and it is not difficult to discern wherein lies the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It would be different if the 'Polish Corridor' happened (which is not in fact the case, though a casual glance at the present political map might at first sight suggest the contrary) to provide economic access to the sea for Poland as a whole. As a matter of fact, the natural access of Poland to the sea lies, not through the Corridor, but further east down the Vistula, and this raises more complicated questions. Has the Polish nation as a whole the right to break the territorial

continuity of Germany in order to secure for Poland that territorial access to the sea which cannot otherwise be provided for? And, in detail, has the Polish nation the right, for the same purpose, to deny Self-Determination to the people of Danzig by compelling them to be separated from Germany against their will and to constitute a free city which they do not want and which is bound to Poland by certain political and economic ties which the Danzigers dislike exceedingly? If this were merely a question between Poland and Danzig, we should probably be inclined to pronounce judgment, once again, on the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' principle; but what verdict of right or wrong can we give on the issue between Poland and Germany? The Polish people's demand for Self-Determination apparently requires that the territorial continuity of Germany shall be broken, while the same demand on the part of the German people requires that Poland shall be cut off from the sea. The vital interests involved in the Self-Determination of the German and the Polish peoples thus appear to be incompatible; and, if so, it would seem impossible to pronounce that either possesses a right of Self-Determination against the other. How, then, we might argue, can it be maintained that the Self-Determination of peoples, in general, constitutes a moral right at all? Should it not be regarded simply as an historical phenomenon, which sometimes occurs and at other times fails to occur in the course of the interminable struggle for existence?

Consider, finally, the case of Fiume, in which the desire of the Italian people to complete their national unity by bringing the last of their unredeemed brethren within the fold of the national state has been and remains in apparently irreconcilable conflict with the desire of the Yugoslav people to control a port which is almost as necessary to them as Danzig is to Poland for the exercise of Self-Determination in the economic sphere. In this case, perhaps, it might be judged that, as far as Italian sentiments and Yugoslav interests can be measured against each other, they cancel one another out, and that, in investigating the rights and wrongs of the case, we ought to be guided by the inclinations of the local population of Fiume itself. If the Fiumans were to be

permitted the free exercise of Self-Determination (which they never have been permitted at any stage of the long controversy over Fiume between Yugoslavia and Italy), what would they choose? The correct answer appears to be that they do not know their own minds, and cannot know them, because two essential elements in their desires are incompatible with one another. As Italians they desire incorporation in the Italian kingdom; as inhabitants of a port, they desire a régime which will give them free intercourse with their economic hinterland, that is, with Yugoslavia. These two desiderata, however, are incompatible in the actual circumstances; and thus, for the people of Fiume, the necessary economic and political conditions of Self-Determination cannot both be realised simultaneously, which is almost equivalent to saying that in this instance Self-Determination is not only unrealised but is incapable of realisation. An even more striking case in which Self-Determination has been inherently impossible is that of pre-war Constantinople—a city of over a million inhabitants which was formerly the capital of Turkey and at the same time lay astride the only waterway between the open sea and half the Russian Empire, while a majority of the inhabitants of the city desired to belong politically neither to Russia nor to Turkey but to other national states, some of which were not then in being and none of which could have commanded a majority (as distinct from a mere plurality) in Constantinople city.

Such investigations into the right, as contrasted with the fact, of Self-Determination, in the light of historical examples, lead us into difficulties apparently so inextricable that we might be tempted to explore no further, were it not that, beyond the questions of fact and of right, there remains the question of expediency. However barren the controversy over the rights and wrongs of Self-Determination may be, it is certainly inexpedient to ignore its existence, for this controversy is one of those great permanent forces that have to be reckoned with in human affairs; in our historical retrospect we have already taken the measure of the havoc which it has caused; and it is evident that the recurrent outbreaks of the struggle have been as violent as they have been, just because the problem has usually either



been left out of account or dismissed as insoluble. In order to realise this, we have only to consider two facts: first, that no group of individuals regarding themselves as constituting a 'people' has ever renounced what it looks upon as its 'natural right' to exercise Self-Determination in certain contingencies; and, secondly, that no state has ever admitted that any right of Self-Determination is valid as against the right of state sovereignty, which modern states still implicitly regard as being absolute, though it is no longer the fashion openly to call this right 'divine.' Nevertheless, every sovereign government assumes, and always has assumed, an absolute duty of loyalty on the part of its subjects and an absolute right on its own part to resist disloyalty by every means of violence in its power. The 'Self-Determination of Peoples' and the 'Divine Right of States' stand over against each other as two uncompromising and irreconcilable claims, and so far we seem to have found no better method of adjudicating between them in practice than the method of ordeal. If a state whose existence is threatened by some popular demand for Self-Determination is strong enough and ruthless enough to crush the movement, there the matter ends. If, on the other hand, the people that is bent on Self-Determination proves tough enough to survive persecution, numerous enough to overthrow the obnoxious state unaided, or diplomatic enough to enlist neighbouring states to accomplish the work for it, then the matter ends the other way. In a recent instance, ordeal by battle has refuted the Divine Right of the Hapsburg Monarchy and confirmed the Right of the Jugoslavs to Self-Determination, while at the same time it has upheld the Divine Right of the Serbian state as against a claim to Self-Determination on the part of the Macedonian Bulgars.

That, undeniably, is the present situation. These moral claims and counterclaims are disposed of by physical force. Yet are we satisfied that it is either right or expedient that it should be so? Western observers have satirically described the traditional system of government in China as 'despotism tempered by a right of rebellion'; and such a system strikes us forcibly as illogical, inefficient, and wasteful. Why not

introduce constitutional machinery, we demand, and so substitute general elections for periodical outbreaks of civil war? Why burn down your house each time in order to roast your pig? The Chinaman, however, might retort very appositely that this is precisely what we do in Europe in order to solve our own antinomy between Sovereignty and Self-Determination, for which we have discovered no constitutional vent. 'Certain European peoples,' he will say, 'desire from time to time to exercise Self-Determination and certain European Governments which are thereby threatened desire to maintain themselves in being—a case, clearly, for mutual adjustment, yet in order to settle it you wage a European War. The Divine Right of the Ottoman, Romanov, Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern Monarchies is officially recognised as sacred until the Lord's Anointed are overthrown in war, and then the victorious Right of the subject peoples to Self-Determination is promptly converted into the Divine Right of "successor states," which will be upheld with equal rigidity until it is overthrown in another war by other claims to Self-Determination, which will give rise to the Divine Right of other "successor states" in turn. So it goes on, and your periodic epidemics of European War are on the whole more barbaric than our periodic epidemics of Chinese Revolution.'

The inexpediency of this situation needs no proof, but can we discern any rational means of escape from it? None seems to present itself so long as we consider the Right of Peoples to Self-Determination and the Divine Right of States in isolation from one another. Let us now examine them in conjunction, and proceed, once again, by taking historical cases. We shall probably find that, in practice, our judgment on any particular claim to Self-Determination is nearly always conditioned by our judgment on the particular claim to Divine Right with which it happens to be in conflict. For example, we approve the claims of the Greeks, Serbs, Poles, and Finns against the tyrannical governments of the Osmanlis and Romanovs; or, again, the claims of the North American Colonists and of the Lombards and Venetians against the intransigent governments of George III and Francis Joseph. On

the other hand, we disapprove the claim of the South against the democratic Federal Constitution of the American Union—under which the individual citizen and the autonomous state already enjoyed far-reaching facilities for exercising Self-Determination by constitutional means—especially when the attempt to exercise unbridled Self-Determination by the employment of physical force was made by the Southerners in the bad cause of slavery. Thus we find no practical difficulty in distinguishing morally between the cause of the South in 1861 and the cause of the Colonists three generations earlier, because we do not here consider the factor of Self-Determination in isolation. Were we to do so, we should be quite at a loss, for in the abstract the two cases rest, as far as Self-Determination goes, on very much the same ground; but, in fact, we judge the relative merits of these two cases not on the principle of Self-Determination at all, which in this instance gives us no moral guidance, but by noting the difference in the manner in which the claim of the sovereign was presented respectively by the Government of George III and by the Federal Constitution, and, further, by taking account of the fact that in the Civil War (unlike the War of Independence) the constitutional question was not the fundamental issue—the conflict really turning upon slavery, upon which our moral judgment is immediate and emphatic.

Again, we regard a claim to Self-Determination as reasonable *primâ facie* when it can be satisfied without substantial injury to the state at whose expense it is to be made. The independence of Norway, for example, could be restored in 1905 without jeopardising the independence of Sweden, and the desire of the Ionian islanders for union with Greece could be satisfied in 1863 (after the situation in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean had been altered, during the interval between 1815 and that date, by the creation of a United Kingdom of Italy) without prejudice to the security of the maritime communications of the British Empire. In these circumstances, intransigence on the part of Sweden or Great Britain would have put these states morally in the wrong. On the other hand, the intransigence is commonly felt to be on the side of the party claiming

Self-Determination if such party presents a demand involving the sacrifice of interests vital to the state concerned and then refuses to consider whether its claim cannot perhaps be satisfied by less drastic means. If, for example, the Egyptians declare that their Self-Determination necessitates the total relinquishment by the British Empire of naval and military control over the Suez Canal, or if the Poles declare that the Self-Determination of their nationals in West Prussia necessitates the breaking of the territorial continuity of Germany by the creation of a corridor of territory under Poland's sovereignty, we are inclined to feel that the rights of the British and the German states to preserve their existence are of greater cogency. If Egyptian and Polish Self-Determination involves all this, we protest, it can hardly be regarded as a legitimate demand; but surely, we add as an afterthought, some compromise can be worked out by which the substance of the two apparently conflicting claims can be secured simultaneously. Cannot West Prussia (including both the Polish Corridor and Danzig) be made into an autonomous bi-national state, federated politically with Germany and in economic matters with Poland—be included, that is, within the Polish customs zone without being denied membership in the German Confederation? And cannot the military and naval control of the canal by the British Empire be reconciled with the juridical and actual independence of Egypt by some kind of permanent military convention between the two parties, negotiated freely and upon a footing of equality?

Having thus envisaged the supposed Right of Peoples to Self-Determination and the supposed Right of States to Sovereignty as claims essentially relative to one another, we may now find ourselves in a position to solve the moral problem which has hitherto eluded us. Possibly the true formula runs as follows: The right of a people to Self-Determination is in inverse ratio to the justice, efficiency, reasonableness, and liberality of the government concerned, and also to the amount of prejudice which that government must inevitably suffer by the satisfaction of that people's claim; and, conversely, the right of a state to sovereignty is in inverse ratio to the

injustice, misgovernment, intransigence, and repression with which it is treating the people by whom the claim to Self-Determination is being made, and to the amount of prejudice which that people must inevitably continue to suffer if the sovereignty of that government undergoes no modification.

If this formula is on the right lines, it implies that, in any conflict of claims that arises, it is morally incumbent on both parties to arrive at a satisfactory settlement by compromise, if any possibility of this exists; and that, if the eventual solution is catastrophic, the rights and wrongs are to be assessed, in the particular case, according to the degree of wisdom, tolerance, and adaptability which has been displayed respectively by each of the parties throughout the course of the controversy. There may be states whose attitude towards reasonable demands for Self-Determination is so intransigent that the only thing for the peoples to do is to overthrow their governments by force; and there may be peoples whose attitude towards the sovereignty of established and not intolerable governments is so implacable that these threatened governments are justified in repressing them by the use of force on their side; but each catastrophic solution is a disaster—and a disaster which, under the modern conditions of world-wide inter-relation and inter-dependence, will involve a wider and wider circle of communities beyond the parties which are immediately responsible and immediately concerned. Until recently this kind of pig could be roasted by burning down a cottage, or, at most, a village or two, but nowadays every conflagration spreads like wildfire over continents and oceans until it threatens to burn to cinders the whole edifice of civilisation.

In conclusion, let us attempt to translate this moral formula into political terms. May we not lay it down that the right and the expedient solution in every case—expedient not only for the parties concerned but for human society as a whole—is to accomplish the Self-Determination of peoples within some larger framework of state sovereignty and to preserve this framework of state sovereignty by articulating it through devolution? Consider the recent conflict, now happily composed, between Sinn Fein and the British Government. Those issues

could not have been settled either by the violent maintenance of the Act of Union or by the violent establishment of an independent Irish Republic. The only possible satisfactory solution was one on the present lines, and this just because the problem was inherently complex, and complex problems can only be settled by delicate compromises and adjustments, never by crude and extreme repressions and dislocations. Through the common link of membership (on different terms in each case) in the British Commonwealth, Great Britain, Ulster, and Southern Ireland can each find themselves without falling out with one another, whereas, if independence and centralisation, with all that each implies, had been the only alternatives discoverable, the struggle would doubtless have been carried on by violence, whether overtly or underground, until it was settled by a blind resolution of forces in the next European War, as so many continental conflicts of a similar character were actually settled in the War of 1914-1918 after smouldering for fifty or a hundred years.

The fact that the Irish question has eventually been settled 'on Dominion lines' brings out the broader fact that the nearest approach to a solution of the problem of Self-Determination which has yet been made on a large scale is that which has been worked out within the British Commonwealth during the past century and a half—since the time when British statesmanship was taught an unforgettable lesson by the disaster of the American War of Independence. Here we have a living system of progressive Self-Determination within a larger permanent framework which has survived the severe test of the recent War. If to-day there is no Dutch National State in South Africa or French National State in North America to match the Czechoslovakias and Jugoslavias of Continental Europe, that is because the desire of the French Canadians and the Dutch South Africans for Self-Determination was met in good time and on satisfactory terms by the creation of the Dominion of Canada and of the South African Union. In the world as it has emerged from the War, it is not inconceivable that the British Commonwealth may become the model for other free associations or partnerships of peoples. From the Monroe Doctrine, for example, there may



emerge some Pan-American Entente united, not under the ægis of a paramount Power, but by a free and equal relationship. Continental Europe, again, which has so often warded off the threatened dominion or hegemony of a single Power at the price of fear, armaments, and recurrent war, may, sooner than we realise, establish some kind of permanent European Union by making 'private war' a European (if not yet an international) offence. At least, the common desire of the continental European peoples—victors, vanquished, and neutrals alike—for security and disarmament has been made so intense by their recent experiences of invasion and blockade that it seems unlikely that it will fail to embody itself in some permanent political form.

Finally there is the case of Soviet Russia, which in certain respects is the most curious and significant of all. It was the present masters of Russia who gave the term 'Self-Determination' its new currency when they came to power in 1917. Their readiness to grant Self-Determination to the subject-peoples of the former Russian Empire was evinced in the negotiation of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and as a matter of fact all the subject-peoples along the European border of Russia have subsequently obtained Self-Determination in the extreme form of complete political independence—partly by force but also with the Soviet Government's consent. At the same time, the doctrine of Self-Determination has been put into practice in a still more striking way throughout the immense territories over which the Moscow Government has maintained or recovered control. The present Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is a hierarchy of constitutionally autonomous units, more elaborately organised than any federation previously known to history. On paper, at any rate, even the smallest and most rudimentary of the various peoples which inhabit the Soviet territory have been constituted into autonomous districts—territorial units so minute and bounded by such sinuous Frontiers (drawn in the closest possible conformity with the actual distribution of nationalities and languages) that they could not exist for a day as sovereign independent states. Here there seems to be another illustration of the truth that qualified forms of Self-Determination are attainable, within some wider

political framework, by peoples which could never hope to exercise Self-Determination on the terms of complete independence, so that—paradoxical though it may sound—the same tendency appears to be at work, in this matter, in the British Commonwealth and in the U.S.S.R. Of course it will be pointed out that the official constitution of the Soviet Union does not correspond to the realities of political life under Soviet rule, and that the repression of the Georgian movement for Self-Determination shows what is the real policy of Bolshevik Russia in this matter. That may be true, yet it must be remembered that the Georgian demand which the Bolsheviks are resisting by force is a claim to achieve Self-Determination in the form of complete independence. Even in Soviet Georgia, and in the other states members of the Transcaucasian Federal Republic, the administrative boundaries have been elaborately redrawn so as to correspond as closely as possible with national boundaries; the individuality of smaller peoples has been given expression through local autonomies; and the employment of the national languages has been introduced into the local administrations. Even if the whole of this elaborate system of devolution is really being ‘run,’ through violence or chicane, by the agents of a committee of dictators seated at Moscow in the centre of the spider’s web, the administrative reorganisation of Russia is none the less a revolutionary event of great, and probably of permanent, political importance. The standing policy of the Czardom was to take the offensive against the Self-Determination of Peoples by deliberately making the administrative boundaries of the Empire cut across the boundaries of language and nationality, and by imposing the use of the Russian language upon the non-Russian subjects of the Empire in the administrative services and in education. That policy of the old autocracy of Petersburg has been reversed from top to bottom by the new autocracy of Moscow, and this is a change which is unlikely to be undone, because it is in accordance with a spirit of the times which is manifesting itself throughout the world. No doubt the Bolsheviks have set up this hierarchy of autonomies for their own purposes, and not because the solution of the problem of Self-Determination is the object which they have most at heart. Never-

theless, it is almost safe to prophesy that federalism, not communism, will be the enduring feature of their handiwork in Russia; and that, whatever régime eventually takes the place of the 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat,' it will handle the problem of Self-Determination on the basis of devolution which the Bolsheviks have laid down.

Having now indicated the lines on which we may look forward to seeing this formidable problem solved progressively, not only in the British Commonwealth, but also, perhaps, in Latin America, in Continental Europe, and even in Soviet Russia, we may conclude with a concrete illustration of the way in which a particular case has been settled on these lines, peacefully and to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of all parties concerned, since the conclusion of the War.

The Åland Islands are a little archipelago in the Baltic Sea, inhabited by a Swedish population and situated between Sweden and Finland, but rather nearer to the coast of the latter country. Before the year 1809, when Finland had been under the sovereignty of the Swedish Crown, the Åland Islands had formed part of that Crown's Finnish Dominions, and when in 1809 Finland was ceded by Sweden to Russia, the Åland Islands were transferred together with the Finnish mainland. From 1809 to 1917, the islands were included in the Grand Duchy of Finland under the sovereignty of the Czar; but in the latter year, when the Finns took advantage of the Russian Revolution in order to exercise Self-Determination by setting up a sovereign and independent Finnish state, the Åland Islanders claimed to exercise the same right by seceding from Finland and merging themselves politically in Sweden, to which they desired to belong on account of their nationality, which was Swedish and not Finnish. Thereafter it was established by more than one unofficial but apparently trustworthy plebiscite that separation from Finland and union with Sweden was desired by an overwhelming majority of the Islanders, and the Swedish Government supported their claim to exercise Self-Determination, whereas the Finnish Government, as was to be expected, denied their right to transfer

their allegiance without its own consent, which it refused to give. In consequence, relations between Finland and Sweden became so strained that eventually the British Government exercised its friendly right under Article XI of the Covenant of the League of Nations by formally bringing the question of the Åland Islands to the notice of the Council; and, after certain negotiations, the Council, with the consent of both the Finnish and the Swedish Government, took cognizance of the case and referred the question to a Commission of three members. The Commissioners were chosen, no doubt by design, from nations which, in the past, had had special experience of the main problems which the controversy over the Åland Islands involved. One of them was an American citizen, and might therefore be expected to understand the implications of a claim to exercise a right of secession, while the other two were a Belgian and a Swiss, who would both be familiar with the problems of carrying on a free and democratic government in a small country containing more than one nationality. Eventually the Commission reported against the claim of the Åland Islanders to exercise Self-Determination in the extreme form of transferring their allegiance from Finland to another state, but only on condition that Finland granted them autonomy on terms which were specified in considerable detail in the report and which were so far-reaching that they included almost everything which Self-Determination could imply short of sovereign independence. In the unlikely event of Finland rejecting these conditions, and in that event only, the Commission recommended that the Islanders should be authorised to secure Self-Determination by other (i.e. more drastic) means. This report, which was presented on Sept. 20, 1920, and was adopted by the Council, provided the basis for a satisfactory settlement of the dispute. Finland accepted all the conditions, embodied them in a fundamental law, and consented that this law should be placed under the guarantee of the League; Sweden felt that her honour was satisfied now that she had secured for her kinsmen the substance of what they desired; and the Islanders reconciled themselves to the solution when they saw that the

Finnish and Swedish Governments were in agreement over it. Thus the principles of Sovereignty and Self-Determination were reconciled without a breach of the peace and without the sacrifice of any of the substantial interests involved; and although the incident attracted little attention at the time—partly just because it was settled without a catastrophe and therefore did not disturb the general life of the world—it established a precedent of great interest and value in respect of the problem under review, so that this article could not close more aptly than with the following quotation from the League of Nations Commission's Report:

'To concede to minorities, either of language or religion, or to any fractions of a population the right of withdrawing from the community to which they belong, because it is their wish or their good pleasure, would be to destroy order and stability within states and to inaugurate anarchy in international life; it would be to uphold a theory incompatible with the very idea of the state as a territorial and political unity. . . . The separation of a minority from the state of which it forms a part, and its incorporation in another state, can only be considered as an altogether exceptional solution, a last resort when the state lacks either the will or the power to enact and apply just and effective guarantees.'

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

## Art. 8.—THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

*A History of the University of Oxford.* Vol. I. *The Mediæval University.* Vol. II. *The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Sir Charles Edward Mallet. Methuen, 1924.

THERE are few things in history of stronger and more compelling interest than the narrative of the early growth and the development of a mediæval University. For the researcher there are many twilit paths, any one of which may lead to a fuller light of knowledge; there are problems which no industry—and much has been expended on the task—has ever yet completely resolved, and which continually tempt to yet more diligent seeking; while for the general reader high adventure in action or thought will always have its appeal. For the birth of Universities out of mediæval darkness was an adventure; all the more moving because it was undertaken with but little hope of material gain, and so many zealous students endured hardship and overcame difficulties in sheer eagerness to learn. The historian of the Universities of the Middle Ages rightly warns us against generalising too freely in this matter. Not all even of the earliest hearers of Oxford lectures can have been as wholly disinterested as Browning's Grammarian. Still, after all reservations, it must remain true that few could look for a substantial return, and that most were seeking in toil and discomfort simply the satisfaction of an intellectual desire. There is romance in the story of the beginnings of teaching at Oxford.

Later, the days of adventure are no doubt over. The University of Oxford becomes a regular English institution and part of the national life; it is defended against enemies by authority, there are rewards for its teachers, there are aids for its learners, learning itself has a material value in Church and State. The story is of a different kind; it is not always the record of a steady advance of learning; but it is never dull or prosaic. Almost everything that happens is picturesque; a great part of the narrative has won itself a place in English history, so closely are the fortunes of Oxford



intertwined with the fortunes of the nation. Itself important from its situation, and enjoying an importance immeasurably enhanced by the great seat of learning, Oxford was for long the second city in England. Kings were the foster-fathers of the infant University, and queens were its nursing mothers. Its cloistral peace, in the course of ages, was often broken by more than the distant echo of great events. It was the stronghold, or the battlefield, of the Church. Martyrs died for their faith at its gates. Parliaments sat and kings held their courts within its precincts. It has been the refuge of unpopular reformers and unpopular reactionaries, and suffered for its hospitality. It has been loyal to an ill-starred dynasty, and suffered for its loyalty. For good or evil, it has been the fortune of Oxford to play often a leading and always a picturesque part in the drama of English history; and English history, as it touches Oxford, is tinged with the romance inseparable from that incomparable setting.

It is natural that a large and increasing number of readers should want books about Oxford—especially in these days, when every place of education (and perhaps even education itself) has become so popular. How general is the demand is shown in our own time by the number of hand-books, gift-books, and guide-books about the University which continue to issue from the press. To go no further back than the last few years—Mr Madan, for instance, fills a too brief volume with 'Things not generally known.' Or two ex-Rhodes scholars do their best to instruct their compatriots in the sympathetic understanding of a seat of learning which does not as yet play baseball. Or Mr Mansbridge shows that it is no unworthy task to summarise the history of a University which has attained its End and Object by collaborating with the Workers' Educational Association. Books and booklets have abounded at any time in the last forty years; but no serious and comprehensive history had been published till 1924. There was, of course, the late Dean of Carlisle's monumental study of mediæval Universities. There was Sir H. Maxwell Lyte's history of the University of Oxford. But Dr Rashdall carries the reader no farther than the 15th century; and Sir H. Maxwell Lyte stops at 1530. For

the history of Elizabethan and Stuart Oxford, there are many monographs and editions of ancient authorities; but till now there has been no full history of that very important period, although for its later part, at least, the diaries of Antony Wood supply such abundant material. Clearly, therefore, the field was open for a scholar who should have the industry to produce a detailed and documented history of the University from its birth to the present day. That is the task which Sir Charles Mallet has proposed to himself. So far, his narrative is complete to the end of the 17th century; a third volume, which should be even more interesting than the two already published, is to deal with the 18th and 19th. It appears that we are far enough removed from the 19th century for that.

This is a vast undertaking. Undoubtedly, in a certain sense, the historian's work is easier as he has more guides to show him the way; but if there is less need for guess-work there are more hours to be spent in compiling and comparing, sifting the relevant and illuminating fact from the mass of material which the catholic diligence of research excavates from the dark mines of the Bodleian. The volume of accessible matter has vastly increased in the last thirty years; and Sir C. Mallet has taken full advantage of it. The growing erudition of learned men has guided him to manuscript sources in the great library. Printed monographs have multiplied. The University Registers have been edited. The publications of the Oxford Historical Society embody the studies of diligent researchers, Mr Madan, Mr Salter, and many others. Much light has been thrown on the life of Colleges; much is summarised in the excellent series of College Histories. Material, in short, abounds; and as Sir C. Mallet possesses not only great industry but also the pen which can produce the fruits of labour in a most readable form, he may be congratulated on having written what must remain for a long time the standard history of Oxford. He has not limited himself to academic matters alone. That would be impossible. The history of the University is in some measure also that of the city of Oxford; and it is not possible to write fully of either without constant reference to the general history of England.

The pre-Collegiate period is the most interesting part of Oxford history; but it is also, of course, the most obscure. We have long discarded the old legend of a College founded by Alfred the Great; Prester John and Trojan Brute are not more mythical than that familiar story. The origins of a University are lost in mediæval darkness. It is clear that there must have been teaching—fostered perhaps here as elsewhere in England by the Church—before the days of Henry the Second; but history speaks with no certain voice before his reign. Under him, we are told, Theobald of Etampes was teaching 'sixty or a hundred clerks, more or less'—evidently, says Sir C. Mallet, at Oxford. From this and other indications,

'it is clear that before the middle of the twelfth century there were schools at Oxford, where clerks already gathered in substantial numbers to hear men of learning teach. There were priests and monks and canons living there, some of whom may well have drawn a following of students round them. There was a thriving town, accessible from all parts of the kingdom, long known as a centre of national activities, under the shadow of an intellectual court. There was a new stir and independence in the hearts of scholars, a passionate desire for larger knowledge to answer the new calls upon the minds of men.'

Thus the historian, summing up contributory motives very plausibly; and, no doubt, as he suggests, the expulsion of foreign scholars from France in 1167, and Henry II's ordinances forbidding clerks to cross the sea from England without express permission, were causes leading to a concentration of students at Oxford. The University was 'protected' by the temporary abolition of free trade in learning. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit*. Later, we see the fortuitous association of learners developing into a regular institution, forming its customs on the model now of Bologna, now of Paris. Masters and scholars begin to be formally differentiated. A Chancellor, first perhaps dependent on the goodwill of the Church, comes to preside over an autonomous University; but the whole body is generally under the strong ægis of 'Church and King.' It grows and develops in no peaceful atmosphere; there is much turbulence, continual

brawls between the boys in their early 'teens, who formed the majority of students, and the townsmen; continual disputes between city and University about prices of necessaries, and the immunities of scholars. Both parties were prosperous and growing; each resented the privileges of the other. *Acerrima inter vicinos odia*; it was a family quarrel, carried on with the acrimony characteristic of such dissensions. City and University have long been reconciled, though even now one is occasionally conscious of slumbering fires; but in those early years the day of reconciliation was far off. More than once scholastic turbulence or civic jealousy led to bloody affrays in the streets; battles, of which the old 'Town and Gown rows' (now in the 20th century almost forgotten) were the comparatively innocuous successors. The 13th century saw several such riots; but worst of all was the terrible day of St Scholastica in 1355. A pot-house quarrel led to general street fighting; the Chancellor had to flee for his life; countrymen came in to the aid of the town; there was killing of scholars and sacking of the inns and halls where they lodged. Whenever higher authority intervened to adjudicate on these broils, the townsmen appear to have been invariably in the wrong; perhaps they were; it can only be noted that decisions seem to have been always in favour of the University. So the citizens took little by their victory in 1355. As a punishment for its outrages, the city saw fresh privileges, to its own detriment, conferred on the University; and was obliged to do formal penance for the crimes of St Scholastica's day till 1825. These continual riots sadly hampered the peaceful development of a seat of learning; and it is to be remembered that the University was also disturbed by domestic dissensions, battles between the 'Nations' of north and south; it was not for nothing that proctors had to go armed. What with fightings within and fears without, it is hardly surprising that every now and then masters and scholars who wanted to study rather than to fight should have transferred themselves to some place which was as yet less troubled by academic roisterers and 'diabolical imps' of the town. At the beginning of the 13th century many students were driven from Oxford by fear of the violence of the Mayor and

the townsmen, and took refuge at Reading, Maidstone, Canterbury, Cambridge; 'by this chance,' says Sir C. Mallet, 'the sons of Oxford may claim a share in the foundation of another university as lovely and as illustrious as their own.' There were secessions to Salisbury and Northampton. But more memorable than these, and a more serious danger to Oxford, was the attempt to establish the seat of academic teaching at Stamford in 1333. It does not appear that the settlement lasted long; but the formal record of it survived into the 19th century. It was only in 1827 that candidates for a degree ceased to take the oath that they would neither give nor attend lectures at Stamford.

In spite of these interruptions, we have the picture, in these early days, of a university moulding itself gradually to the form which has since remained. It grew in the characteristically English fashion; less in accordance with any fixed and preconceived plan than casually, accidentally, in obedience to the dictates of immediate necessity. Its legislation was opportunist. This is especially apparent in respect of rules which regulate the relation between the University and the outer world. 'Of the privileges for which it fought,' says the historian, 'many were founded in the special necessities of the case.' Thus the important Legatine Ordinance of 1214, the earliest of University documents and charters—showing the origin of the formidable jurisdiction which exempted academic delinquents from all authority save the Chancellor's—was the direct outcome of a murderous quarrel between Town and Gown. Within the University, form and ceremony would originate as it were accidentally, based on custom derived from the most miscellaneous sources, and remaining simply customary till eventually, after a long time, stereotyped by statute. Nothing proceeded 'according to plan.' But none the less did legislation founded in opportunism retain its sanction. What originates in the circumstances of the moment does not, in England, fall into abeyance when circumstances change; least of all does it disappear in universities. There especially the mediæval law and the mediæval form remains though the reason and origin of it be long ago forgotten. Let a law be passed forbidding students to indulge in

scandalous 'excesses, such as wearing boots, or playing marbles on the steps of the Senate House at Cambridge. These practices may cease in time to be serious menaces to study and discipline; the voice of later reform may urge, not without plausibility, that the habit of wearing boots has become practically universal, or that games with marbles have in the progress of the ages ceased to divert young men from their studies; and that such and such a statute might now just as well be repealed. No, says Conservatism; all innovation is dangerous; touch one ancient enactment and you touch all. Nor is this line of argument wholly unreasonable; universities, after all, have for their very foundation a reverence for antiquity, and it is part of their business to maintain that reverence as little impaired as may be. It is only when respect for antiquity conflicts with what is really essential to the progress of study that universities and public opinion begin to be at variance; and even then it is argued that nothing can really be more essential than the sacrosanctity of custom. It is in the academic atmosphere. Men who are quite ready to reform the outside world become sound Conservatives when it is proposed to reform universities. So it is not surprising that the oath binding masters not to secede to Stamford should have remained on the statute-book till 1827; in fact, one rather wonders why it was repealed then.

Meantime, the machine of academic discipline was being perfected, and studies and regulations for them were shaping themselves. The main lines of what was to remain as the constitution of the University were well and truly laid: the duties of 'Congregation' defined; the 'Faculties' of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine established, with clear duties and privileges for each. Boys learnt 'Grammar,' that is, Latin; this was the first stage in the Seven Liberal Arts, the Trivium and Quadrivium; these were supplemented by the 'three philosophies,' natural, moral, and metaphysical. After four years of work the student became a Bachelor by 'Determination,' and in three more years a Master by 'Inception.' Further courses of training were necessary before the degree of Doctor could be attained. The whole academic course was a strenuous one. It could



not have been prescribed except in an age when there was much enthusiasm for learning, and many great teachers to kindle and to feed the flame; and there is no lack of memorable names in the chronicle of mediæval Oxford. Edmund Rich in the twelfth century was, apparently, the first recorded Oxford Master of Arts, and the first Doctor. Then the Friars came to Oxford; and students might hear the teaching of Marsh and Grosseteste and Roger Bacon, 'the most original genius of the Middle Ages.' It is true that as time went on, and not all Friars had the breadth of view of their greatest men, there were serious quarrels between the University and the Dominicans, who too uncompromisingly asserted the supremacy of sacred over profane learning. But no one would maintain that the Friars did not quicken the intellectual life of Oxford. Duns Scotus, logician, metaphysician, theologian, who 'found time to fill twelve folio volumes with dialectics which fascinated if they bewildered his age,' was a Franciscan, and lectured at Oxford for a time. As Realism is associated with the name of Duns Scotus, so is Nominalism with that of William of Ockham, that later light of the 14th century; and in the latter part of the same century Wycliffe's 'incomparable' teaching was heard in Oxford. That great reformer and earliest in England of persecuted 'heretics' moved the people 'through the voice of Oxford'; and the University had the courage to support him loyally even against the Pope. The list of 13th and 14th century names is a sufficiently imposing one. Matthew Arnold, in a well-known passage, describes the Oxford of his day as 'untouched by the fierce intellectual life of the century.' Perhaps he was right, at that time; there have been years when Oxford was comfortably moored in a backwater, outside the full current of contemporary thought. Certainly it could not be said now, when academic circles are only too acutely conscious of that fierce intellectual life in its inconveniently varying manifestations; nor were the 13th and 14th centuries open to that accusation. The mediæval University was at that time fully abreast of mediæval thought and speculation. Whatever may be thought now of its very comprehensive scheme of education (and it may be criticised, in the words of

Dr Rashdall, as 'substituting books for things') that scheme did at least satisfy the ideas of its age. More than that; Oxford was not only with the advance, but supplied the leaders and protagonists. No seat of learning boasted more men of light and leading, or as many; and whether it be cause or effect, probably there has never been in any University a more lively enthusiasm.

'The life of mediæval Oxford,' says Sir C. Mallet, 'at its best was a life which scholars could delight in. The atmosphere was one of intellectual effort, widely diffused if not always clearly understood. The comradeship of master and pupil, the contact of mind with mind, bore fruit. And the leaders of thought, however few their disciples, never forgot the grandeur of their task, to make all knowledge the training-ground of reason, and reason the interpreter of faith.'

High praise, indeed; but it may be taken as justified; for the writer is not prone to palliate deficiencies.

There is another test which Oxford has often, especially in these latter days, been required to satisfy. It is demanded of her that she should be 'national,' in the sense of being ready to admit all who come to learn. Nineteenth-century reform has rightly done its best to open the doors as wide as possible; and there can be no doubt that the University wishes to be a 'national' one; yet so great and growing is the population of England, and such are the complexities of modern civilisation, and so various are the ideals of education, that it is difficult to see how an English seat of learning can really invite all would-be students—or how, were the invitation given, it could possibly be accepted by representatives of every class and condition. With the best will in the world, there is a continual problem for reformers; and so far, perhaps, Oxford has found that it is less easy to be national than to be cosmopolitan. The mediæval University was less conscious of that difficulty. The common need of Latin satisfied the requirements alike of a 'liberal' and of a 'sound commercial' education; Latin being, as Mr Boase points out in his history of the city of Oxford, necessary, at a time when the accounts of a manor were kept in that tongue (and even till within the last few years some colleges have kept their accounts in Latin). 'One object of the colleges,' says the same

authority, 'was to help the education of the poor, and Oxford was a stronghold of popular feeling.' Early societies, about 1400, were very democratic, and we hear of 'tilers and paviours' dining with the Fellows of New College. As late as 1460 two poor scholars were officially permitted to ask alms. The standard of living excluded but few; that is generally true; yet it is impossible to ignore the fact that we begin very early in history to hear of the number of rich men's sons at Oxford, and the prohibitive cost of obtaining a degree. The number of students 'in residence' are very variously stated. Matthew Paris' estimate for 1209 of 3000 is held to be a moderate one; and if that or something like it be accepted, Oxford certainly admitted a much larger proportion of the national youth than it has ever done since.

Great constructive periods are apt to be succeeded by days of little things; and so it was with the University in the realm of thought and learning during the greater part of three centuries at least. Sir H. Maxwell Lyte speaks of the 'intellectual torpor' prevailing at Oxford and Cambridge for a hundred years after Wycliffe's death; the chief demand of the Universities was for 'a larger share of this world's goods.' It is true that new foundations, Lincoln, All Souls', Magdalen, arose in the 15th century to enhance the dignity and beauty of Oxford. It is true also that we owe to that same century the beginnings of one of the chief glories of Oxford and of the world, the Bodleian Library. But the gains were for the moment rather material than spiritual. Studies became mechanical. 'The vivid life, the passionate enthusiasm of the earlier days gave place, it may be, to teachers less original, to ambitions less exalted, to complaints about the slowness of preferment, to tame compliance with the evils of the time.' All that remained of the former ardent temper was its turbulence. There were disorders in plenty. The University expended what energy it had in constant bickerings with archbishops and even popes. While these things occupied its attention abuses began to creep in; men looked less to study than to the easiest short cut to its rewards; they began to be dispensed from the exercises necessary for degrees. Recently founded colleges did not always preserve intact the ideals of their founders; they were more concerned

sometimes with the protection and administration of their property than with the advancement of learning—small wonder, in that troubled 15th century. Then, and afterwards too, it must have been difficult to think first of academic studies when one's own cloisters were threatened by insistent external dangers. Riches make men timorous; the early Oxonian of pre-collegiate days, if Oxford became too dangerous or too unsettled for his taste, could quit the humble hostel which gave him a lodging, and follow his teacher or his pupils to Stamford or Cambridge, wherever there seemed to be the best prospect of a quiet life; there was nothing to immobilise him; *cantabat vacuus coram latrone*. Not so the Fellow of a college; he could not migrate from the walls which provided him with a settled home, and of which he was a trustee, bound to transmit them unimpaired to later generations. It is no wonder that colleges were primarily concerned for their own safety. The whole of Oxford paid the price for its 'national' character, when England was distracted by thirty years of civil war. The University suffered from being too much in the public eye; and to minimise inevitable evils must have been its primary object. Powers that were—or that were likely to be—had to be conciliated: a careful course must be steered between displeasing the monarch who reigned to-day and offending him who might be on the throne to-morrow; but the first was obviously the greater danger, and it was then that Oxford most learnt the lesson of loyalty to 'whatsoever king might reign.' That lesson was never forgotten; even when the University was privately Jacobite in the 18th century, it was officially Hanoverian. And now in the 15th academic authorities gave as warm a welcome to Henry VII as they had shortly before accorded to Richard III.

So it came about that partly from mere reaction but more especially as a consequence of the troubled state of England, the University, no longer animated by its earlier spirit, for many years did little more than mark time. What is true of the 15th century is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Tudor and Stuart reigns. Oxford had grown to be so important a part of English life that the University could not but be caught in the vortex of every current of events, and so distracted from

the proper course of her studies. Linacre and Grocyn and Colet brought the Renaissance to the lecture rooms of the schoolmen; and the great impulse of humanism could not but make itself felt; yet the seed would have borne more immediate and abundant fruit—in spite of the fact that the number of students had considerably decreased—had not the thorns of the 16th century sprung up and done their best to choke it. For fresh fears and troubles and insecurities came with the Reformation. Under Henry VIII colleges saw the fate of the monasteries, and trembled for their own. The sword of Damocles, indeed, did not fall; and the visitation instituted by Edward VI was intended to use its very wide powers for improving academic study and discipline. Under the dangerous reign of Mary the University was exposed to fresh menaces; the primary care of its prominent personages must have been to provide for the safety of their positions, if not of their lives; and if it was perilous to be a Protestant under Mary, the lot of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth could not be precisely enviable. Nevertheless, while the Virgin Queen was on the throne Oxford did enjoy what by comparison with earlier and later days may be called a halcyon period. Learning began to revive. On the several occasions when the Queen herself visited Oxford, the interminable fluency of academic dignitaries in protesting their loyalty proved that Latin at least was not neglected. If the spacious days of great Elizabeth brought some measure of peace and the beginnings of progress, the reign of James I was still more beneficent; for the moment it was a really golden age for Universities. The great library owed a new birth to Sir Thomas Bodley. There were new Professorships: Sir Henry Savile founded Chairs of Geometry and Astronomy—gifts, says Sir C. Mallet, all the more valuable when the tradition still survived that 'the most useful Branches of Mathematics were spels, and his Professors limbs of the Devil'—as under the Roman Empire to be a 'mathematicus' was to be a professor of the dangerous science of astrology; Natural and Moral Philosophy were endowed by Sedley and White, and History by Camden. Never did the true business of Oxford benefit more by private munificence. Learning no longer 'laudatur

et alget,' study and scholarship were encouraged by amenities and rewards. When Casaubon visited the University he found, indeed, that it was perhaps excessively occupied in theological debates; but he also could admire foundations 'where the Fellows combined the pursuit of learning with a spacious life of dignity and ease'—to which the only drawback was that wealth might possibly minister to self-conceit. Perhaps he is the first critic of what the later world has known as 'the Oxford manner.' But much yet remained to be done before Oxford could thoroughly recover from the troublous times in which so many relaxations of discipline had grown up. Elizabeth was a reformer of Universities; the statutes made for Oxford in her reign were designed in the interest of good order and academic decorum; but the great Laudian code went much further. Laud's scheme covered the whole field of University life—from the Council of College Heads which was to have sole power of initiating legislation (Laud was no democrat) to the behaviour of audiences at lectures, and the academic costume of Inceptors in Music. The whole house in short was set in order, and it seemed as if a new and reformed University was now at last entering under the happiest auspices on a career of true prosperity. But by a singular repetition of ill-fortune it has constantly happened that reforming or regularising activities at Oxford have been immediately followed by national movements which interfered with the desired efforts of reform. It had happened earlier; it was to happen later. The Renaissance had hardly had time to do its work before the fears and desires of the Reformation came to prevent the peaceful enlargement of studies. The Visitation originated by Edward VI was deprived of its effect by the dangerous reign of Mary. At a later day, no sooner had the latter half of the 18th century begun to show some reforming energy than the Napoleonic wars once more diverted academic minds from their proper studies. So it was with the 17th century; Laud's reforms had scarcely begun to be operative before the Civil War threw Oxford into the arena of political strife; and politics continued for a hundred years to interfere with the proper business of the University. The endowments of pious founders



provided opportunity for rewarding and punishing political partisans. The precedent of expulsions and intrusions of Heads and Fellows had been set at the Reformation, and Parliaments and Kings were not slow to act upon it. One such instance of arbitrary action has become a part of English history, because it was recorded by Macaulay; but when James II expelled the President and Fellows of Magdalen, he was simply acting in accordance with an unfortunately established tradition.

During the four centuries ending in 1700, the history of the University becomes more and more the history of its Colleges. These institutions, altogether unique in Europe as constituent parts of a University (their relation to which is even now very imperfectly understood by persons not intimately acquainted with Oxford or Cambridge), originated, no doubt, in the benevolent desire of wealthy men to provide places in which religion and sound learning should be supported and protected against a turbulent world: the selected beneficiaries were often to be drawn from a particular class or locality. From very early times—probably as soon as Oxford became a resort for any considerable number of teachers and hearers—students had naturally tended to form associations inhabiting the same lodging-houses or ‘Halls’: for convenience’ sake, they would make some sort of rules for their common life; they would elect a governor to carry the rules into effect. To build on the lines of such voluntary associations must have been the intention of the earliest founders of Colleges; and the monastic rule provided models for their guidance. Balliol and University, the earliest foundations (for although the latter no longer holds it impious to dissociate itself from Alfred the Great, it can date its existence at Oxford from 1274), were to be communities of Masters and Scholars or Fellows, all students rather than teachers, submitted to a fixed rule. They were pensioners. The beginnings of Merton are more important to the historian of Oxford. The endowed students were to live a common life, and Walter de Merton’s statutes defined the studies which they were to follow. These celebrated statutes, says Sir C. Mallet,

became the model for the first of Cambridge Colleges and the example for many a great foundation of a later day.

When the scheme of a history is chronological, and successive periods are described in successive chapters, the historian of Oxford is manifestly in a difficulty. Strict adherence to his chronological arrangement would mean that the story of a College must be told piece-meal, in notices scattered up and down the narrative of each century. Sir Charles Mallet has wisely chosen the path of inconsistency; in relating College history he refuses to be bound by the plan of his book; the chapter which describes the foundation of a College gives also its whole biography—at least down to 1700—in a continuous form. It was the only way; if the reader is to understand the life of these societies, continuity of narrative is essential for him. It is thus that he can best understand the chequered fortunes of Oxford, and the difficulties which lie in the path of University reform. And incidentally the story of any College is constantly supplying sidelights on English life and manners generally.

These College histories make very interesting reading. Statutes and bye-laws prescribe rules for every detail of life; how the student is to be dressed, how a Bachelor should comport himself in the presence of a Master, how the College is to be summoned to dinner—whether by blast of trumpet (a custom happily preserved at Queen's) or by a choir-boy chanting *Tempus est vocandi à manger, O Seigneurs*—all such provisions find their place along with the graver matters of the law relating to College discipline and administration of property and election of Heads and Fellows. But the researcher who seeks in these comprehensive chronicles for a record of academic studies is not fully rewarded. We learn sometimes of rules for study; we do not learn how they were obeyed; nor is that surprising. A corporation keeps accounts of business done; it does not profess to commemorate the actions of its individual members, when these are virtuous; it only chronicles derelictions of duty, because they are punishable. It is inevitable that academic vice should be more prominent on the page of history than academic virtue. The good tutor

and the industrious student fail to attain that immortality which is reserved for those who win a place in a 'Punishment Book'—for the junior Fellow who is whipt by the Dean, or the Magdalen man who is accused of baptising a cat.

One should not, then, infer too rashly from silence on the subject of education. Yet it is undeniable that Colleges were exposed to great dangers, and sometimes succumbed to them. They must adapt themselves to the age; it is not always easy to accommodate statutes made for one period to the uses of another; abuses may grow in the process. With the progress of the centuries Colleges changed their character. 'Commoners' were admitted in large numbers; the old type of 'unattached' students, already diminishing, disappeared altogether in the 15th century, when a statute compelled all undergraduates to be members of a Hall or College. Thus the Colleges, enlarged beyond the limits of their constitutions, ceased to be small bodies of students theoretically vowed to plain living and high thinking; Fellows and Scholars were only a nucleus, surrounded by others who were only sometimes animated by high educational ideals, for whose government, as they were not contemplated by the pious founder, new regulations had to be made, and whose presence in the College, desirable though it might be as bringing a learned foundation into closer touch with the whole of English life, could not be expected to be always an aid to serious study. Even apart from this, the collegiate system was obviously liable to abuse. Founders had meant their endowed cloisters to protect learning from a troublesome world; protection had the defects of its qualities, and might atrophy the energy of an intellectual age into the idleness of a period when there was less spiritual activity. Long before the much-abused 18th century we hear of 'drone bees living on the fat of Colleges.' Politics played their disturbing part. Endowments imperilled that which they had been meant to protect. The atmosphere of Oxford during the Civil Wars and the Post-Restoration period was hardly calculated to associate Fellowships with learning and education; when Fellows had for so long been extruded or intruded for purely political reasons, their posts were very naturally re-

garded as desirable sinecures; the way was made easy for the inactivity which characterised a great part of the 18th century, and from which Colleges, with notable exceptions, had not wholly awakened in the first half of the 19th.

It was, therefore, to be expected that when the echoes of the Oxford Movement began to die away the public mind should be exercised about the state of its Colleges. If Oxford was to be a place of education and not only an ecclesiastical battlefield, these corporations could not go unreformed. Fellows then received their stipends for life on the sole condition that they remained unmarried (in respect of which condition, irresponsible scandal would occasionally allude to the Horatian axiom, *Est et fidei tuta silentio merces*), and were held to be under no obligation to teach. Some, no doubt, did teach; a bad system is not inconsistent with individual merit, and Colleges sometimes had good tutors; but, speaking generally, the comparative absence of good college tuition was proved by the popularity and the rewards of extra-mural tuition. Many of the resident Fellows of the middle 19th century might be admired for their social qualities. Some were very capable administrators of College property. A few were even men of learning. But none of them need teach; and comparatively few of them did. If University education was to be regarded seriously, the existing system was totally impossible.

It was the legislation following the second University Commission—that of 1877—which finally succeeded in placing College teaching on a less precarious basis. There were to be no more life Fellowships. Men elected by (or, in the prudent phrase, ‘after’) examination enjoyed a small stipend for seven years; at the end of which, if they did not wish, or were not qualified, to undertake some definite work in their Colleges, they were not re-elected, but passed into the world outside. There were Tutorial Fellows, paid for teaching, and enjoying membership of the Governing Body on that sole condition; and they, too, must from time to time come up for re-election. All might marry. This was naturally held by many to be a dangerous and desperate innovation: there were dark presages of High Tables depleted, or worse; there

were visions of possible perambulators in quadrangles. But the creation of the Tutorial Profession—a phrase which is understood to have continuously horrified the unexpected conservatism of Prof. Freeman—has not, apparently, produced the results anticipated by pessimism; and the same may be said of another very important product of the second Commission. Some Professorships were already associated with Colleges; part of the Commission's work was to extend this association, which was desirable, partly because the Professor's position was bettered financially, and partly because College tutors would be more in touch with learned specialists. There was criticism, then and since, of a movement which (it was alleged) tended to break up College life by the introduction of aliens of mature age, who could not be expected to show single-minded loyalty to a new connexion. But whatever fears there were have proved unfounded. No doubt the sober friendship between a middle-aged Professor and the College of his adoption is not quite the same thing as the devotion of one whose home it has been since early manhood—perhaps since boyhood. But in the event no one has accused professors of disregarding the best interests of their respective foundations; Common Room society has gained enormously; and the savants themselves have no doubt recognised that College *esprit de corps* is a pleasant and perhaps even useful adjunct to the pursuit of learning. Taking the results of the second Commission's legislation as a whole, one may say without fear of question that Colleges are infinitely the better for it. They are probably more learned, and unquestionably much more active. Their social atmosphere has inevitably changed; and it may have lost something of the strangeness and quaintness which used to give Oxford and Cambridge a peculiar and unique character of their own—the 'difference' which John Bright conceded to their alleged 'provincialism.' The provincialism—if it was ever there—is gone, and so is the difference. Some one said—regretting the change—that there are no eccentrics now in Oxford. That statement may, perhaps, require some qualification; but it is probably true that there are rather fewer obvious and noticeable oddities, such as those celebrated in ancient fable. Colleges do not breed

them with the old facility,—eccentricities develop less readily in a world of active interests. There are none left now of the 'Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters'—the generally quite harmless and often extremely agreeable old gentlemen whom one used to meet in their Common Rooms, haunting those peaceful spots and really, as far as could be discerned, doing nothing else in particular. 'Do?' said the guide to the visitor (who was probably an American), 'do? What *should* they do? Why, them's Fellows!' (Legends like this, it may be said incidentally, die very hard.) There are very few left of the non-resident Fellows who knew something of the world and nothing of the University; there are hardly any of the residents who knew very little about either. Their place is taken by the modern member of the Governing Body of his College, who is a totally different kind of person. Under his rule, there is no reason why the interests of his College should not be fully served and its traditions respected. He is in fact not a worse but a better guardian of them because as a practical worker he is bound to know something of the world in which he lives, and realises the rôle which his College should play as a place of education and a constituent part of a learned University.

Now it appears that the Colleges are once more under review. According to the Report issued by the present University Commission, it would seem that the principal objects of the Commissioners are to make Oxford more national and more learned. No one can quarrel with the piety of either wish; but certainly, so far as academic opinion is concerned, reform is knocking at a door which is open already. Colleges cast their nets wide; they are willing and anxious to attract poor and promising students; and even the not easily satisfied intelligence of the Labour Party must recognise that the educational ladder does in fact, and not only in theory, lead to the University—private beneficence also playing a part. But whether any possible sumptuary regulation can really attract a considerable number of actual manual workers is extremely doubtful. There are obvious difficulties. These might probably be somehow overcome, did 'Labour' speak with a certain voice. But its voice in this matter is by no means certain; nay, one hears more



commonly of a certain reluctance to expose tender minds to dubious influences; fears are sometimes expressed lest the severe purity of Trades Unionism might be contaminated by the corrupting atmosphere of an Oxford lecture-room. This is something of an obstacle to 'nationality.' Clearly no University worthy of the name could consent to be 'national' at the expense of its freedom of teaching.

As to the second aim of the Commissioners, their desire to bring University and College teaching into a closer accord and more effective co-operation can only be praised; but it may be questioned whether the desired mutual understanding does not exist already. It is possible to represent these problems as more formidable than they really are. Divisions between different kinds of teachers are not always hard and fast. There are University Professors who are concerned with College tuition; on the other hand, much nominally collegiate teaching is addressed to the University, and there are College tutors who in virtue of the audiences which they instruct and the teaching which they impart are really, except in title and stipend, University Professors. There is also the patent fact that the resident personnel of the University is for the most part the personnel of its Colleges. According to his avocations at different hours of the day, a tutor may be a member of his College in the morning and a member of the University in the afternoon. This may confuse the issue, but it should simplify the problem; at least, it would seem to suggest that the two parties (if there are two) could very easily arrive at a *modus vivendi* without external assistance; and in fact they do. Very obvious considerations dictate the main lines for a division of educational labour between Colleges and 'University.' For good or evil, Oxford appears to have accepted the principle that it is the business of a University to open its doors as widely as possible, and to offer to all and sundry teaching in every imaginable subject. Clearly a College, even the largest and the richest, cannot teach everything, from Theology to Forestry; and even if it could, the multiplication of instructors would obviously be wasteful in the extreme. It is perfectly well understood that there are some subjects which are best

taught within the walls of a College, and others which require the ministrations of a Professor in his lecture-hall or his laboratory; and in so far as a Commission concerns itself with delimitations of the spheres of educational usefulness proper to the 'University' and its Colleges respectively, there was really no need for a Commission at all—were it not that no preparations for the millennium are ever held to be complete which do not include an inquiry into the state of Oxford and Cambridge.

However, the Commissioners have sat, and reported; and it remains to be seen how far the Colleges, which are revising (or have revised) their statutes with due regard to their recommendations, will surrender some part of their educational autonomy; for some extended rights of suggestion on the part of the University appear to be desired by the Commission. It may be hoped that there will in the upshot be no serious interference with the independence which is an essential part of the being of Colleges—an independence which they have at any rate in the last forty years exercised so usefully, and with such consideration of the best interests of the University. After all, so long as these great and venerable foundations are animated by the right ideals, there is, for the great majority of men who are to be trained for the service of Church and State, 'no place like an Oxford or Cambridge College. It is there that men best realise what Sir C. Mallet calls (in another connexion) 'the comradeship of master and pupil, the contact of mind with mind.' And it is the Colleges, and the tradition of life within their walls, which assure to the University its most excellent possession—the loyalty of its sons.

A. D. GODLEY.

# Art. 9.—THE TROUBLES OF LONDON TRAFFIC.

THE old adage runs, 'Everything comes to him who knows how to wait,' but that only applies to those who can contrive to live long enough. It is twenty-two years since Mr Balfour, who was then Prime Minister, in order to meet the clamour that our traffic arrangements were chaotic, and that we were not looking ahead, appointed one of the strongest Commissions which has ever been got together. It sat for two years and a half, accumulated evidence from all directions, expended large sums, and reported in eight volumes containing a mine of informative suggestion. But one recommendation governed all. There must be a permanent authority to supervise and bring into line the traffic not only of London but of the rapidly extending Greater London—a Traffic Brain. The members of this authority must be gifted with imagination. Not only must they look far afield, but also generations ahead. Even then it was evident that horses were going to give place to machinery; already some men were burrowing under London, and others actually daring to fly above it; vast changes were foreshadowing. It was necessary to be up and doing. Co-ordination of effort was essential. And then, before they had time to set up this machinery, Mr Balfour's Government fell, and the dead hand of what one might call ultra-municipal politics was heavily imposed. Defeated and ousted from the County Hall, its influence shifted to the House of Commons, and remained there. Ignoring the obvious fact that to deal with London traffic problems it was essential to consider land, roads, and railways far outside the area of the London County Council, it was argued that that body must be the Traffic Authority. Moreover, it was forgotten that the Council was committed to tramways, and that as a competitor it could not be a judge. The dead hand pressed heavily, and the work of the Royal Commission was wasted. In vain was Mr Asquith appealed to. First one estimable gentleman was appointed and then another to work at keeping the facts which had been so laboriously got together up to date, and certain duties were imposed on the already over-

burdened police force; but there was no general supervision, no money, no possibility of action. Seven years passed by. Then came the War, and ten more years were added on. To-day only five Members of that notable Commission and the Secretary remain alive. It is astounding to think how obstructive a narrow-minded outlook can be, and how long-suffering are the public.

But though politics may bar progress it is difficult to restrain the ingenuity of individuals and private enterprise, and London, fortunately, did not stand still. How could she? Every year more tunnels were driven beneath our feet. Every week motors were multiplied and became more efficient. Every hour the public were more deeply bitten with the longing for speed. And to-day at last we have got a Traffic Authority—not, perhaps, the ideal 'Brain' we had hoped for, for there are many conflicting interests which are compelled to take divergent views and pull different ways—but still an Advisory Board, appointed ad hoc, keen, businesslike, powerful, to investigate and suggest schemes and regulations, with a Ministry behind it to carry them out, and a Minister imbued with the proper spirit. At long last!

It may seem strange to begin an article under this heading by pointing out how vastly our traffic conditions have improved within the last generation, but this is only fair, for the improvement has been marvellous, and it is because we now realise how much faster it is possible to travel—in many different ways and more comfort—that the lingering on of some of the old handicaps annoys us. We have attained to a new standard of what speed in travelling can be; we want to get the fullest advantage of this. How can it be done? Well, our need is exactly that watchful, all-seeing, co-ordinating body for which we have waited so long. While avoiding monopolies we wish to eliminate unnecessary and wasteful competition, all the more so because that waste necessarily causes congestion. Three generations ago the English were the freest people on earth. To-day in England's crowded areas some liberty must go. Town-planning has come too late. Blocked streets are bad for trade; they are even worse for that

improvement in housing which is the social problem of the day; for free and speedy movement is the purger of the slums. To many Londoners in all ranks of life the saving of time means not only money but health.

Let us consider street traffic first, for it is always before us. How circumstances have changed since in those years when the old Commission was sitting! Piccadilly was often blocked from end to end with horse vehicles, omnibuses, cabs, carts, and drays, above all with great barouches, a dream of fine ladies, stout coachmen, and fat horses; and Piccadilly was only a fashionable sample of what went on all over the town. Then every vehicle was not only slower in getting under way, in movement and in acceleration, but also more awkward in turning and longer, and so took up more road space. To-day motor traffic is splendidly fluid, and everything can travel at high speed were it not for only a very few clearly defined obstacles.

Why are our streets so constantly under repair? Can nobody invent a paving surface which does not require constant renewal, some kind of carpet, and some method of tunnelling by which the various pipes and conduits can be got at without hacking down to them? Well, we hope for both these things, but, in the meanwhile, before it is three months old, our new Committee are up and taking action. They are going to stand no nonsense, and the Minister of Transport has issued orders requiring all road authorities within the London area, from the London County Council and the other County Councils and the City Corporation down to the humblest Urban District Council, to submit half-yearly statements of the road repairs they suggest. He is not going to allow two parallel streets to be up at the same time. Nor will he permit any public utility undertaking to cut down with high-handed independence into a newly reconstructed roadway. There is to be co-ordination and arrangement to put an end to such absurdity. For this, at least, we may be thankful.

So much for the surface of our streets and roads, but how about their dimensions? It is the fashion to speak as though all our streets were too narrow and all London was crowded out with vehicles and people. Is there any truth in this? Why, she has hundreds of

miles of empty streets, and hundreds more where serious blocking is unknown! The City, the dock area, a belt of varying width on both sides of the river, and certain industrial quarters and commercial centres are very crowded, to a considerable extent by vehicles standing in the roadway—the ridiculous hay market at Aldgate is a flagrant case in point—but I make so bold as to say that over the greater portion of London very few of our thoroughfares of communication are overcrowded except those which carry either tramways or omnibuses. Admittedly these are the main thoroughfares to which people are accustomed. They are brought along them and throng them, and because of this, because of the advertisement, these are the streets which attract the big shops also. It is a thoroughly bad combination. Now here we have the opportunity for our new Authority. The Minister cannot, I fear, prevent the big shops from coming into and expanding along these established thoroughfares; but he can limit the number of public vehicles which both use and feed them, insisting on alternative routes and perhaps, in certain places, on one-way roads. If he chooses he can order half the omnibuses out of Oxford Street, and say that in South London and East London, so long as tramways exist, omnibuses should avoid most of the narrower streets along which their rails are laid. In that way he can create new thoroughfares. Is it necessary in these days that horses should go everywhere and at all hours? Their pace is different, indeed, it is obsolete; they necessitate a form of paving which does not last, for they themselves destroy it; and they demand flatter gradients. At the busiest hour a great coal-cart with one large horse can hold up a congested thoroughfare. Crawling taxis also are a convenience to the few but a nuisance to the many. Would it not be better if, in a narrow thoroughfare like Bond Street, a taxi-driver when unemployed were bound to leave it at the first side opening; and if, in a wide street like Regent Street, he must either go out or station himself in the centre of the road. Taxi-ranks even of inordinate length are not so troublesome as crawlers. Indeed, it would be better if no waiting vehicles could stand by the kerb, for the convenience of the few must



give way to the needs of the many, and arrangements for parking should be made everywhere. It was announced the other day that a parking building five storeys high was to be erected in Dean Street, Soho, with accommodation for five hundred cars.

We are aiming at the convenience of everybody, and we know that people wish to travel far and fast, but it must be speed combined with safety for all concerned. Every year there are fewer accidents on our railways, but we cannot say the same of our streets. In them, in the last three months of 1924, 238 people were killed, while there were 21,619 accidents to persons or property, most of them not at crowded points, where precautions are generally taken, but in the ordinary streets in the ordinary life of the town. There is some bad driving, and much driving which is too fast, especially on slippery surfaces, but most accidents are caused by pure carelessness, by the pedestrian who steps—worse still, by the child who runs, often backwards—into the roadway. Why also do people take care to avoid one vehicle but forget that another may be travelling, perhaps faster, behind or beyond it! Then why are tram-cars permitted to stop suddenly, in their privileged position in the centre of the roadway, and so blocking vision, without giving warning? It should be compulsory that the putting on of the brakes is signalled automatically to any following vehicle, especially at night. The abolition, also, of the regulation that a bicycle must show a back light at night has added yet another peril to all road traffic, especially in the outskirts.

For the safety of pedestrians desirous of crossing busy thoroughfares we often see foot-bridges suggested, but though it would be instructive to see one temporary bridge erected on trial, the difficulties are seldom realised. They would require to have a clearance of 18 feet, entailing stairways of some 36 steps, and much blocking of the pavements, but the real point is—would they be much used? How many people would climb 36 steps in preference to struggling across on the level? Tunnels would be much easier, for they need not be so deep, and we all prefer to start going downstairs rather than up; and it is to be hoped that the re-arrangement which is going to take place at Piccadilly Circus, whereby not

only the conveniences but the Tube Station is to be under the centre, and approached by stairways from half a dozen different pavements, will be followed wherever there are similar opportunities. As I have pointed out before now, London has to exploit her basement.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate again all the difficulties of vehicular cross-traffic, for everybody should realise them by now. If on the boundless Sahara two strings of camels arrive at the same point at the same moment and wish to cross each other at right angles, one must halt until the other has passed on its way. It is the same at Ludgate Circus and at a thousand other places in London, and the greater the volume of traffic the longer the halt must be. I often wonder how many thick-necked, choleric gentlemen, hurrying to the City or to catch a train, have had their lives shortened by cross-traffic blocks. It is the hopelessness and powerlessness of the position. It shows us why an escalator, always moving, is better for us than the lift we may just miss. At any rate we are doing something. Our endeavour should be to by-pass cross-traffic blocks. We can bridge them, or tunnel them, or go round. Holborn Viaduct is the best instance of bridging, but there are very few valleys in London, and on level ground Sir Alfred Yarrow's proposals can rarely be carried out without long, costly, and ugly approaches which would depreciate property considerably. Tunnels may be easier, especially at places like Devonshire House, where the ground falls away on both sides of Piccadilly; and one there is now under consideration. Oxford Street also might possibly be tunnelled in two or three places. But in London there are also very few ridges. Of course it would be much easier if traffic were differentiated. A tunnel to take an omnibus must have long approaches and would therefore be very difficult to arrange, while one to take a taxi or any low vehicle would be comparatively easy to make. And the elimination of taxis alone would do much to relieve many cross-traffic blocks. Failing bridging and tunnelling, we must go round, making use of such alternatives as exist or can be evolved. In old days, for interest and amusement,

people liked to travel through the busy places, we had not learnt to hurry, it was part of the show of the town. This must be stopped. London is too serious a problem. We must arrange that unnecessary traffic shall by-pass such places as Trafalgar Square, most of the Circuses, the Elephant, High Street Kensington, Aldgate, and all similar centres.

What possibility of by-passing can compete with the effective use of the free air above our heads? Flying birds by-pass oceans and continents, hovering and settling where they choose. Aeroplanes already fly over London, but so far they have not learnt how to rise straight from the ground, how to hover and settle. When shall we hear that these secrets have been revealed? It seems only the other day that some of us with half the population of the countryside were out on Lake Constance to see the first Zeppelin take the air, and only yesterday that the first aeroplane flew across the Channel. How soon shall we see garages rising above the roofs of London houses, and what regulations will be required to prevent collisions? It is to be hoped that our Air Ministry is looking well ahead, and remembering that as our public air services become as much a part of our lives as our railways are to-day, we shall not want to have to travel as far as Croydon to embark on our flying ships. One thing is pretty certain, and that is that the London of the future will be more exciting, and a good deal noisier.

And then the London clay. Our tubes also by-pass all obstacles, even our sewers, even our river. But they are very costly to make, and there has been little or no co-ordination in their lay-out. So far they are only useful for passenger traffic, and they do not yet cover London. A great deal of linking up is required, and possibly there is some unnecessary duplication, even in tubes, certainly in tubes, omnibuses, and tramways when taken together. Lord Ashfield's addresses to his various companies in February showed this. Here also the Minister of Transport and his Advisory Committee would find an opportunity of doing much useful work, for improvement cannot be carried out save by heavy expenditure, and money will not be obtainable without the certainty of an adequate return. We are anxious

to eliminate waste, and when Lord Ashfield puts the question—'Does London want an orderly, efficient, economical system of transport?' he is surely justified in answering—'Then London must see to it that such measures of regulation and control are secured as will enable such a system to be maintained and developed.' The problem is no small one. In Greater London last year there were 3,334,000,000 travellers, and on an average 445 journeys per head of population. And the number is always on the up-grade. To take one railway, the Southern, which brings some people across the river and others nearly to the river bank, most of them desiring to pass across it. A count taken over one week last year showed that the daily average of trains running in and out of its various terminal stations was 3281, carrying 492,540 passengers. Of 27,192 who came into Cannon Street within twenty-four hours, 23,864 arrived between 7 and 10 a.m.; of 42,994 who left London Bridge Central, 35,109 departed between 4 and 8 p.m. We free-born Britons always consider that we have an inalienable right to grumble if our train is three minutes late, but the troubles of the railway companies are immense. The greatest benefactors to traffic would be those who could manage to reverse the magnets and tempt passengers against the fashionable stream and so to occupy empty carriages. Half our transport worries are caused by everybody wishing to travel at the same time—the result of shorter hours.

I have purposely left to the last our river and the bridges and tunnels by which we cross it. The Thames is London's greatest asset. It made her and her trade, its stream is her oldest and cheapest highway, its wide expanse her most health-giving lung, along its banks lie her greatest scenic opportunities. Nothing must be done to obstruct the Thames; everything should be done to exploit the advantages it gives us. Back and forward, the fresh water running down from the Cotswolds and the salt water racing up from the North Sea carry many of the cumbersome necessities of London and the up-river towns. An ocean-going ship from the Tyne takes coal as far as Vauxhall; strings of barges, laden so deep as to be almost flat on the water, pass far beyond; but

now there is no pleasure traffic, no passenger traffic. It seems a pity, but twice in our generation has there been failure, first of private, then of municipal, enterprise. Anything which has to rank as a passenger service must be cheap and comfortable and fast. Moreover, if it is to compete satisfactorily with our other reliable methods of transport, it must day in and day out keep up to time; and when tacking across from one bank to another of a tidal river, sometimes on the ebb and sometimes on the flow, this is difficult. Sir Samuel Instone has so far failed to satisfy the London County Council that his proposals promise success and would justify the expending of heavy money in putting the piers in order. Once bitten, twice shy. Anybody can imagine boats crowded out on sunny summer days but running absolutely empty in the colder and wetter months.

And then the crossings, for the Thames divides London and Greater London into two halves. It has to be by-passed above or below its water, and whether a river be tunnelled or bridged, the approaches will always be the difficulty. Downstream at Purfleet, in comparatively open country, we are promised a tunnel to connect Kent and Essex. But the two we have already in our East End, Blackwall and Rotherhithe, show us how troublesome such undertakings are and how disturbing in the making. Roughly speaking, the roadway in each case lies 70 feet below the high-water mark above it. Again roughly, the approaches from either bank of the river to where the street level is reached are half a mile in length. Therefore unless some way of feeding tunnels by lifts can be evolved—and this should not be impossible—it is evident that the tunnel method of crossing the Thames is ruled out of Central London, and we must rely on bridges.

The bridges of London, past, present, and future, would themselves merit a stout volume. So far the lowest downstream is that at the Tower, which rises and falls to let the ships through; but the Town Planning Institute now come forward and suggest one at Woolwich to bestride from the heights of the Common not only the river, but the town, the valley, and the miles of docks on the north side. That would indeed be a by-pass!

But what would it cost to build and maintain, even to paint? The Forth bridge requires a staff of 150 men always at work on its maintenance! To the West the Roads Improvement Association suggest one of a more modest nature at Chiswick, to by-pass London on that side. But let us content ourselves with our own area. Here in ten miles we have fourteen bridges, but Lambeth, though now marked for rebuilding, has carried no vehicles for a generation, and the future of Waterloo is in suspense. Four brand-new bridges have been suggested. One, at St Paul's, has been long under discussion, but it has never had much support from students of traffic or those responsible for the safety of the Cathedral, and now that the great dome is seriously threatened, we shall in all probability hear little of it for some time, if ever again. Another at Wandsworth excites local interest, a third close to the Temple has a few supporters, and—last but not least—we have a fourth which has probably been more talked about and written about in the Press than any bridge since the world began—Charing Cross.

Sometimes it is impossible to stress a point too often, and I must be forgiven if I go back to by-passing as the one and only cure for congestion. Earlier I pointed out that London possessed few ridges or valleys; but she always has the wide valley of the Thames. In most places this depression is shallow, but on the north, from Trafalgar Square to some considerable distance beyond the Tower, the ground rises appreciably, if not at the present river-bank at any rate not far from it. Now when the Special Committee on Thames Bridges which the London County Council set up in July 1924, 'to inquire into the whole question of adequacy, condition, etc., of existing bridges and the necessity (if any) for additional means of transport across the Thames . . .', brought up their Report, in the first week of February, some of their statements must have caused surprise. They say:

'Dealing, then, with the central stretch of the river, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no bridge problem in the narrow sense of the words. There is probably only one of the bridges which could not take a good deal more traffic'—their exception is Waterloo Bridge. And they go on: 'But



if there is no serious bridge problem there is undoubtedly an approach problem.'

And they point out that on the approaches 'cross-traffic is the chief obstacle.' And they are right, for unless the roadway of a bridge is up nothing happens on it to cause a block. No vehicle stops at the side or turns across the regular movement. The rebuilt Southwark Bridge is going to find its chief use as a tramway terminus, for it carries little more traffic into the City than the one which was lately pulled down. The doctors had diagnosed the case wrongly. The old bridge was unused, not because of its gradients, but because, though it looked straight up at the Guildhall some 600 yards away, to get there a vehicle had, and still has, to negotiate cross-traffic blocks in Upper Thames Street, in Cannon Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Cheapside. Blackfriars Bridge is blocked twice near its northern end; Waterloo, though by leaping over the Embankment it enables that road to be the fastest in London, is itself blocked at Wellington Street; Westminster at Parliament Street; and Vauxhall by the lines of tramways alongside the station.

Now this surely teaches us one thing. Nearly everywhere there are roads running parallel to the river and close to it, what we might call service roads like Upper Thames Street and Belvedere Road, great thoroughfares like the Embankment and the Strand. A bridge is a thoroughfare up in the air already. It is crossing a valley and should take all the advantage it can. It can afford to ignore service roads, and though it must make some connexion with other thoroughfares it should also be so arranged as to be independent of them. That is why the old Royal Commission suggested that a section of Blackfriars Bridge should be carried over the Embankment and Ludgate Circus; why Sir John Wolfe Barry wanted to make a tunnel or bridge at Wellington Street; why no bridge at Charing Cross will have its full value unless it bestrides not only the Embankment but the Strand on the north and Belvedere Road and York Road on the south. It is curious to think that as long ago as in 1902—I think at Sir John Wolfe Barry's request—I got a Special Sub-Committee of the County Council appointed to consider the Wellington Street

crossing and the general question of cross-traffic, the reference being

'that, having regard to the fact that the traffic in main thoroughfares becomes daily more congested, and that such congestion, though assisted by a mixture of slow and fast draught and the narrowness of the streets, is even more certainly caused by cross-traffic, it be an instruction to the Improvements Committee to consider the possibility of some "over and under" arrangement, by means of bridges or subways, in or about every spot where two large streams of vehicles have now perforce to wait to cross each other,'

and that in due course that Sub-Committee, through the Improvements Committee, recommended:

'(A) That the consideration of the question of the construction of a subway or bridge at the junction of the Strand with Wellington Street, and at the junction of Holborn and Southampton Row, be allowed to remain in abeyance until after the formation of the new street from Holborn to the Strand, when it will be possible to ascertain the effect of the construction of that street upon the general traffic, and also the effect of the working of the tramway subway from Southampton Row to the Strand.

'(B) That it be an instruction to the Improvements Committee to bear in mind the general question raised in the Council's resolution of Jan. 21, 1902, whenever the widening of main thoroughfares or the construction of new streets is in contemplation, so that consideration may be given to the question whether, in connexion with any such improvements, some arrangement may be made for the relief of the cross-traffic.'

Now, at last, twenty-three years later, we have an Authority watching these general traffic problems.

It is to be hoped that people have found time to read carefully the Report which the County Council's Special Bridges Committee brought up on Feb. 24th. It puts the main facts with admirable clearness, sometimes condemning, sometimes approving, hiding nothing, and doing its utmost to be judicial.

A new Lambeth Bridge is agreed to, but without any enthusiasm. The Committee point out that though it has been authorised by Parliament, and its southern

approach is good, a great deal remains to be done on the north 'if full advantage is to be taken of the new crossing.' One might add two criticisms: first, that apparently no arrangement has been made for its most obvious use, that the tramways should cross it, and swinging round by Vincent Square to Vauxhall Bridge Road link up and so do away with the troublesome dead-end near Victoria Station; secondly, that if it is ever much used it will create bad cross-traffic blocks on both banks. St. Paul's Bridge is put on one side for the present, partly because of the danger to the Cathedral, partly because of the congestion it would cause in Cannon Street and Cheapside, partly because the Committee think that the large sum of money required 'could be more usefully spent in connexion with other bridges.' The following sentence is illuminating. 'No one who has come before us has favoured the construction of this bridge.'

A bridge at the Temple, they say, would be very costly, and as it would be only 325 yards from Waterloo Bridge it would involve 'special difficulties of navigation in that reach of the river.' They add, 'At present we are satisfied that it is not required.'

Charing Cross tempts them further. It 'presents both advantages and difficulties of a very different order. It has been discussed for years—even for generations—but the scheme is easier to talk about than to carry through,' and they wish now to put it on a different footing. They express no opinions as to the removal of the station, as to high level or low level, stone or steel, a double-decked bridge,\* or the present railway bridge widened to take also road traffic. But they make one mighty step forward. They know 'how formidable is the enterprise,' but they would start to explore. They realise that this bridge raises not only a traffic question but that there hang on it the greatest development and improvement possibilities in Central London, that not only the Southern Railway with all its ramifications is involved, but other great corporations. They recommend that

'The Improvements Committee should investigate and

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\* 'London—Her Traffic, Her Improvement and Charing Cross Bridge.'  
By Captain George S. C. Swinton. Murray.

report to the Council upon the possibility of securing the co-operation of all interested parties in the preparation and eventual execution of a scheme for a road bridge on or near the line of the existing Charing Cross railway bridge.'

And this recommendation was agreed to by the Council. Probably not many people realise that though for at least 15 years Charing Cross Bridge and its opportunities have been continually before the public; that though there have been debates and divisions in Parliament and innumerable letters, communications and leading articles in the Press; that though there can be few architects who have not succumbed to the temptation to put on paper their views of what glorious things might rise up before us; never till now have we come to conversations between the only persons who can make arrangements or undertake to get anything done.

I do not know any one who to-day approaches the question of the fate of Waterloo Bridge without some emotion. Perhaps the threat to it has actually done good. Ten thousand pens must have leapt to the ink-pot to defend it. Many a City man who for a generation had driven morning and evening along the Embankment almost without noticing it, certainly without realising its stern dignity, now eagerly joins in the discussion as to whether it should go or stay. And the more people there are who interest themselves in London's beauties and horrors and worries and delights, the better for London. The London Society should gain in numbers.

The trouble began very suddenly. It seems only like the other day when the Chief Engineer of the Council said to me, 'Do you know where I have come from? I have just been in a boat on the river, examining one of the piers of Waterloo Bridge, and I do not like the look of it.' A week later it was evident that something was seriously wrong, and steps were taken to close the bridge and support two of the arches—evidently not a moment too soon. For consider what might have happened! On each pier there is a weight of some 10,000 tons of granite. At the key-stone of each arch there is a tremendous pressure, the thrust of the whole bridge from bank to bank. If one pier had given, causing one arch to break, an onlooker might have

witnessed an amazing spectacle, Waterloo Bridge toppling over, arch after arch, like a pack of cards and vanishing beneath the waters of the Thames. A sufficiently alarming catastrophe! And then what would have been the result? For the granite blocks would have come apart and buried themselves in the mud. The girders of a steel bridge might have been caught up and picked out. This mass of broken stone would have set up a dam right across the Thames, probably barring all navigation; while the Embankment, the old Underground, perhaps the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament and a great section of South London, would have been under water until the obstruction was removed. For how long? I wonder if all the Waterloo Bridge lovers—and most of us rank ourselves as such—realise all this, the immense responsibility—for there are six piers standing in the stream, all similar in construction, a crushing weight of stone resting on wooden piles driven down into the river-bed. One pier is giving way. Can we take risks about the others?

Then, what was the next step? Our engineer, speaking with the fullest knowledge of all the facts, said that this pier must come down. Another engineer, while admitting that he was not in full possession of the facts, opined that such drastic treatment was unnecessary, arguing that it could be underpinned. The Committee called in two men at the head of the engineering profession, the only two living men who had built bridges in the tidal waters of the Thames. They agreed on the necessity of demolition. Others, we are told, supported the proposal to underpin. How could the Committee decide between experts? It appealed to the Council of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and after most careful consideration the reply came that the London County Council 'would be well advised to act upon the considered individual opinion of' the men they had consulted. Can any one suggest a higher or more trustworthy tribunal? It would be difficult to find one, and that afternoon in February the Council, after debate but without a division, passed the following recommendation, that

'Subject to the provision of a subway underneath the Strand for the accommodation of the general vehicular traffic

using the bridge, Waterloo Bridge should be reconstructed with not more than five arches over the river, and of a width sufficient to take six lines of vehicular traffic.'

But remember this. In the Committee room that morning, when receiving the deputations which had come, some of them a second or third time, to plead for the preservation of the bridge, and again in the Council Chamber that afternoon, the Chairman of the Committee put his case with crushing logic. In situations such as this, whatever their personal predilections might be—and I believe that most of its members started in with the desire to save the bridge—what must a responsible Committee do? They were not engineering experts, but they had the highest engineering opinion that one pier must certainly come down at once, and that probably most of the others would have to come down as well, now or in the future. A granite bridge sounds indestructible, but in places poor stone had been used, and it was crumbling. If the whole bridge had to be taken down—to its very deepest foundations, remember—should it be re-erected? As an artistic monument it has been acclaimed all over the world. From the traffic point of view, as a 20th-century bridging of a tidal river which carries heavy traffic, and would like to carry still heavier, it is now out of date, the span of its arches, the width of its roadway, being both too narrow. Its gallant defenders say nothing need be taken down. Well, somehow or other, they must manage to prove this. They have the incentive and they have the time. For no action can be taken in any case until the temporary bridge is completed, and that will not be before July. At present the dangerous arches are shored up, and safe.

GEORGE S. C. SWINTON.



Art. 10.—CLASSICAL MYTHS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE pictures in the National Gallery whose subjects are taken from classical mythology are among the most popular in the collection; some of that popularity is undoubtedly due to the relief given by such pictures from the continual repetition of religious themes in the Italian schools. In these 'profane' pictures the artist can be appreciated as artist or illustrator according to the inclination of the spectator without the intrusion of any religious or anti-religious sentiment. Some popularity is also aroused by recalling memories or providing illustrations in happier days of legends once familiar but unwelcome at school or college. To many the profound charm of those ancient legends, obscured in boyhood by the difficult triviality of Ovid's utterance, has been finally revealed by such a masterpiece as Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne.' Yet though these pictures may serve as illustrations, they are utterly free from the pedantic precision of archæological detail which makes illustrated editions of classical texts so futile and modern paintings of such subjects so sickly and valueless. If the spectator happens to be a classical scholar and has any feeling for art, he knows that archæological and artistic values must not be confused, and the general public, who are never quite sure if painting is anything more than the illustration of a subject, are of necessity quite indifferent, once they have established a general identity between title and treatment, to requirements of scholarship. And a similar indifference, springing, however, from a different cause, is characteristic of the Italian artists, even after editions of the classics and classical remains had become common in Italy. Anti-quarianism was never allowed to cramp creative power, whereas in painters of inferior calibre it becomes the dominating influence in their work. Mantegna is the only great Italian artist to whom archæological truth was an obsession, and fortunately his genius was, in general, strong enough to mould his science into impressive artistic form.

Piero di Cosimo's 'Death of Procris'\* is a good

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\* N. G. 698.

instance of the free handling by an artist of a familiar classical subject. Moore has turned the story into some pretty verses, and Ovid has told it at length in the *Art of Love* as well as in the *Metamorphoses*. Procris, jealous of her husband, follows him on a hunting expedition, betrays her presence by a movement in the thicket where she has concealed herself, and her husband, thinking the noise was caused by a wild beast, drew his bow at a venture and killed her. Piero was born about 1462, and the *editio princeps* of Ovid appeared in Rome in 1471, so that it is quite likely that he may have read the story for himself or heard an accurate version of it. And yet the picture is in no way a direct illustration of Ovid's verses, and those who do not know the classical story are not hindered in their enjoyment of the picture. It is antiquarian and illustrative in a peculiar manner. The dramatic moment of her death and discovery did not attract Piero. Procris is seen lying dead by the shore of an estuary in a wide, peaceful landscape where flowers and birds and dogs are shown with tender delicacy; the actual cause of her death is suggested or recalled to those who know by the presence in the foreground of the hunting dog and the satyr, a being in whom the life of the wilds is personified. The artist's emotions have been stirred not so much by the story as by the thought of the world in which the incident took place, by the freedom of that ancient life which he realises so convincingly in the landscape and in the figure of the satyr, while Procris remains a rather heavily conceived and executed form, just as clumsy as the nymphs in the same painter's picture of 'The Rape of Hylas.'\* Piero had no power to present the beauty of the human form, but he conveys the tragic moment of death by the impressive form of the dog, gazing in dumb sorrow at Procris and by the exquisite delicacy of the half-human satyr laying his hands so gently, so humanly upon the dead woman. The solemn stillness of the whole scene is only broken by a few birds quietly gliding down to the water in the background.

In his essay on Sandro Botticelli, Walter Pater has touched on that painter's peculiar treatment of the antique.

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\* In the collection of Mr Robert Benson.

'You will find,' he says, referring to 'The Birth of Venus' in the Uffizi, 'that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves of the finest period.' Botticelli, about whom Pater wrote so hesitatingly in 1870, almost apologising at the end of the essay for delaying so long upon a secondary painter, is now established as one of the greatest among Italian artists. Mr Berenson calls him the 'greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had,' at the same time drawing attention to Botticelli's general indifference to 'mere subject and representation': 'the secret is this, that in European painting there has never been an artist so indifferent to representation.' And it is consistent with this view of his genius that none of Botticelli's pictures are direct illustrations of a literary subject. The so-called 'Mars and Venus' in the National Gallery, 'The Birth of Venus' and 'The Spring' at Florence, are not based on any classical legends, but are a free combination of certain pictorial conceptions from the ancient world. In what way, then, is he so excellent 'an inlet into the Greek temper'? It is simply through his gift of design or orderly coherence. Design brings with it clearness of individual form, and subordination of the parts, not to a possible subject, but to the total effect. And that is the peculiar achievement of Greek art in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.; vases, reliefs on tombs, pediments of temples, all bear witness even in their ruin to a feeling for design, which must have been much more obvious in the undamaged brightness of marble and paint and metal. In the single statue it was on the effect of the whole that the artist concentrated, not on facial expression or graceful attitude; in the pedimental groups he took the solid figure and repeated it to form an adequate design just as Botticelli throws together his figures in 'Spring' or 'The Birth of Venus.' The Greek artist never allowed the power of the figures employed in the design to be diminished by charm of background or atmosphere, and they were always to be seen in the all-revealing light of Greece. The facial expression of Botticelli's figures is no more significant than the 'smile' in early Greek sculpture; his real interest is in the completed design, and in the interest of that he has

reduced the background of landscape to the most subordinate and conventional form, and placed his figures in a clear and austere light that has no enhancing or romantic effect on them. It is from these qualities that he is an 'inlet into the Greek temper.' There is in his work the same clearness and fragile delicacy of form that we can observe in the best Greek reliefs, for instance, those on the famous Ludovisi throne in the Terme Museum at Rome, or dimmed by the copyist's hand but still triumphant in the 'Orpheus and Eurydice' at Naples, or can hear so often in the opening words of some chorus by Euripides :

σὸ μὲν ὦ πατρίς 'Ιλιάς  
τῶν ἀπορρήτων πόλις οὐκέτι λέξει.

'Thou, O my country of Ilium,  
Art no more counted a city unsacked. . . .'

It is only by virtue of the descriptive title attached to it that Botticelli's 'Mars and Venus' in the National Gallery \* can be counted 'classical' in content. A brief consideration of it is enough to convince one that it has very little directly illustrative matter in it. The artist may have received a suggestion from the beginning of Lucretius' poem, or, as some critics suggest, from a contemporary poet, Angelo Poliziano. The background of myrtle, the baby satyrs, themselves a variation by the painter on the virile classical type, are the only elements of the antique in the picture, though possibly the nude figure of the man is also due to its influence; the armour, the costume of Venus are mediæval; there is no great physical beauty in the figures such as we attribute to the gods and goddesses of Greece; yet we feel the picture to be Greek in spirit because it is so clear and truthful in the realisation of every part, so free from all self-consciousness, so complete in its design, so dependent for its effect upon what is presented and nothing more.

Let us consider for a moment how far the pictures of Botticelli which, though they are not illustrative of classical themes, at least contain a reference to that heroic world of legend, and the work of more directly illustrative painters, such as Piero di Cosimo and Titian,

\* N. G. 915.

are an attempt to convey to the beholder something of the spirit which the artist, especially the Renaissance artist, felt about the dimly realised glory of ancient Greece and Rome. We must not forget that, by considering these pictures in such a manner, we are no longer viewing them as works of art in the strict sense of the term, impressing and delighting by form and colour, which alone are the decorative and essential moments of the art. We are taking them as illustrations which may charm us by the way in which they incorporate or suggest something of that beauty which the modern man feels, whatever his education may have been, was the peculiar privilege of the creative imagination of the Greeks. The burden of translating the ancient texts may be still remembered, or may never have been experienced, yet all men, if they have any interest at all in the things of the spirit, regard the world of Homer and Pindar and the tragedians as a kind of fairyland in which men lived, gay or sad, as they have never again succeeded in living. For the mass of educated people, the classical world, curious and contradictory as it may seem, is really the romantic world, where the very clearness and reasonableness of form has become romantic to the blurred and indecisive vision of the modern mind. The present moment so often loses for us, as it did for the men of the Renaissance, all that sense of strangeness which is held to be an important element in romantic beauty. The society of the Renaissance turned from the awkward, sick, cramped forms of contemporary life to the vision of Greece conjured up by literature and the first archæological discoveries, as a life where beauty and freedom met together in perfect fusion. Vernon Lee probably gives a more truthful description of the society of the Middle Ages than Ruskin in his famous comparison between the burnished glory of Pisa and the noisome foulness of some Victorian Rochdale or Bradford.

‘Large towns, in which thousands of human beings were crowded together in narrow, gloomy streets, with but a strip of blue visible between the projecting roofs. . . . Men and women pale and meagre for want of air, and light, and move-

ment; undeveloped, untrained bodies, warped by constant work at the loom or at the desk, at best with the lumpish freedom of the soldier and the vulgar nimbleness of the 'prentice . . . dressed in the dress of the Middle Ages, gorgeous perhaps in colour, but heavy, miserable, grotesque; ladies in stiff and foldless brocade hoops and stomachers; artizans in striped and close adhering hose and egg-shaped padded jerkin; soldiers in lumbering armour-plates, ill-fitted over ill-fitting leather, a shapeless shell of iron . . . beside these there are lamentable sights, mediæval beyond words . . . dwarfs and cripples, maimed and diseased beggars . . . lepers and epileptics and infinite numbers of monks, brown, grey and black . . . emaciated with penance or bloated with gluttony.\*

But the attraction of the antique world for artists was not only in its contrast with the sordid narrowness and deformity of contemporary life; it was rather the complete freedom of movement which classical subjects gave them. Here was a material which they could mould and form according to their artistic desires, released from the limitations which the round of religious themes set upon them. Though great latitude was tolerated in religious painting, and public as well as artists were devoid of the self-conscious, archæological pedantry of the modern world, it was very rarely that an artist appeared whose artistic and religious vision coincided. In the case of Botticelli, whose interest in the subject was trifling, the freedom made possible by combining forms from the antique world must have been most welcome. None of his religious pictures are artistically so satisfying as those masterpieces 'Pallas taming the Centaur' and 'The Birth of Venus.'

Yet, while the classical world and all that recalled it was essentially romantic to the mind of that age, Botticelli stands almost alone by not being romantic in his mode of treatment. Tintoretto is the only other artist of the Renaissance who agrees with him in this respect. The rest invest their presentations of the antique world with an atmosphere charged with marvels, possessing something dæmonic, which we no longer find in the light of common day. Think, for instance, of Titian's

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\* Vernon Lee, 'Euphorion,' p. 150.



'Bacchus and Ariadne,'\* one of the most splendid and famous pictures in the National Gallery. There is nothing here of the clear form and austere light of Botticelli. The landscape and figures have nothing of the essential Greek spirit about them. The picture impresses us as a whole by the intensity of its colour and action, an event in a world where everything has the vitality of heroic life. And the influence of a wider knowledge of the Latin poets makes itself felt in the wealth and accuracy of detail; the rich pageant of mythology as we know it in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and *Fasti*, but without the polished incredulity and rhetoric of the Latin writer, has been absorbed into Titian's work. Imagination can only speak to imagination, and the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne may have risen before Catullus's mind's eye in the form which Titian has given to it.

The 'Venus and Adonis,' which has been cleaned recently with such success and vindicated as worthy of Titian, belongs to a much later period in the artist's life and may have been painted when he was over seventy. The contrast between his mode of expression in this picture and in 'Bacchus and Ariadne' painted thirty years before is great. The intense imaginative colouring of the younger Titian has disappeared. The mythological element is very slight and unobtrusive: Venus drives her chariot through the sky and Cupid lies asleep beneath the trees in the background. The freedom, the directness, and the simplicity of this representation bring it much closer to the Greek spirit, entirely satisfied with the beauty of the male and female form as the material for a noble design. The muscular figure of Adonis recalls the Greek god of war rather than the 'tender boy' of Shakespeare's poem. One cannot help feeling that the Titian of this period was the greater artist.

Tintoretto is another great Venetian painter who has left us several pictures of classical subjects. The two famous pictures—the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' and the 'Hermes and the Three Graces'—in the Ducal Palace are well known to every visitor to Venice. These works show that Tintoretto, though in very different fashion, was no less a perfect interpreter of the antique world

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\* N. G. 35.

than Botticelli. Tintoretto dwells upon the beauty of physical form and superhuman vitality; he does not use the colour of Titian; there is very little direct classical allusion; the vine and the stars in the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' are reduced to purely decorative values. Yet if one wished to find in painting the equivalent of the grand female figures on the pediments of the Parthenon, it is to these works that one should turn. Their forms are more than human, and the life that pulsates so intensely in them, sometimes in repose as in 'The Ariadne,' or rousing itself as in 'The Three Graces,' belongs to a form of the world that has for ever passed away. These pictures are tremendous as works of art without any reference to their subject; as illustrations they conjure up for us that heroic life which the historical Greeks imagined to be spread about the infancy of their race.

The National Gallery has the good fortune to possess one such picture by Tintoretto; \* it is 'The Origin of the Milky Way,' a splendid example of the master's power in design and colour, so magnificent indeed that here, for once, is a picture more often admired for its artistic qualities than for its illustrative value. Comparisons in the arts are hateful as death to many people, but it is the spirit in which he conceives his design that makes one think of Pindar in looking at this masterpiece. There is the same magnificent confusion and impetuosity of imagination in both artists. Those who have read Pindar, and every now and then through the difficulties of vocabulary and transitions of thought have suddenly seen the wonder of his poetry in some passionate outburst of language, will recognise in Tintoretto a kindred genius of the lyrical type. The splendour of life is as evident in the design of Tintoretto as in the Epinikian odes, where colour and speed and fineness of imagery in thought and word are blended into an astonishing arabesque. An echo of the original magnificence remains even in translation:

'For he—the babe Iamus—was hidden among rushes and in an impenetrable brake, his tender body all suffused with golden and deep purple gleams of iris flowers . . . but when

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\* N. G. 1313.

he had come to the ripeness of golden-crowned, sweet youth he went down into the middle of the river Alpheos and called on wide-ruling Poseidon . . . and he stood beneath the heavens and it was night' (Myers);

or of the start of the Argonauts:

'Then their chief, taking in his hands a golden goblet, stood up upon the stern and called on Zeus whose spear is the lightning and on the rush of waves and winds and the nights and paths of the deep. . . . And from the clouds a favourable voice of thunder pealed in answer; and there came bright lightning flashes bursting through' (Myers).

Tintoretto, as well as Botticelli, is an 'inlet,' though by a very different method, 'into the Greek temper.' Botticelli interprets the early and unspoiled artistic genius of Greece; Tintoretto reveals to us their ideals of physical beauty and life. He transmits to us through his figures their passionate zest for life and beauty realised in vitality of form rather than in any peculiarity of expression. His type of women is regal but impersonal; their looks are grave and regular; such women could only be the mothers of demi-gods and heroes. Tintoretto possesses the gift of direct imaginative insight on a grand scale and the power to create form, and by these gifts, without any archæological knowledge of the antique world, can naturally reveal to us the spirit of a people whose vision of the world was absolutely direct, undimmed by any tradition or bias inherited from elsewhere. These two artists, by their independence of thought, stand outside the influence of Roman civilisation which the heavier and more sensuous nature of Titian, and still more of Correggio,\* could not altogether escape. They feel the necessity of creating a special atmosphere of romance or charm for the presentation of the antique; there is no trace of such 'staging' in the work of Botticelli and Tintoretto. The lesser artists, such as Pintoricchio† or Benozzo Gozzoli,‡ have not even that power of romantic atmosphere, and depict 'The Rape of Helen' or the 'Return of Odysseus' in Ovidian fashion; the figures are pretty or quaint or debonair, conceived without the least emotion, animated by nothing more

\* N. G. 90, 'The Education of Cupid.' † N. G. 911. ‡ N. G. 591.

substantial than trivial rhetoric. Among these lesser artists Boltraffio is a remarkable exception. The peculiarity of his genius seems for once to be exactly suited by such a theme as 'Narcissus,'\* in which he has expressed in highly individual fashion the dreamlike charm of the beautiful legend.

The Dutch and Flemish masters no longer felt the attraction of the antique world, and suggest nothing of it in those pictures which have classical titles. Rembrandt is romantic in the modern sense of the term, and the 'Diana Bathing'† in the National Gallery is only a study of light and shade effects on a nude in water. Rubens either exaggerates the antique element beyond all recognition as in his Satyrs‡ or places uncomfortable nudes in an elaborate landscape and calls it 'The Judgment of Paris.'§ There is no sympathetic relation between the conception and form of such works and the reference given by the title; they have no illustrative element in them, and it is precisely the lack of those essential Greek qualities, clearness of design and restraint, which so often prevents Rubens's work from being great art.

'Classical myths' reappear largely in the works of two great French artists of the 17th century, Poussin and Claude Gellée. Their lives were mostly spent in Italy, and in an age of classical pedantry they were saved by the strength of their genius from being academically antiquarian. The artists of the Renaissance had been inspired by the freedom and beauty of the ancient life; Poussin and Claude were inspired by the ruins of the past, and that past belonged to Rome rather than to Greece; they viewed the past through the Renaissance with its high hopes and ruined remains dug from the earth, and its failure. The landscape of Claude,|| in which some classical figures are placed amid the ruins of the life to which they belonged, possesses the meditative calm and pathos of Virgil; in that serene and spacious atmosphere the life of the world is suspended, and we feel only the significance of the past in which this particular spot may have been the scene of some great issue. His famous 'Enchanted Castle' is symbolic of all his pictures; the figures in them are powerless to make them anything but landscapes, impressive and

\* N. G. 2673. † N. G. 2538. ‡ N. G. 853. § N. G. 194. || N. G. 2, 19.

artistic by their feeling for space beneath an infinite sky, yet sometimes cloying from an excess of classical sentiment in the buildings, or idyllic calm in the evening light.

The genius of Poussin is much more profound and vigorous than that of Claude. Claude was unable to paint the human figure; Poussin is completely master over it and had great power of design as well. His landscape is intense and primeval; his colour is often harsh and strange, striking a constant note of dissonance in his work; his figures have the regular beauty of Greek sculpture. He always remains curiously aloof from his subject, as though he were quite indifferent to or uninspired by it, and accepted classical or biblical themes from the necessity of tradition rather than of free choice. He is a pure artist, free from illustrative or romantic desires, sadly hampered by the conventions of the past; Cupids, Hermes, and empty gestures, and the academic demands of the present. It is curious to find Hazlitt, in his essay on 'A Landscape of Nicolas Poussin,' saying that 'no one ever told a story half so well.' Hazlitt spoke for the cultured class of his age, who were saturated in the Latin poets at school, and he probably contributed from his own memory five-sixths of the story which he thought Poussin was telling so well. Poussin is dramatic and tragic, but he is no illustrator in the ordinary sense; he realises a significant moment by the dignity of his form and design; he often makes it poignant by the peculiarity of his colour; 'the learned indifference of his colour,' Hazlitt calls it. These qualities can be enjoyed by the ordinary spectator, who would be sadly troubled to fill out the story of such masterpieces as 'Cephalus and Aurora'\* in the National Gallery, or 'Armida and Rinaldo' at Dulwich. Poussin is incredulous about the joy and freedom and reality of the antique. His Satyrs and Nymphs 'have more of the intellectual part of the character and seem vicious on reflexion and of set purpose . . . with bodies less pampered than Rubens's, but with minds more secretly depraved'; their dances are joyless in spite of the vitality of their forms, and the descriptive title—'Happiness subject to Death'—which Bellori gave to the picture of 'Shepherds in Arcadia' is profoundly true of all his work except the

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\* N. G. 65.

landscapes. His genius is most harmonious in landscape,\* solemn and tragic like the country of the great Roman poets Lucretius and Virgil, pregnant with the mysterious presence of Pan and the spirits of lonely woodlands.

Most visitors to the National Gallery know Turner's 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus';† it is the apotheosis of the romantic vision of the ancient world in which, contrary to all their conceptions of art and life, man has dwindled away to almost nothing in the scene and the elements of nature are supreme. Amid the gorgeous hues and clouds of early morning is the ship of Ulysses, a marvellous galley, with the hero himself, a very small figure, upon it, while amid the mist upon a mighty mountain's side the dim form of the giant can be discerned. All that colour can do to make a given moment infinitely suggestive has been done, and the picture really gives the glamour of the sea, the romance of adventure in a wonderful world:

'There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.'

Those who approach Greek art or literature in their earlier manifestations, with conceptions formed or suggested by the countless painters who have taken their subject-matter from Greek legend, find themselves often 'moving about in worlds not realised.' For Turner, as for Titian, the simple form or event by itself is not enough; they are romantic in temperament. The Greeks, until their nerve began to fail after the Peloponnesian war, cared only for clear and carefully realised form; they had an uncompromising preference for what was natural and real and for the beauty of the human body; they were nervous and suspicious of nature; they were indifferent to 'sunset effects'; they preferred the steady sunlight of full morning or afternoon, the dispeller of illusions, typified by Plato as the fountain of truth and knowledge on earth; and in the same clear light they saw the forms and actions of their own legendary past.

G. M. SARGEAUNT.

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\* N. G. 40.

† N. G. 508.



## Art. 11.—THE AWAKENING OF SPAIN.\*

ON Sept. 13, 1923, the world was slightly startled to learn that Spain had lost its constitutional régime overnight and provisionally become a one-man government. This sudden break, the upshot not of a bloody rising but of a State-stroke, was planned summarily and carried out jauntily by a military optimist aided by a few staunch comrades. Its avowed object was to save Spain from the pitiable fate that had overtaken Portugal. The man who thus daringly thrust his profane fist into the wheel-spokes of his country's destiny was a humdrum General reputed indeed to be *sans peur* and *sans reproche* according to the code of his chivalrous country, but also without any special halo of heroism or haze of romance about him. Indeed, his comrades might have said of him that his future already lay behind him. Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, resembled a hero only in this, that he was unconscious of being in any degree heroic.

The first effect of Primo's manifesto was curious: it momentarily unified the masses who had ever been devoid of cohesion, seemingly incapable of it, and wholly indifferent to politics. No sooner had the jovial soldier smitten one string of this vast human instrument than other strings began vibrating tremulously in response, and it looked as though the nation which had long lain in coma were now about to thrill and throb with life and hope. Very different was the effect on the professional politicians, who would fain have gone on playing at parliamentarism while the nation perished. At first stupefied, then incensed, they finally gave vent to their feelings in wordy protests uttered to the winds of heaven. Some foretold the tragic end of the Spanish Monarchy, and by way of contributing to the fulfilment of the prophecy bespoke the services of a band of international propagandists said to be ever at the beck and

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\* The reader who wishes to study this subject further would do well to read the excellent article of Salvador Canals, 'L'Espagne, la Monarchie et la Constitution' ('Correspondant,' Jan. 25, 1925); the work of Count Romanones, 'Las Responsabilidades del Antiguo Régimen,' 3rd edition; A. R. de Grijalba, 'Los Enemigos del Rey,' Madrid, 1924; Rafael Altamira, 'Psicología del Pueblo Español.'

call of any form of unrest in the Peninsula. This 'cosmopolitan College of Propaganda of the Democratic Faith,' as it has been nicknamed, sounded the tocsin and called upon the civilised world to brand with infamy the authors and abettors of a State-stroke which 'savourd of the sacristy.' Airships laden with anti-Monarchist diatribes then crossed the Pyrenees, entered Spain, and duly dropped leaflets and proclamations which never reached those for whom they were meant. And abroad political quidnuncs, in the intervals of their own struggles and worries, watched fitfully for the crash of doom.

Eighteen months have gone by since then, and events having belied the prophets of evil, the interest aroused by the Spanish transformation scene has slackened considerably. The Monarchy is still in its place, if anything a trifle more firmly established than before. It is the old political parties who have given up the ghost and are awaiting decent burial. Their chiefs, now among the unemployed, are become reasonable, resigned, and apologetic, while a section of their followers are revolutionists in waiting. Spain is more hopeful than before, and somewhat more energetic, but neither definitively settled down, nor sufficiently self-confident, nor yet within sight of any desirable goal. The masses are still unleavened with the faith that moves mountains, but they are to a marked degree less inert than they were.

The origin of the crisis which led to the rise of the Directory may be summed up as the utter collapse of the artificial system of government framed in the year 1875. At that time the horrors of civil war and the ruinous misrule of the Republic inspired universal loathing and a vehement desire for a return to normal life. The arrangement then hurriedly thought out for the purpose was provisional, primitive, and mechanical, based on the assumption that a monarchy is the strongest cement for keeping together the various ethnic elements of the population whose general tendency is centrifugal. It was agreed upon that two parties, as in England, should administer the affairs of State in rotation, the 'ins' giving the 'outs' their turn at the national loaves and fishes. The parties, to be known as Liberals and Conservatives, were not weighted with any special political doctrine, this being deemed unimportant. All

that they were bound to do—and this was a sacrosanct obligation—was to uphold the Monarchy in return for their periodic enjoyment of the fruits of office. This pledge was scrupulously redeemed by the Conservatives and the right wing of the Liberals.

In some advanced nations the choice between a Republic and a constitutional monarchy is a matter of indifference. In Spain it chanced to be otherwise, the balance of advantages obviously lying on the side of the Monarchy. But there as everywhere the State form is but a means to an end, not a solution of the national and international problems that have to be faced, studied, and settled on their merits. And in their half-hearted attempts to solve those questions the governing parties never had the courage to allow geography to help to mould history or national aims to dominate the sordid interests of individuals and groups.

The Restoration of the Monarchy was welcomed as the opening of a new and prosperous epoch. It was brought about by a few patriotic individuals imbued with a taste for politics and a hankering after power. The masses had no say in the matter nor did they wish for any. The government forged by those King-makers purported to be moulded on that of England, of which, however, it was merely a parody. The legislature was really a parliament of convention, not of opinion, the axis of the system being the monarch, who was allowed to wield much of the absolute power of his predecessors.\* Now as a stop-gap, and the lesser of two evils, this rough-cast constitution might pass muster for awhile, but as a permanent political frame-work it was a mockery and a menace. English institutions require English hands and brains to work them, most other peoples merely wresting them to their own undoing. Italy was well-nigh ruined by those importations. To Germany they brought ill luck and a worse perspective. France has lost much and gained nothing by their adoption. They undoubtedly contributed to cause the first revolution in Russia. And to Spain they have proved an unmitigated curse.

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\* The King is the head of the army, and to-day the ordinances of the army are those which were framed under Carlos III, when the Monarchy was frankly absolutist.

The writer of this article had the privilege of personal acquaintanceship with the eminent politicians who first presided over those hybrid institutions, and from the rule of Sagasta, before the war with the United States, down to the present day has known every Premier and discussed current politics with each of them in turn. At first home cares claimed all their attention: the liquidation of the debts of civil war, the struggle with the Die-hards of Carlism and Republicanism and the maintenance of the ordinary functions of law and order. For systematic foreign policy they had neither taste, leisure, nor aptitude. The Conservatives in particular fought shy of it. To stand on good terms with all peoples but on very good terms with none was their guiding principle, and its application deprived the country of staunch friends in its hours of need. The first bitter lesson it received was the loss of its last American possessions which came to pass not because Spain was less of a colonising Power than her neighbours—the opposite is demonstrably the fact—but because of shocking mismanagement on the part of her rulers combined with the greed and gold and aggressiveness of the United States.

The Liberals were more venturesome than their sham opponents and if anything more unfortunate, and between the two the conduct of international relations fell into the lines of party conflict. A sinister impression of hesitancy and drift produced by the meaningless strife of political mummeters stamped itself upon the foreign mind, discredited the State, and led to untoward consequences. Thus in those early days Spain failed to arrange a commercial treaty with England; almost broke with France over the visit of Alfonso XII to the Central Empires; and let loose a torrent of indignation against Germany on the subject of the Carolines. And when the United States began the series of provocations that culminated in the war, no European Power made a move to ward off the disaster or alleviate its consequences. Having blithely jettisoned the colonies Spain's trustees shifted their attention to Morocco and the army. But here as elsewhere whatever they touched they blighted. It was as though the old Greek Fate had survived into our days and chosen Spain for its victim.

The most sinister of the influences that have hitherto paralysed the moral nerve of Spain is the aloofness of the bulk of the nation from the conduct of its own affairs. For the evil it works goes to the roots of its being. It leaves the political bodies without a wholesome check or a powerful stimulus. The number of individuals alive to the reality and force of social obligations is amazingly small. Spanish culture, hardly ever understood abroad, centres round the family which is the holy of holies. It is intensive and self-developing, not an expanding, proselytising force like that of the Anglo-Saxons. It modestly shrinks from superfluous contact with the outer world and its springs mostly remain hidden from the rude gaze of foreigners. A Spaniard's birthplace is to him at once the hub of the universe and a family shrine. Although he respects the views and customs of his neighbours he abides by his own. Loth to compromise he is slow to co-operate. Politically and socially since the advent of Charles I and Phillip II he is as wanting in cohesiveness as a grain of sand. Whether you analyse the Basque, the Andalusian, the Catalan, or the Castilian, you find each one engrossed in his local affairs and indifferent to those of the great community. It is worth noting that in the political domain socialism and syndicalism have no lure for him, as he is impatient of discipline and averse to team work. In fact, he finds anarchism more attractive. Even on religion, which is nothing if not universal and co-operative, the spirit of regionalism has set its profane mark.

Those traits, welcome to most governments, domestic and foreign, were in abeyance in the halcyon days when Spain was still herself; her princes were strong men, leaders, realm-builders, and her municipalities were successfully fighting for liberties, eager for responsibility, and burning with creative enterprise. It may be fairly contended that if left to work out her salvation in her own way at that period of her history, the country would to-day be in the van of European progress. Possibly. But as it fell out Charles I appeared, and together with his Flemish gang began to crush out of existence the germs of advance created by the municipalities. By that time the Spanish peoples had made considerable head-

way and were already culture-bearers in the world. Their aims and aspirations were undoubtedly as progressive as the Europe of that day could assimilate. But after the passing of the Flemish Juggernaut absolutism by divine right usurped the place of those Iberian organs of advance which were a natural growth of the soil and fraught with promise for the nation. With the advent of Charles and the Philips the unifying doctrine of absolutism with a streak of theocracy, forced public-spirited citizens to abandon active participation in the affairs of the nation. And never since then have the Spanish people governed themselves nor have their trustees furthered Spanish interests. History records no national policy in the interval. There have been anti-Protestant, absolutist, Austrian, Bourbon, English, and French policies, but none specifically Spanish.

From that time forward the moral pulse of the nation slackened and the nobler traits of the race deserted the political sphere and confined themselves within the precincts of barracks, camps, and hovels, where they still continue to flourish like violets in the shade. The progressive ideas, disembodied but floating in the atmosphere ready for the auspicious occasion that should endow them with shape, likewise faded into thin air. And beyond the bootless exertions of a few men of broad outlook and civic virtue, nothing has since been done towards moulding a new social order. The sap of progressive life seemed to have dried up.

Spain, therefore, can right herself only by dint of her own collective exertions. The masses must bestir themselves, start anew from where they left off in the days before the Flemings, and be ready to discharge their civic duties. During the century that has elapsed since the Restoration only one politician saw this truth, proclaimed it, and sought to act upon it. Antonio Maura, who would have given his country real reform and honest government, produced a series of admirable schemes for enlisting the active collaboration of the bulk of the people.\* He would have linked the present and future

\* One of those was a scheme for giving autonomy and a wide scope to the corporations of cities and towns as in the most progressive period of Spanish history. That scheme has since been adopted by the Directory and is known as the Municipal Statute.



with the glorious past. The characteristics of Maura's statesmanship were insight and sincerity. Piercing the ugly show of outer things he peered into the soul of his finely strung countrymen and sought to get the various elements of their life properly adjusted and attuned. A list of the laws he passed, the Bills he drafted, and the abuses he suppressed should entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the nation. One of his measures was to remove civil servants from the vicissitudes of party politics. Not so very long ago even postmen and scavengers in villages and cities lost their employment whenever a Cabinet was defeated in parliament. A further-reaching reform was a law obliging all citizens with a vote—most of whom were accustomed to stay away from the polls—to exercise it. He penalised evasion. He also saw to it that the dawdling Cortes worked for their salary. Under former and subsequent governments they would sit only two or three months a year and spend the rest at home, whereas during the thirty-three months of his tenure of office he kept them legislating for twenty-two. He suppressed the secret service funds employed in remunerating the praise or silence of the Press.

In every conceivable way Maura tried to get the masses interested in the conduct of their affairs. With this object he suppressed *caciquismo*—the institution of political bosses—which contracts for any number of votes a Cabinet may require, and obtains them by bribery, intimidation, or fraud. One consequence of this reform was the triumphant unification of the Catalan Home-rulers, who have been a thorn in the side of the Central Government ever since. But, nothing daunted, Maura advanced still further in the direction of remedial legislation. The corollaries of what he had already accomplished were a radical reform of local administration, the autonomy of municipalities, and the creation of regional organisms out of provincial Councils, and from none of these democratic innovations did he shrink. His legislation against usurers, gambling hells, and low night resorts, and the clean sweep he made of parasites and official drones, proved that here at least was a politician who set fearless hands to a thorny task, and bade fair to arouse the masses from their lethargic

sleep. It looked as though Spain would indeed soon be herself once more. Others, however, including a member of Maura's government, were not so optimistic. One Minister, when congratulated, shook his head and remarked :

'A prosperous Spain would be an awkward customer for certain Great Powers and international groups who scowl upon Spanish reformers and thwart their schemes for the awakening of the nation. This they can do because they control efficacious means against which we have no counterforce. You have heard of the Internationalists whose headquarters are in Paris, and whose aim is to keep the Iberian Peninsula weak and distracted. They have abettors among members of the left wing of the Liberals who are alternately Constitutionalists and Revolutionists as time and opportunity prompt. They are as capable of creating a wave of humanitarian indignation abroad as were the Yankees during the Cuban insurrection. You are sceptical? Wait and see.'

The fulfilment of this prophecy was brought about by the trial of an obscure anarchist soaked in fanaticism. The son of a Catalan cooper, Francis Ferrer was at that time a middle-aged, clumsy-looking man with a dull round face and awkward gait, who without education or training would fain regenerate the world, by making away with ministers of religion, judges, lawyers, bearers of tradition, and other 'links with the odious past.' He founded a school the object of which was 'to make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics . . . and to prepare their minds for social revolution.' In a word, he was a Spanish Thersites, a forerunner of the Bolsheviks. Jurisconsults assert that Ferrer should have been executed long before as an accomplice of Mateo Morales who threw a bomb at the King and Queen on their wedding day, but that the authorities complaisantly gave him the benefit of an imaginary doubt and set him free. However this may have been, he at last \* was tried for crimes laid to his charge during the Tragic Week of Barcelona,† when convents were burned, churches gutted,

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\* Oct. 9, 1909.

Vol. 244.—No. 484.

† The last week in July 1909.

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hundreds of innocent people massacred, and Bolshevism raged for some days. He was found guilty and executed.

The International College of Revolutionary Propaganda, which had been restlessly casting about for a lever wherewith to wrench Maura and his lieutenants from their places, eagerly seized upon Ferrer's condemnation. His trial was denounced as a farce. His treatment in prison was depicted as unworthy. He had once been attired in garments too small for him, it appears, and thus made 'a laughing stock,' whereat an angry world howled. His execution was termed a crime so heinous that it behoved the whole human race to forsake its avocations for a while and bring the iniquitous government to book. Scathing leading articles were written, indignation meetings held, leaflets scattered broadcast, and a tremendous current of 'sympathy with the noble martyr' was created. Working men in a town near Rome were seen to weep when a memorial tablet was being put up to perpetuate the memory of this lay saint. Spain was discredited, Maura was excommunicated by the church of humanity, and members of the extreme wing of the Liberals were working hand-in-hand with the lay College of Propaganda. Republicanism was boomed. At this many monarchists took alarm, but Maura kept serenely moving forward, paying no heed to the magic phrase: 'Public opinion abroad.' With a good majority to back him in parliament he refused to sacrifice even a Minister to pressure such as that. Thereupon the King took the initiative, dismissed the Premier, and sent for the leaders of the Opposition, some of whom were known to be Republicans. And the Liberal party which officially covered this action applauded the Monarch's intervention as 'wisely constitutional.'

That, in brief, is the story of the one and only occasion since the Restoration on which a Spanish politician clearly perceived the country's need and made a strenuous attempt to satisfy it. It showed how desperate was the state of the nation so long as its destinies were in the hands of the sham political parties. It was clear that nothing in the way of reform could be expected from parliamentary institutions. It was a generous error, therefore, of Maura to accept office later

—in March 1918—in response to a pathetic appeal of the King.

The parliamentary system will ever remain associated with the lowest ebb of Spain's chequered fortunes. It certainly dragged her to the edge of the abyss. She who had discovered and owned a world on which the sun never set had now nothing left her but a few miles of barren land in Morocco, and for this she still had to shed the blood and spend the substance of her sons. Of yore she had spread civilisation and diffused knowledge among twenty different nations, and to-day half of her people can neither read nor write. She filled the new world with Christian churches, convents, and monasteries, but is now letting her own clergy perish of hunger.\* She reclaimed and cultivated vast tracts of land beyond the seas and allowed her own fair land to run waste. Nearly all the gold of the globe passed through her hands, yet she is become one of the poorest communities in Europe. Once the law-giver of the world, she is reduced to obey the precepts and decrees of rival peoples. Only her soul can she still call her own. That has outlived all her tribulations. In places remote from towns the primitive purer forms of Spanish life have survived in the guise of symbolic usages, antique traditions, and a powerful current of semi-religious sentiment. And the result is a type of family life which for unselfish devotion has never been surpassed.

If, however, the constitutional system of government is worse than useless, what is the alternative? This question was anxiously put at the time, and earnest people whispered: a dictatorship. In the history of most countries there are situations that require a Dictator as an organ and trustee of the nation. And one of them occurred in Spain. But it was not recognised until certain ugly phases and mysterious aspects of the struggle in Morocco forced the country to make its choice between that and anarchy. For four centuries Spain had occupied a foothold in Morocco, which, however unprofitable to the Treasury, was a monument of the heroism of her soldiers and therefore endowed with

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\* In most parts of the kingdom the revenue of the parish priest falls short of 3s. 6d. a day, while in many it is less than 2s. 10d.

priceless value in her eyes. Behind all the difficulties that have confronted her there of late, looms the familiar figure of a Great Power reaping where it had not sown.

This whole story of Spain's vicissitudes in Africa forms one of the strangest chapters of European history, so palpable is the tragic element running through it all, flouting and mocking the fitful efforts of the human will. If written fully and frankly it would ruin the credit of the historian, so amazing are some of its episodes. What Spain craves in Africa is extremely little—merely to keep her Naboth's vineyard intact, and this for motives of the same sentimental order as Naboth's own. From earth-hunger and imperialism the Spanish peoples are free. They have no hankering after expansion. Like the servant in the Gospel who gave back to his lord, laid up in a napkin, the pound he had received, they are barely solicitous to retain the little that they have long called their own. But, simple though it may seem, the task has in some uncanny way been waxing ever tougher and more perilous, until it looks at last as though Morocco were but a masked death-trap for the nation set by some wrathful deity or envious World Power. France in that same field embarked on a much more arduous venture, and with what a different measure of success! She is even now speeding gaily forward to her goal, nay, claims already to have reached it, and through the fashionable newspapers is calling upon wealthy tourists to visit her vast model zone, admire the work done there, and contribute to the expenses. Truly the Fates seem inscrutable.

Little by little Morocco has grown to be a mighty spectre overshadowing Spain's present and future. It connotes an epitome of her problems, foreign and domestic. Whether one studies the economic conditions of the Peninsula, the high cost of living there—Madrid is by far the most expensive city in Europe—the financial embarrassments of the Government, the explosive gases pent up in various classes of society and various regions of the realm, the watchful attitude of the Army, or the undesirable place to which Spain has dropped in the European hierarchy—we are no sooner in possession of the elements of the specific question than these fade away, and leave us face to face with the Moorish bogey

and the shuffling figure of the Great Power. 'Under the Moorish banner,' remarked a Spanish politician the other day, 'are gathered most of the discontented nationalities and groups of the Peninsula—Catalans, Basques, Republicans, Socialists, Anarchists. In the Protean figure of Abdul Krim we recognise them all. And, worst of all, among them you might find men who were lately in high places, trusted servants of the nation, who have gone unpunished. . . .'

From the Moroccan ordeal there is now no escape. Spain can neither advance nor retreat. She must stand and make good her claims or else be driven in ignominy across the narrow Straits, leaving her place to Italy.

The disaster of Melilla brought on the crisis. Seemingly it was one of those unforeseen strokes of misfortune encountered in most wars by gallant armies. Seemingly. But its specific character lay in certain terrible suspicions that mayhap black treason was at the bottom of it all—treason within and treason without, demonstrable, but not punishable. A nation's worst enemies are those of its own household, and when these are armed and aided by a foreign foe, the situation may easily become desperate. And it was currently believed that it was so in Spain. Anyhow, the tribesmen, dazzled by the overwhelming strength of the French, now beheld the all-round weakness of the Spaniards, the flimsiness of their resources, their lack of military leadership, and the odds in favour of resistance. Spain's prestige fell throughout the globe, the moral shock to the nation was stunning, and it was bereft of an organ to enable it to rise and retrieve the disaster.

It was at this conjuncture that the army bestirred itself, no longer in its corporate capacity or in the form of remonstrance as it had done a few years before; but through a spokesman who acted on his own responsibility, with no mission from military juntas, no authority from the nation, no protection to shield him from the consequences of failure, nothing but a patriotic impulse, a stimulus from within. Ever since the year 1917 this fateful step was a peremptory necessity. It became the duty of any one who could to save the country from the fate that was overtaking it. But no one ventured. Primo de Rivera was at that time Captain General of



Catalonia, the hotbed of political and social non-conformity in the kingdom. The General is a plain military man with no claims to anything but common sense, courage, love of his country, and loyalty to the King. He has never affected the theatrical pose of certain dictators in other lands. His shortcomings are those of the Spanish officer, and they endear him to his fellow-countrymen whose sympathies are bespoken by men's faults as well as by their good points. Among the professional politicians whom he has since relegated to the background there were some whose conception of human progress, knowledge of politics, and intellectual qualifications generally were distinctly superior to his own. Indeed, he laid claim to no exceptional attainments, no rare moral depth, no special vocation. But what differentiated him from them all was his keener sense of the peril that encompassed his country, his more sentimental faith in the moral buoyancy of the nation, his indignation against the constitutional triflers, and his belief that what the occasion called for was not so much a spiritual guide as an honest stimulating agent.

Whatever else one may think of the State-stroke of Sept. 13, it will hardly be gainsaid that Primo did what patriotic Spaniards were hoping that some one would do. Often before had people longed for a dictator, for any kind of real government, but, beyond sighs and complaints and vain hopes, nobody ventured. Would-be reformers complained that the collapse of their country was so grave that it could bear neither the ravages of its disorders nor their remedies, and that a revolution was at once indispensable and impossible. Primo denied this, and said: 'Once wake up the people, and it will soon find its own level, which is in a fairly high place.' And in order to provide the needed stimulus he accepted responsibilities and ran risks. By these means he raised hopes and awakened self-confidence in the nation, and that was all that any one man could do. The feat which he actually achieved was taking the initiative and breaking the evil spell.

Face to face with his Herculean task the Dictator pursued his course unflinchingly although he had no rounded plan, no organisation, no adequate instruments

among civilians, and so little did he realise the nature of the task that he hoped to accomplish it in three calendar months! He undertook, however, to do certain things which, although not sufficient to solve the problem of substantial reconstruction, would go far towards alleviating conditions in the country. He promised to see that the army served the nation, and, as a corollary, that the Moroccan deadlock should speedily terminate. He also volunteered to fix responsibility for the disasters abroad and abuses at home, and in particular to call upon ex-Minister Alba to clear himself of grave charges. Meanwhile, Señor Alba motored comfortably across the frontier, and the accusations levelled against him have never been sifted judicially. Gradually it was seen that the promises which had brought the General his first enthusiastic supporters could not be redeemed in full. Their value lay in the evidence they afforded of his good will and the light they shed on the ruling conditions. The Directory began as a new broom, but it soon became apparent that a large portion of the intended sweepings was out of its reach. This delinquent was beyond the jurisdiction of the Spanish courts. That other individual possessed a series of compromising letters which would open up broader issues than any then under consideration and do greater harm than the escape of a few culpable public servants.

The one comprehensive and redoubtable problem which called the Directorate out of nothingness and may thrust it back whence it came, turns upon Morocco. How to deal with its many facets is still exercising the ingenuity of the rulers. It connotes a military problem, a financial problem, an economic problem, a national and an international problem, with the usual figure of a Great Power looming in the offing. It touches the interests of the nation at a thousand points and seems inextricably bound up with Spain's immediate and distant future. The Directory, which is nowise answerable for this muddle, decided to withdraw from a number of advanced and isolated posts, and to occupy a shorter line with positions of greater capacity for defence. Still, a large and costly army is needed to hold it.

The Moroccan problem might have been solved with ease during the World War when the tribesmen, bereft

of arms and ammunition, were at the mercy of Spain. But the phrase-mongers of the Cortes let the opportunity slip. Later on, a civil Protectorate might have been proclaimed successfully, but the rulers were too engrossed with their squabbles to think of it. In a word, the entire constitutional system as a guardian of the nation's interest was seen by all to be a dangerous delusion, a national snare. It was at that conjuncture, in 1917, and during a crisis brought about by the anti-Monarchist wing of the 'Liberal Monarchists'—save the mark!—that the army crossed the Rubicon and resolved to have its say in forging the nation's destinies. Patriotic sentiment, however, was not its only motive. It had an axe of its own to grind as well. Preferment in the army had long been the work of rank favouritism, and its results were demoralising to the officers and ruinous to the nation. The King's name, too, was used freely, at times openly, by Liberal War-ministers to shield themselves from odium, and his prestige was accordingly impaired. Incidentally, it may be said that the Liberal Cabinets encouraged the Monarch to take the initiative, and then allowed his enemies to saddle him with the responsibility which it was their duty to accept for themselves. The Conservatives were less obsequious. Maura took his rôle seriously and never yielded an inch to the King. The relations of the two to each other were always formal. It is interesting to note that his Majesty is accustomed to address Count Romanones, and indeed most Liberals, with the familiar 'thou,' whereas to the Conservative chief he invariably speaks as 'Don Antonio,' and employs the pronoun of the second person plural.

The intervention of the army in complex matters alien to its functions was necessarily a clumsy failure. It was also a powerful irritant and begot intrigues which extended from Madrid to Paris and the Rif. The agitation was directed against the King, and the 'International Propaganda College' set to work to 'atmosphere' the humanitarian world. The press of Paris and Rome, of London and Frankfurt, announced, just as it is announcing to-day, the advent of the final crisis and the impending triumph of Republicanism in Spain, whereupon a revolutionary wave flooded in which alarmed the best elements of the nation.

Now the King, like his father, had 'played the game,' and was perfectly loyal to the sham constitution. No doubt he occasionally used his influence to the fullest extent and perhaps not always wisely, as is the wont and the right of all constitutional monarchs, but he eschewed acts that were not duly covered by a responsible Minister. And that is all that a rigorous parliamentarian can reasonably demand. Under the Republican and semi-Republican Liberals he had much more scope for action than when the Conservatives were in office. For whenever Maura and his colleagues decided upon a policy it was settled for good, and the Premier was deaf to suggestions from irresponsible sources however exalted. On the other hand, Alfonso XIII never once overstepped the limits legally assigned to him. Of this moderation many striking examples might be adduced.

One day many years ago, Count Romanones, in conversation with the King about civil marriage produced a royal order on the subject, which was calculated to cause heart-burnings among large sections of the population. 'What is that?' asked the Monarch. 'The royal order. I thought your Majesty might like to see it before it is promulgated. With your permission, therefore, I will read it.' 'Most certainly not,' replied the King. 'I have no wish to know it. If I allowed you to acquaint me with the gist of it before you send it to the "Gaceta," I should be encroaching upon the functions of the Government. Send it to the "Gaceta," and I will read it there.'\*

Alfonso XIII has often taken the initiative, never the responsibility, and when his Ministers felt unable to go with him he unhesitatingly gave up his proposals. A case of this kind happened in the year 1910. What seemed a brilliant idea occurred to the royal mind and he laid it before his Ministers. They dissented. He argued the point closely and warmly as, considering its bearings on the welfare of the country, he was entitled to do. As neither side convinced the other, they called in the leader of the Opposition, who entirely agreed with

\* In Spain there are laws made by the Legislature, royal decrees signed by the King, and royal orders signed only by a Minister who enjoys the King's confidence, but acts without consulting the Monarch. The document in question belonged to the last category.

the Cabinet. Thereupon the subject was relinquished without more ado.

The King is a sportsman and a believer in the educational value of out-door games which were almost unknown in Spain a few years ago. His endeavours to make them popular cost him a good deal of his own popularity and, in 1917, caused a general feeling of dissatisfaction which was voiced by the Press at the time. But he made the sacrifice with a good grace, attained his object fully, and recovered the affection of his subjects with interest. In a word, he has constantly done his best to make the Constitution a working concern. The sole occasion on which Alfonso XIII accepted a rôle that the Constitution-makers never destined for him was the birthday of the Directory, Sept. 13, 1923, and then there was no longer a Constitution left to respect. It had been dead six years. Primo was engaged in burying it, and the King merely attended the obsequies. People who look at that event through blinkers and lack the side-lights of history may knit their brows and blame him for not splitting the army and sacrificing his position in a vain attempt to resuscitate the corpse of a parliamentary system. But those who are acquainted with Peninsular politics, are well read in the history of Spain since the Restoration, and know personally the *dramatis personæ* of the tragi-comedy to which Primo de Rivera put an end, will dissent from that judgment and applaud the King's chivalrous resolve and its disinterested motives.

The President of the Directory has raised a host of bitter and active enemies against himself and his colleagues, a host which now includes the Conservatives, Liberals, Republicans, Separatists, Communists, Anarchists, the 'International College of Propaganda,' and the tribesmen of Morocco. His only followers are a growing section of the Spanish people whom he has aroused to a sense of their higher interests. And a few of these are disappointed because he has failed to do much that he expected and even promised. But he himself has had no fits of despondency, although perfectly well aware of the shortage of his achievements. In fact, he took the public into his confidence a few weeks ago and made a clean breast of the matter. But he was also

able to point to a number of successes which turn the scale and inspire confidence.

One of the main reforms is the Municipal Statute which takes up the threads of Spain's politico-social self-development where they were cut by Charles I and Philip II. The country was then as it is now, profoundly democratic but in its own way. It has never assimilated the imported forms of democracy. Rather than accept those it turned away from politics altogether. The ancient Communal Councils were the cherished centres of Spanish collective life and work, an organic growth rich in achievement and fraught with promise. And these institutions the Dictator has now created anew. Although but a short time in existence they have already given remarkable scantlings of what they are capable of performing. For example, instead of increasing the debts of their predecessors they paid back forty million pesetas in nine months and accumulated twenty-four millions more, so that they are ninety millions to the good. The next important innovation will be the Provincial Statute regulating public life in the provinces on analogous lines.

Frankly reviewing his sixteen months of work General Primo de Rivera said, in January 1925, that four problems had called the Directory into being: Separatism which was most acute in Catalonia and was also sprouting up in other provinces; syndicalism of the Communist revolutionary type; the economic situation; and the warfare in Morocco.

'I confess,' he added, 'that not one of these four problems has found an adequate solution. There were also vices and corruption which we did our best to root out. But neither in the outer form nor in the essence has the Directory succeeded to its own satisfaction. . . . In dealing with the economic situation also we effected much less than we had hoped. When the Directory took over the reins of power it was faced with a deficit of a thousand million pesetas, for during the past three years the annual rate at which this debt increased was two hundred millions.'

That deficit it failed to cover, but it brought down the shortage to 532 millions, and this without having recourse to legislation.



As a matter of fact, the Directory seems more firmly established to-day than ever before. In spite of the frank admissions of the President's speech he has good grounds for self-congratulation. His policy in Morocco has certainly gone far—further than is commonly realised—towards relieving Spain of the horrible nightmare that was strangling her. Then again the tremendous anti-Monarchist campaign which was inaugurated last November by the field-m Marshals of internationalism ended in a complete victory of the supporters of the King. The organised attempt of the revolutionary party to raise the standard of rebellion was quickly foiled by the men in power. The firm and dignified attitude of the Directory towards the French Imperialists in Morocco has inspired a degree of respect abroad which was unknown under the 'old régime.' That a considerable section of the Spanish people is deeply interested in the work of the Directory and has faith in its leadership is unquestionable. It renewed the internal loan of 1914 which expired at the close of last year, and withdrew its support and sympathy so completely from the upholders of the old system that these have lost all hope of reviving it. Nearly a million and a quarter supporters of the Government, mainly in the provinces, have joined the *Union patriótica*.

The object of the legislation promulgated by the Directory is to make adequate preparation for the transmission of power to a group of civilians. In this connexion *festina lente* is a useful maxim. It is an essential condition of success in all revolutions from above that the man or men of destiny shall not take their hand from the plough until they have ceased to be indispensable. Another postulate is to render themselves dispensable by the creation of a party able and willing to play the part which non-commissioned officers discharge in the army. If the Bolshevik régime in Russia has maintained itself so long it is largely because of the rise of such a class which governs itself and looks after the others. The Directory is making a move in that direction and hopes to prepare the nation for its share in self-government. Spain, one and indivisible, is its device. Its object is to found a politico-social system rooted in the people, the army, and the King. And to

have recruited, as we are credibly assured it has, a million and a quarter backers among such individualists as the Spaniards, is perhaps the most significant triumph hitherto recorded.

The horoscope of the Directory and of the Spanish Monarchy, then, cast under present conditions and barring the chapter of accidents, appears more auspicious than the world has any idea of. The widespread notion that the kingdom is on the eve of internal combustion or some other dreadful catastrophe is at variance with all the visible signs and tokens. The true Spanish temper which has been smouldering for ages is now recovering its heat and may yet burn with something of its former glow. The people are unspoiled by material prosperity and by the corresponding weakening of spiritual interests. Hopes that have grown shadowy in other lands are still vivid and inspiring there.

Between the causes of the changes now going forward in Spain and Russia one might draw a curious parallel, although the two countries are at opposite poles of culture, Russia aspiring to become a centre radiating destructiveness, while Spain aims at being a sacred hearth to her own children. But each of the two peoples has had its character wantonly warped for ages, having been shackled and gyved—Spain by the politico-social bonds in which she was fastened up by the Flemings, and Russia by the restraints of European civilisation brutally imposed upon her Asiatic people. And now the two have burst the bonds and are free to develop according to type.

Russia has already had a clear start, and Spain, tentatively wending along the old road she forsook ages ago, is fast nearing the first redoubtable obstacle that lies athwart it. Catalonia and the Basque Provinces, said to be seething with disaffection, will scout the measure of provisional self-government which the Directory is about to substitute for their dreams of federation. And until this ideal has been gone through the veil that hides the future of Spain must needs remain impenetrable.

Art. 12.—SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN AND THE MONS RETREAT.

1. '1914.' By Field-Marshal Viscount French of Ypres. Constable, 1919.
2. *The March on Paris and the Battle of the Marne*, 1914. By Alexander von Kluck, Generaloberst. Arnold, 1920.
3. *Military Operations in France and Belgium*, 1914 (Official History). By Brigadier-General J. E. Edmonds, C.B., C.M.G., R.E. (Retd.), p.s.c. Macmillan, 1922.
4. *Operations of War*. By General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Seventh Edition. Blackwood, 1923.
5. *Memories of Forty-eight Years' Service*. By General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. Murray, 1925.

THE II<sup>nd</sup> British Army Corps has now been proved by historical evidence to have borne the brunt of the fighting of the original British Expeditionary Force between Aug. 23 and 26, 1914. Upon the commander of that corps fell the responsibility for the tactical handling of the principal British forces engaged, and to it is therefore due the credit for the results achieved.

'No kind of history,' wrote Sir Edward Hamley, 'so fascinates mankind as the history of wars. No kind of record, other than sacred, appeals at once to the deep sympathies of so wide an audience.' In his 'Operations of War' Hamley follows up this statement with various warnings to readers of war history, and he arrives at the conclusion that many who study it feel that their reading can be most profitable according to the means that they may possess of judging of the events of the past, and deducing from them lessons for the future. A criticism frequently levelled against war histories, when written by soldiers, is that the personal factor—the human touch, which is all-important if we accept the view that by 'history' we mean human history—is often swamped by abstract theory and material science. To correct this, historians of the Great War will fortunately have at their disposal an unprecedented array of personal memoirs and reminiscences which will help them to understand the personalities of the leaders whose names

appear in their writings. Some of these memoirs, affecting the retreat of the British Army in August 1914, are mentioned above. They can be studied from several aspects. Let us approach them from the angle suggested in 'Operations of War.'

Judged by his own test, Hamley himself can be placed high amongst military historians. He left his mark upon two generations of officers of the British Army. His writings exercised a dominating influence upon the mind of the Commander of the original British Expeditionary Force in 1914, and, through him, upon European history.\* In undertaking his comprehensive review of operations of land war, classified according to the lessons which they taught, Hamley undertook a formidable task. 'If,' he wrote, 'of the many Englishmen who possess the qualities necessary for great soldiers, some few should find that this book has in any degree smoothed the path that leads to honour and achievement, the years passed in studying its subjects, and the many months devoted to its composition, will have been sufficiently fruitful of result.' Hamley wrote for soldiers rather than for a wider public, and he credited his readers with a certain amount of military knowledge. He described situations and drew lessons therefrom, relying upon the practical experience of his readers to enable them to visualise the human environment for themselves. He made one exception. He tried to correct misleading impressions, amongst students of history describing land warfare, by putting his readers in the position of a general who has not studied the problem of supply of food and munitions, upon which the strategy of armies primarily depends. In view of its importance, his passage on this subject is worthy of attention :

'It has been thought necessary to dwell so strongly on this part of the subject, because it is absolutely essential as a foundation to any solid superstructure of military theory, and because its importance is apt to be overlooked by those who form estimates of warlike operations. Armies are not like fencers in an arena, who may shift their ground to all points of the compass. The most unpractised general *feels* this at once on taking a command in a district where his

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\* Sir John French in '1914.'

troops are no longer supplied by routine; or, if he does not, the loss of a single meal to his army would sufficiently impress it on him. While distant spectators imagine him to be intent only on striking and parrying a blow, he probably directs many glances, many anxious thoughts, to the communications in his rear. Perhaps no situation is more pitiable than that of a commander who has allowed an enemy to sever his communications. He sees the end of his resources at hand, but not the means to replenish them. Is he to spread his troops to find subsistence for themselves? How, then, shall they be assembled to meet the enemy? Shall he combine them for a desperate attack? How, if that attack fails, are they to be fed? He will then have no alternative but to make the best terms he can, or see his army dissolve like snow.'

That passage was written by a soldier to warn his comrades in arms (accustomed to the command of troops 'supplied by routine' in peace quarters) that they must study problems which govern the movement of armies under war conditions. The question of the extent to which this, somewhat technical, aspect should be mastered by all students of war history has sometimes been debated, but it would not be difficult to quote examples of criticism of the conduct of military operations which ignores the essential conditions that render impossible the alternative movements which are advocated by the critics. Charles Kingsley, a contemporary of Sir Edward Hamley, can be quoted as one of the few writers who have taken the part of the soldier, as a man of action, against his critics. The following passage (from 'Westward Ho!') is typical of others by the same author:

'While the literary man is laying down the law at his desk as to how many troops should be moved here, and what river should be crossed there, and where the cavalry should have been brought up, and where the flank should have been turned, the wretched man who has to do the work finds the matter settled for him by pestilence, want of shoes, empty stomachs, bad roads, heavy rains, hot suns, and a thousand other stern warriors who never show on paper.'

In the light of that extract let us approach our subject, the historic retreat of the II<sup>nd</sup> British Corps from Mons in August 1914, as disclosed by the personal narratives of leaders. We have had for some time at

our disposal those by Sir John French (now Earl of Ypres), by General Lanrezac, commanding the Fifth French Army on his right, and by Generals v. Kluck and v. Bülow commanding the First and Second German Armies in his front. We now have, to complete this unusual record of valuable historical sources, a transparently honest and straightforward account of his own experiences by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who commanded the II<sup>nd</sup> British Army Corps. That Corps, the Cavalry, 19th Brigade, and the 4th Division (from Aug. 25), were in close contact with Kluck's great turning force, and upon the commander of that II<sup>nd</sup> British Corps fell the responsibility for using his own judgment in standing at bay in the Le Cateau position on Aug. 26, thus contributing in no small degree to the successful British retirement *pour mieux sauter*, to the security of the French left flank, and to the subsequent victory of the Allies in the first Battle of the Marne. All these events have now been placed in their true perspective by Brigadier-General J. E. Edmonds, the official military historian. He had at his disposal, besides the official documents to which he was given access, the personal narratives of Sir John French, of Kluck and of Kuhn his Chief of Staff, and also of Bülow. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's book now fills an important gap in historical evidence, and this has been recognised by the permission accorded to him to reproduce from the 'official' history maps and sketches which add greatly to the value of the narrative.

The earlier chapters of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's book describe his life and environment since he joined the old 95th Foot in 1877. They are of considerable interest both to the general reader and to the student of the historical events in which the author bore a part in various parts of the world, in Zululand, in India, in Egypt and the Soudan, in the South African War, and in home commands. It is beyond our purpose to follow him through a life of varied military experience which, however, enables the reader to form an opinion of the characteristics and general outlook of a leader upon whose shoulders the responsibility for forming one of the most important decisions of the early days of the Great War was destined to fall. On Aug. 18, 1914, when



four divisions and the cavalry of the British Expeditionary Force had crossed over to France and were completing their concentration south-west of Maubeuge, he was ordered to take command of its IInd Army Corps (3rd and 5th Divisions) in the vacancy created by the sudden death of Sir James Grierson. Sir John French, immediately he heard of Grierson's death on the 17th, had telegraphed to Lord Kitchener asking that General Plumer might be appointed in his place, and had followed the telegram with a letter containing the words, 'I very much hope you will send me Plumer. . . . Please do as I ask you in this matter.'\* Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien on the 18th saw Lord Kitchener, who expressed grave doubt whether he was wise in making the appointment, 'since the C.-in-C. in France had asked that General Sir Herbert Plumer should be selected to fill the appointment. However, after thinking the matter over, he adhered to his decision. . . . † This point is also mentioned by the official historian (vol. I, p. 41). It seems important to add the above quotations to make the point clear. The new Commander of the IInd Corps arrived at his headquarters, at Bavai, during the forenoon of Aug. 21. He gathered what was known there about the situation and he then reported himself to the Army Commander at Le Cateau. We read that 'the fog of war was peculiarly dense at that time.' As this is not an uncommon experience in warfare, both by sea and by land, and a factor seldom allowed for in criticism of military leadership, it will be as well to recall the situation on that day, as it has subsequently been disclosed, together with the information at the disposal of the leaders on both sides and the plans which had been formed thereon, as far as these were known to the subordinate commanders concerned.

The fog of war was most dense on the German side. The German strategic plan was to outflank the left of the French army and to drive the whole of that army eastward, away from Paris, and towards the frontier of Switzerland. The general outflanking movement was to take the form of a great wheel, pivoting on Thionville

\* '1914,' pp. 39-40.

† 'Memories of Forty-eight Years' Service,' p. 375.

as a centre, the arc being drawn through Brussels. There were seven German armies, numbered from north to south. The northern group of three armies, the *First* (Kluck), *Second* (Bülow), and *Third* (Hausen), numbering about 760,000 out of a total of 1,485,000, was charged with the most important mission of crushing in and outflanking the left of the French Army. This group of armies, with two corps of cavalry attached thereto, was under the orders of Bülow, the commander of the Second Army, during this period. It is with Kluck's *First Army* and Marwitz's Cavalry Corps, forming the right wing of the group, that we are chiefly concerned. Kluck's army numbered 320,000, and included 7 Army Corps (Nos II, III, IV, IX, III Reserve, IV Reserve, and IX Reserve), 3 Landwehr Brigades, and 1 Pioneer Regiment. Of these we are not concerned with the IIIrd and IXth Reserve or with the Landwehr Brigades or Pioneer Regiment, which were all left behind by Kluck to guard his lines of communication in view of the attitude of the Belgian Army (*vide* quotation from Hamley, above). Kluck's headquarters on Aug. 21 were established at Louvain. The bulk of his army, IVth, IIIrd, and IXth Corps (numbered from right to left), was moving south-west to leave the fortress of Maubeuge on its left. It had passed beyond Brussels, with the IInd Corps (delayed by Belgian resistance) in echelon beyond the right (west of Brussels), the IVth Reserve Corps following behind. The Cavalry Corps (Marwitz) was charged with the task of clearing up the situation on the German right flank towards the sea. Moving on Kluck's left, north of the Meuse, was Bülow's *Second Army*, about 260,000 strong, the nearest corps being the VIIth, directed south-west towards the line of the Sambre to leave the fortress of Maubeuge on its right. On Bülow's left was Hausen's *Third Army*, moving westward towards the line of the Meuse about Dinant. The French *Fifth Army* (Lanrezac) was wedged in the sharp salient formed by the Sambre and the Meuse at Namur, with the XVIIIth Corps forming its left flank, and 2 Reserve Divisions (53rd and 69th under Valabrègue) in echelon behind. Sordet's cavalry corps, with tired horses, retreating round Lanrezac's left flank.

Bülow was in contact with the French *Fifth Army*.

As the main German object was to turn the French left flank, interest centres in Kluck's information about the situation of the British Army, beyond that flank. He knew nothing. Worse than that. His mind was obsessed from the first days of the war with the belief that the British Army would land on the northern coast, first at Zeebrugge and Ostend, then at Dunkirk, Calais, or Boulogne. He could not shake off this obsession. During the evening of the day that we are considering, Aug. 21, he received a communication from the Supreme Command, dated the previous day, which ran: 'A landing of British troops at Boulogne and their advance from about Lille must be reckoned with. It is believed that a disembarkation of British troops on a large scale has not yet taken place.'

We can now return to the British side, and to Smith-Dorrien's II<sup>nd</sup> Corps, which was destined to stand in the path of Kluck's army of 5 Corps, and the Cavalry Corps of Marwitz, during various phases of those fateful days, Aug. 23 to 26, 1914.

General French tells us ('1914,' p. 41) that on Aug. 18 he had told his Corps Commanders that it was believed that, of the northern group of 8 German Corps and 4 Cavalry Divisions, 'the greater part—perhaps 5 Corps—are either north and west of the Meuse, or being pushed across by bridges at Huy and elsewhere,' and that it was 'confidently believed that at least 5 Army Corps and 2 or 3 Cavalry Divisions will move against the French frontiers south-west, on a general line between Brussels and Givet.' He added that 'should the German attack develop in the manner expected, we shall advance on the general line Mons—Dinant to meet it.' He adds (p. 43) that, up to the morning of Aug. 22, 'so far as the British forces were concerned, the forwarding of offensive operations had complete possession of our minds.' General Smith-Dorrien writes that during his interview on the 21st he 'gleaned that we were to move on the morrow to the general line of the Mons—Condé canal, the I<sup>st</sup> Corps on the right, my Corps on the left, the latter's position to be along the canal from Mons westward, and that it was to be only a preliminary step to a further move forward which would take the form of a slight right-wheel into Belgium,

the British Army forming the outer flank, pivoting on the French 5th Army.'

The II<sup>nd</sup> British Corps accordingly advanced on Aug. 22 and took up a line of outposts 21 miles long, with the left 5 miles east of Condé, extending round the north side of Mons to Givry, with the 1st Corps in echelon behind the right flank facing north-east, prolonging the line for about 7 miles. The position occupied, apart from weakness due to its great length, was not suitable for defence (described in the official history as 'a close and blind country such as no army had yet been called to fight in against a civilised enemy in a great campaign'), and General Smith-Dorrien 'came to the conclusion that our only hope, if attacked in force, would be to hold a less extended position in rear on which the outposts could fall back.' But he was happy in his mind; official news given to him of the enemy indicated no great strength, and he fully expected that the intended forward movement would be carried out next day. Such was the fog of war. The sketch map in the Official History shows that the French *Fifth Army* on the British right was being forced back by Bülow, leaving the B.E.F. isolated and exposed to the full force of attack on both flanks by Kluck's army, which was approaching in overwhelming strength.

General French tells us in '1914' that, in the very early hours of Aug. 22, he had motored through the area of the French *Fifth Army*, that he had been 'stopped at successive cross-roads by columns of infantry and artillery moving *south*,' and that he was told by a liaison officer that 'offensive action was contrary to General Lanrezac's plans.' In view of the information at his disposal about Joffre's intentions, he did not realise the grave significance of the rearward movement which he had witnessed. At 6 a.m. the next morning, at the H.Q. of the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps (Sars-la-Buyère), he told his Corps and Cavalry Division commanders that little more than one, and at most two, enemy corps, and perhaps a cavalry division, were facing the B.E.F., that they must be prepared to move forward, or to fight where they were, getting ready to do so by strengthening their outposts and preparing the bridges over the canal for demolition (Smith-Dorrien, p. 382). He then motored

to Valenciennes and ordered the 19th Brigade, detrain-  
ing there, to prolong the line of outposts on the left  
of the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps; a wise movement, as subsequent  
events were to prove. Early that morning the first  
shots of the Battle of Mons had already been fired,  
unknown to the higher commanders, and 'a day of  
desperate and heavy fighting' (Smith-Dorrien) was to  
ensue. The Army Commander in his '1914' (published  
in 1919) wrote that Smith-Dorrien, throughout Aug. 23,  
'as regards his front, was nowhere threatened by any-  
thing more than cavalry supported by small bodies of  
infantry' (p. 62). Let us therefore return to Kluck, to  
ascertain the true facts. We left him on Aug. 21,  
completely ignorant of the situation in his front, with  
3 Army Corps in the front line advancing upon the  
position to be occupied by one British (II<sup>nd</sup>) Corps.  
Another of Kluck's Corps (II<sup>nd</sup>) was in echelon behind  
his right, and another (IV<sup>th</sup> Reserve) following in rear.  
A whole corps of cavalry (Marwitz) was in advance of  
his right. Apparently, provided that Marwitz pushed  
on, and Kluck's columns were not delayed, Smith-  
Dorrien's Corps would be pinned to its ground by an  
overwhelming frontal attack, while its left flank was  
turned by Marwitz's cavalry and a whole Army  
Corps. The fates decreed otherwise; the fog of war  
intervened. Kluck's H.Q. were at Louvain until noon  
on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, when they moved to Hal, to be nearer the  
front. He tells us that at this time his various missions  
were: to cover Antwerp, to guard his own lines of com-  
munication, to protect the right flank of the German  
Armies against the Belgian Army and the British force  
'which was supposed to be about to arrive,' and also 'to  
wheel to the left in support of the *Second Army*' (Bülow).  
He did not see eye to eye with Bülow, who 'did not take  
into account the possible speedy appearance of British  
troops,' and he wanted freedom of manœuvre to take a  
wider sweep, away from Bülow's army. He seems to  
have resented Bülow's control over Marwitz's Cavalry  
Corps. This, on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, was sent away to the north-  
west, in the direction of Courtrai, and to that momentous  
movement we can attribute the salvation of the British  
Army and Kluck's ignorance of the situation, which led  
him to issue ordinary march orders at 9.30 p.m. on the

22nd. He disclosed in them that only one squadron of British cavalry had been located, and that the deployment of the B.E.F. about Mons was quite unknown to him. A long halt on the 22nd, owing to an impression that the British Army might be advancing from the direction of Lille (away to the north-west), was another example of the fog of war which contributed to the salvation of Smith-Dorrien's Corps. Kluck's diagram of the Battle of Mons shows clearly 3 of his Army Corps (IV, III, and the bulk of IX) attacking the position occupied by Smith-Dorrien's Corps and the 19th Brigade. He refers to the 'important Battle of Mons,' and to 'the obstinate fighting for the crossings of the Mons—Condé canal, in which both sides suffered heavy losses.' The British official historian takes a similar view of the battle, quoting many German authorities in support of his conclusions, and he adds that 'the general result of the action was that the German advance was delayed a whole day. . . . The positions prescribed for the 23rd were actually the limits of advance for the 24th.' General French's apparent impression that Mons was a sort of affair of outposts and not a serious battle would therefore appear to have been a mistaken one, and we find here a further example of the fog of war, and its influence upon great issues.

Smith-Dorrien, heavily attacked, succeeded in effecting his withdrawal, in accordance with his pre-conceived plan for meeting such an emergency, to a shorter frontage south of the canal line. He obtained the help of the nearest of Haig's brigades (the 5th), and this aid was willingly accorded. At 8.40 p.m. General French sent a message to Smith-Dorrien: 'I will stand the attack on the ground now occupied by the troops. You will, therefore, strengthen your position by every possible means during the night' (Official History, p. 84). This was apparently the reply to a message from the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps (7.15 p.m.), 'If it should appear that there is a danger of my centre being pierced, I can see no course but to order a general retirement on Bavai position. Have I your permission to adopt this course if it appears necessary?'

We are here reminded by the official historian that the strength of Smith-Dorrien's 3rd and 5th Divisions,



those principally engaged at Mons, was just under 36,000, the strength of the British Army at Waterloo having been 31,585. Smith-Dorrien gives his losses in the IInd Corps as 1571 in killed and wounded, those of Haig's Ist Corps (drawn back on the right) as 40. Had the order of 8.40 p.m. remained in force, and the IInd Corps had held on to its advanced position, until Marwitz returned from his fruitless mission, there is little doubt that the following day would have seen the crushing defeat of the British Army. Wiser counsels were to prevail. General French tells us ('1914,' p. 63) that 'much earlier in the evening' the conclusion had been forced upon him that the position of his army was strategically untenable. Accordingly, at about 11 p.m., a message summoned the chief staff officer of Smith-Dorrien's Corps to Army Headquarters at Le Cateau (over 30 miles away), where he was told that, in view of fresh information, the B.E.F. was to retire. The Chief-of-Staff of the Ist Corps was given the same information, and, being in telegraphic communication with Haig's H.Q., he was able to send a message to Haig in time for him to issue instructions at 2 a.m., and to get his troops off at once. Smith-Dorrien was not so fortunate. His staff officer had no such facilities for telegraphing. He could not get back from Le Cateau until past 3 a.m. when daylight was approaching. The directions, as received by Smith-Dorrien, were that G.H.Q. were issuing no orders for the retirement, but his staff officer had 'gathered the idea' that the Ist Corps would cover the retirement of the IInd, but that Smith-Dorrien was 'to see Haig and arrange a plan with him' (Smith-Dorrien, p. 387). The Germans opened a heavy attack against the right of the IInd Corps before dawn, and by 5.15 a.m. on the 24th were attacking along the whole line. Smith-Dorrien was not free to meet Haig and arrange the dispositions for retreat until noon (Official History). Under these conditions the historic retreat from Mons began. We will here leave Smith-Dorrien conducting the four-day battle which culminated at Le Cateau on the 26th.

In General French's '1914' we read that, on his determining to effect the retreat, orders were issued accordingly. The Ist Corps to move up towards Givry and to

take up a good line to cover the retreat of the IIInd Corps towards Bavai, which was to commence at day-break. Apparently no written order for this retreat was issued, and, as we have seen, the verbal order to retire did not reach the IIInd Corps from H.Q. at Le Cateau until too late for the retreat to begin at daybreak, when the Ist Corps had already started. The Official History states that the instructions were given at Le Cateau by the Chief of the General Staff (Sir Archibald Murray) at 'about 1 a.m.' and that the staff officer of the IIInd Corps had to cover 35 miles by motor-car to the H.Q. of his corps. The fact that instructions were issued verbally, as far to the rear as Le Cateau, undoubtedly increased the fog of war and the difficulties of the IIInd Corps throughout the whole retreat. This is a matter of staff work. We read in the Official History: 'Before the IIInd Corps could retreat, it was imperative that the roads should be cleared of all transport and impedimenta, and the orders to that effect did not filter down to the brigades of the 3rd Division till 4.45 a.m.' The result was that the 5th Division, heavily engaged with the enemy, could not break away and commence its retreat until 11 a.m., and its difficulties were increased by the withdrawal, at 9 a.m., of the brigade borrowed from the Ist Corps.

At 5.30 a.m. on the 24th General French moved up from Le Cateau to his advanced H.Q. at Bavai. Shortly before 1 p.m. a message reached him from Joffre giving Cambrai as the general direction of retirement for the British if the enemy should appear in superior force, with the British eastern flank on Le Cateau (Official History, p. 84). A welcome reinforcement, the 4th Division from England, was arriving by train at Le Cateau and neighbouring stations, and this division (incomplete) was ordered forward to occupy an important position at Solesmes to aid in the retirement. At 6 p.m. Smith-Dorrien saw General French at Bavai, and asked for instructions about further retreat. He was given a free hand to do as he liked, on the understanding that the Ist Corps, on his right, was retiring at 5 a.m. He impressed upon the Chief of Staff the advisability of issuing regular orders. So far, as we have seen, there had been no written orders for the

retreat, and no co-ordination of the retirement of the Ist and IInd Corps, from G.H.Q. At 8.25 p.m.\* on the 24th the first operation order (No. 7) since the 21st was issued. It contained no information about the enemy, or about the position of the left of the French Army to the eastward. The general plan was thus notified: 'The Army will leave to-morrow, 25th instant, to a position in the neighbourhood of Le Cateau, exact positions will be pointed out on the ground to-morrow.' The allotment of roads showed that during the retreat the Cavalry Division, with the 19th Infantry Brigade attached, would be on the left (westerly) flank, the IInd Corps in the centre, the Ist Corps, with the 5th Cavalry Brigade attached, on the right (easterly) flank; and that from about Bavai onwards the Mormal Forest would divide the two corps, which would regain touch on the Le Cateau position. The 4th Division was not mentioned. (Smith-Dorrien heard of its arrival during the course of the next morning.) G.H.Q. would move from Bavai to Le Cateau at 5 a.m.

At 3.45 p.m. on the 25th the Sub-Chief of the General Staff (Henry Wilson) wrote in a private letter to Smith-Dorrien: 'The C.-in-C. has decided to continue the retirement to-morrow, the left (probably the 4th Division) being directed towards Péronne' (Official History). This letter reached its destination at about 6 p.m. (Smith-Dorrien). At 9 p.m. operation order No. 8 reached H.Q. of the IInd Corps from G.H.Q., and at 10.15 p.m. Smith-Dorrien ordered the IInd Corps to continue its retreat the next day (26th). Operation order No. 8 was of great importance. Original copies kept at G.H.Q. and sent to Ist and IInd Corps are marked 'Issued at 1 p.m.,' with the '1' erased. One copy, preserved by IInd Corps, shows no time of issue. The copy sent to the 4th Division is marked 'Issued at 7.30 p.m.' From the point of view of the IInd Corps the time of receipt (9 p.m.) is the important hour. The order states: '1. The enemy followed our movement this morning, and is also passing troops of all arms to the West and South. 2. It is the

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\* General French in '1914' gives 'about 3 p.m.' as the time when he gave the order. If not an error, the 5½ hours' delay must have been occupied by the staff in compiling their written order.

intention of the C.-in-C. to continue the retirement tomorrow with a view to covering his advanced base and protect his L. of C.'

The advanced base was then at Amiens, and at this stage we will cross over to Kluck, bearing in mind the quotation from Hamley, with which this article begins, about the situation of an army with its communications cut. General French, in '1914,' refers to this subject, and to the 'terrible temptation' to seek shelter in the fortress of Maubeuge on Aug. 24. He adds that he had an instinctive feeling that this was exactly what the enemy was trying to make him do,\* and that having in his mind Sir Edward Hamley's comments on Bazaine's retreat into Metz in 1870, he 'abandoned all such ideas.' Abundant proof that he was right in this conception can be found in Kluck's account of his intentions. Kluck was, as we have seen, obsessed with the idea that the British lines of communication ran to some point far north of Amiens. His ultimate failure to cut them was due to the fine work done in the rear of the British Army in changing the base from Havre (with advanced base at Amiens) to the mouth of the Loire (with advanced base at Le Mans). This point is emphasised in the new edition of Hamley, and is only mentioned here to show, from operation order No. 8, the influence of exposed communications upon General French's decision to retreat instead of standing on the Le Cateau position, as he originally intended. Before returning to Smith-Dorrien, and investigating the motives for his momentous decision to stand at bay and to fight the battle of Le Cateau, it will be as well to add a brief note of the moves on the German side, from Aug. 23 to 25. Throughout this period the fog of war was still dense around them. We left Kluck on the night of the 23rd with 3 Army Corps (IV, III, and IX, from west to east) in the front line, their advance delayed for a whole day by the stand of the British IInd Corps, 19th Brigade, and Cavalry Division on the Mons canal. His IInd Corps was in echelon behind his right (westerly) flank, and his IVth Reserve Corps behind. The Cavalry Corps of Marwitz was away to the north towards Courtrai, fortunately for the British Army.

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\* A good appreciation. *Vide infra*.

Kluck tells us (p. 49) that the 'main object' of his operations on Aug. 24 and following days was 'to force the enemy into Maubeuge,' so French's intuition was not at fault. Kluck also aimed at 'cutting and obstructing the communications of the British Army leading to the coast.' So French was again right, the difference being that Kluck did not know to what part of the coast the British communications led. He hoped to sever them on the 24th. French, knowing their direction (to Havre) was not nervous about them until the evening of the 25th, and he then abandoned his plan to stand on the Le Cateau position. By the evening of Aug. 24 Kluck had 2 extra Army Corps (the II<sup>nd</sup> and IV<sup>th</sup> Reserve) in readiness for use on the 25th, making 5 Army Corps in all, and the Cavalry Corps of Marwitz, recalled from its fruitless mission to the north, was now under his orders. He had formed a mistaken impression of the true direction of the British retreat, and his plan for the 25th was to swing his army round like a door, with the hinge a few miles north-east of Bavai, the Cavalry Corps of Marwitz to sweep round the outer flank to the rear of the British Army and cut off its retreat 'westwards.' His mistaken view of the situation may be gathered from the fact that he proposed to establish his H.Q. on the 25th at Solesmes, which was still in the hands of the British up to midnight. He slept two miles short of Solesmes, in the only comfortable bed to be found, with his staff sleeping on straw.

We can now return to the British Army, and ascertain the circumstances which led Smith-Dorrien to cancel his order to the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps to retreat from the Le Cateau position. In '1914' (1st Edition, pp. 78-80), we read that the effect of Smith-Dorrien's stand at Le Cateau was 'a total loss of at least 40,000 officers and men, about 80 guns,' etc., that 'the effect upon the British Army was to render subsequent conduct of the retreat more difficult and arduous,' and that 'there is no semblance of truth in the statement' that 'some tacit consent at least was given at Headquarters at St Quentin to the decision arrived at by the commander of the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps.' The Army Commander was misinformed on these points at some period after the date of his despatch of Sept. 7, 1914, in which he referred to 'the saving of his

left wing on the morning of Aug. 26,' which 'could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.' In the Official History we read that Smith-Dorrien's troops completely foiled the plan of the German commander (Kluck), who has added his personal testimony in support of this statement. Joffre expressed similar views in a grateful telegram to French on Aug. 27; the importance to historians of the personal evidence of General Smith-Dorrien on this point needs no further emphasis. The casualties during the battle of Le Cateau were not 40,000 and 80 guns. They were less than 8000 and 38 guns. The extent to which tacit consent was given to Smith-Dorrien from G.H.Q. can be judged by the actual wording of the message of 5 a.m., in reply to Smith-Dorrien's report of his decision: 'If you can hold your ground the situation appears likely to improve. Fourth Division must co-operate. French troops are taking the offensive on right of Ist Corps. Although you are given a free hand as to method this telegram is not intended to convey the impression that I am not as anxious as you to carry out the retirement, and you must make every endeavour to do so.' This reply, Smith-Dorrien adds, 'cheered me up, for it showed that the chief did not altogether disapprove of the decision I had taken, but on the contrary considered it might improve the situation.' Replying on the telephone to a similar message sent through Sir Henry Wilson, soon after 6.45 a.m., Smith-Dorrien said that he 'was feeling confident and hopeful of giving the enemy a smashing blow and slipping away before he could recover,' to which Wilson's reply was, 'Good luck to you. Yours is the first cheerful voice I have heard for three days.' Having cleared up these points, we come back to the stand at Le Cateau and the reasons which made that stand inevitable. On that point Smith-Dorrien writes: 'I think I have shown that without risking a débâcle and jeopardising the safety of the 4th Division and the Ist Corps, I had no alternative but to stand and fight.'

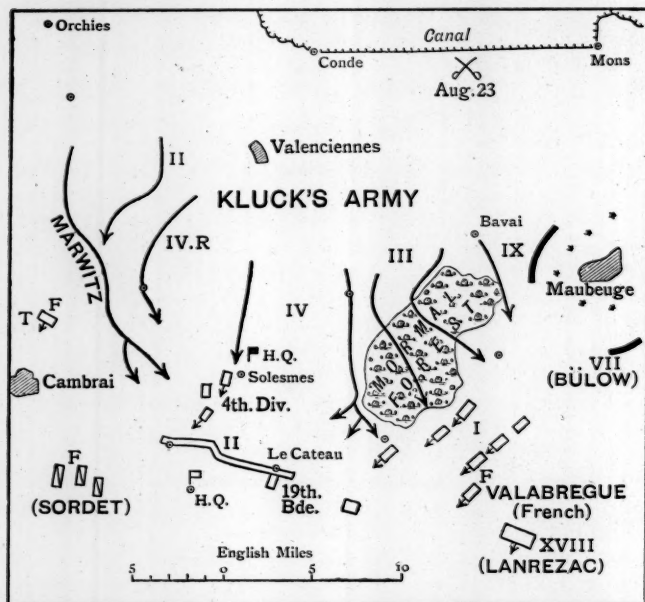
Let us examine the position at midnight on Aug. 25-26, when the IIInd Corps, 19th Brigade, and Cavalry Division



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had been fighting their way back for three days, and the 4th Division for one day, against Kluck's vastly superior army.

On the day of Mons (Aug. 23) the Cavalry Division and the 19th Brigade had been on the left, the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps on the right of them, with its 5th Division on its left and 3rd Division on its right. The Ist Corps was



NOTE.—The diagram accompanying this article is based on Sketch 3 B in the "official" history, omitting the cavalry with the 4th Division and with the Ist Corps on account of the doubt at the time regarding their whereabouts.—G. G. A.

drawn back in echelon on the right. At midnight on Aug. 25-26 the relative positions had changed. The 3rd Division was on the left, the 5th Division on the right. This change had been skilfully effected to meet the tactical conditions when the 5th Division was hard pressed during the morning of Aug. 24. The position of the 19th Brigade and of the cavalry (both under the

orders of G.H.Q.) was not known by Smith-Dorrien, who was also ignorant of the position of Haig's Corps on the right. The Mormal Forest, which was between the two corps during the retreat on the 25th, had proved an 'impenetrable wall.' Haig's corps was expected to re-establish touch at Le Cateau. The 4th Division (also operating under orders from G.H.Q. at St Quentin, 26 miles away) was far to the front, near Solesmes, covering the retreat. The order to continue the retreat had, as we have seen, been issued by Smith-Dorrien at 10.15 p.m. That was the position at midnight.

'It would be difficult,' writes Smith-Dorrien, 'for any reader to realise the fog of war which surrounded us that night. Communication was most difficult . . . it was impossible to find out the position of units until hours after they had reached them.' The 19th Brigade, instead of being on the left flank, turned up at Le Cateau at 10 p.m., and it was not discovered till 6 a.m. on the 26th, resuming its retirement. There were 'rumours' that Haig's Corps was heavily engaged, and reports that heavy firing was heard in the direction of Landrecies. 'This was serious as, if they were not nearer than that, it meant a gap of eight miles between the right of my Corps and the left of the 1st Corps.' Smith-Dorrien must have known that Sordet's French Cavalry Corps was somewhere to the westward. It had crossed the line of march, and delayed one of his retreating divisions.

Such was the situation, as it appeared to Smith-Dorrien, who had arrived at Le Cateau at 3.30 p.m., seen the Chief of Staff, who shortly afterwards followed G.H.Q. to St Quentin (26 miles), decided upon the distribution of his troops on the Le Cateau position, selected by G.H.Q. in accordance with operation order No. 8 then still in force (see above), cancelled his orders, and ordered a retirement in accordance with the new order received from G.H.Q. at 9 p.m. Then, we can imagine, he snatched a short rest. Soon came the crisis, thus described :

'However, some of the fog was cleared away by the arrival of General Allenby (commanding the Cavalry Division). . . .

Allenby told me his troops were much scattered, 2½ brigades being about Catillon, 5 miles east, and the other one and a half brigades at Viesly, 8 miles north-west of Le Cateau' (the official account makes them more scattered), 'that his men and horses were pretty well played out, and that he could not get into touch with General Headquarters. He wanted to know what I was going to do, saying that unless I could move *at once*, and get away *in the dark*, the enemy were so close that I should be forced to fight at daybreak. I then sent for Major-General Hubert Hamilton, the commander of the 3rd Division, whose headquarters were close by, and asked him whether his troops could move off at once, or at any rate before daylight, and his reply was very definite that the 3rd Division could not move before 9 a.m. The 5th Division were, if possible, in a worse plight, being more scattered, whilst of the 4th Division, which, though not under me, I could not leave in the lurch, there was no news, except that they had last been seen after dark still in their positions south of Solesmes, covering the retirement of masses of transport and fugitives jammed up in the roads.'

General Smith-Dorrien mentions the arguments that passed through his mind on receipt of Allenby's news, and then :

'Well do I remember the dead silence in the little room at Bertry when I was rapidly considering these points, and the sigh of relief when, on my asking Allenby if he would accept orders from me, and he replied in the affirmative, I remarked: "Very well, gentlemen, we will fight, and I will ask General Snow\* to act under me as well." The die was cast. . . .'

Such were the conditions under which Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien came to the momentous decision to stand at bay before retreating. The Army commander, upon whom under normal conditions the responsibility should have fallen, was far away, at St Quentin, summoned there to a conference by Joffre, with whose army it was all-important to co-operate. 'If' (as we read in the British Field Service Regulations then in force) 'a subordinate, in the absence of a superior, neglects to depart from the letter of his order, when such a departure is clearly demanded by circumstances, and failure ensues,

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\* Commanding 4th Division.

he will be held responsible for such failure.' The fog of war was dense around Smith-Dorrien. It was still more dense round Kluck, his opponent, as we know from his own reminiscences. Such conditions are not unusual in land warfare, in which action has frequently to be based upon intuition rather than upon definite information. Smith-Dorrien writes:

'It is undoubtedly a fact that after Le Cateau we were no more seriously troubled during the ten days' retreat, except by mounted troops and mobile detachments who kept at a respectful distance. That the enemy received a very serious blow, and losses far heavier than ours, and gained a wholesome respect for the efficiency of British troops, are facts beyond dispute. . . . One has only to study von Kluck's orders and subsequent movements to appreciate that his army was delayed and misled for a sufficient period to gain valuable time. . . .'

That view will be the verdict of history, supported as it is by Kluck's account and by Brigadier-General Edmonds's narrative, which is based upon the abundant evidence of official and other documents. A glance at the above diagram of the situation on the eve of Le Cateau, shows that, if Smith-Dorrien had continued his retreat with tired-out troops, the 4th Division would have been left to its fate and probably surrounded. The 1st Corps (Haig) would have been sorely harassed owing to its exposed position. Its situation was eased by the change of direction (towards Le Cateau) of Kluck's IVth and IIIrd Army Corps. Allenby would have experienced almost insurmountable difficulty in regaining touch with and controlling the units of his Cavalry Division.

The historical sources mentioned at the head of this article enable students of history of land warfare to grasp the strategic significance of the resistance offered by the left wing of the British Army to the advance, between Aug. 23 and 26, 1914, of the forces executing the most vital movement in the German plan of campaign. The divisional and regimental histories afford evidence of the value of the dogged fighting, in desperate situations, by units and individuals, some of whom were destined to eat their hearts out for years in German prisons.

Taking these sources in detail, Hamley shows the importance to armies of their lines of communication, and the value of sea-power which enabled the British base to be changed, and the British Army to retreat south-west (after Mons) and south (after Le Cateau), and so to deceive their opponents. Hamley also helps us to follow into the field of strategy the precedent of Waterloo, which is quoted both by Edmonds and by Smith-Dorrien. After Napoleon had compelled Blücher to retreat from Ligny, he expected him to retreat eastward, towards his base in his own country. By retreating northward, towards Wavre, Blücher deceived Napoleon and appeared on his flank at Waterloo. The precedent is very similar.

'1914' discloses many points of value about the personality of an Army Commander, the harassments to which he is likely to be subjected if acting in co-operation with Allies, the fog of war which surrounds him and its persistence long after the event, and the importance of rapid staff work when plans are changed during a retreat in close contact with the enemy. Kluck's reminiscences teach similar lessons. Smith-Dorrien's confirm them. His book is a valuable human document disclosing his motives and the exact information upon which he arrived at his decisions. Matters of fact have been verified from official documents before being recorded. Edmonds's 'official' history is an example of what such works should be, true history without national bias, based upon conscientious research through all the original sources that are accessible.

GEORGE ASTON.

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TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME OF THE  
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